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THE art of America and of the whole world has suffered a great loss. The foremost American sculptor, Saint-Gaudens, died early in August, and there was ended a career of noble usefulness and exceptional distinction. His work must now stand as the best monument to his own life and achievements.

The intellectual and artistic gifts of St. Gaudens came to him from a French father and an Irish mother. But he was brought up in this country, regarded the United States as his fatherland, and was a typical American in the best sense of the word. He was dignified, simple, kindly, serious. He had the highest ideals, but there was nothing ostentatious in the way in which he served and followed them. His sympathy with, his bright insight into and his love of American institutions and history are eloquently attested in his best-known statues—his "Lincoln," his "Sherman," his "Farragut," and so on. These reveal a marvelous understanding of character, of the deeper qualities of his "subjects," and yet they are realistic and natural. Rodin's rare power expresses itself in bizarre, strange effects. St. Gaudens had imagination, but he was always restrained and classical. A student of all schools, no particular tendency or school could claim him. He had the qualities which compel the recognition of all true artists and cultivated lovers of art. His fame was universal, and he not only shed luster on American art, but refuted by his example and his earnestness, his sober genius and his patience, the flippant and superficial criticisms of those who sneer at American art and

believe that nothing but commercialism, the worship of cheap and easy success, is the characteristic of American artists.

Of the man St. Gaudens, a writer in the *New York Tribune*, evidently a personal friend, wrote as follows:

"He had a rare personality. Loyal, generous, modest to the point of shyness, and with a peculiar gentleness of demeanor, he was a perfect type of the high-minded man of genius. No one could have been more helpful than he was to young artists of talent. No one could have been more sympathetic than he was in the appraisal of work by other men. An invincible sense of humor put the last touch to his winning character. To listen to his unassuming but luminous talk on matters of life, art, or literature was a privilege. To hear him when he was in a droll mood, and to see him sketching some of his inimitable caricatures, was both a privilege and a joy."



Prosperity and Government Policy

Once more the cry is heard that the national administration has "ruined business," and destroyed the prosperity of the country. Wall street houses are saying in their circulars that the trouble with the stock market—for the "slump" in stocks has been very severe—is "too much Rooseveltism," and financiers declare in interviews that "socialistic legislation and agitation" is making capital timid and causing widespread fear of confiscation and injury.

Several facts or incidents have served as "fuel to the fire"—notable the "stunning" Standard Oil fine and the suit of the federal government against the American Tobacco Company. The \$29,000,000 fine was imposed by Judge Landis after an inquiry into the financial condition and legal status of the "nominal" defendant, The Indiana Standard Oil Company, as well as of the "real offender," the Standard Oil Co., of New Jersey. The offence of which the jury had found the former guilty was the acceptance of illegal rates on a number of oil shipments. There are many legal points in the case which the Supreme Court will be called upon to decide, and among them is the question of the reasonableness of the fine. That is, assuming that the

company knowingly or even negligently accepted low, unpublished and illegal rates, and assuming that the real defendant can be made to pay the fine assessed against the nominal one, is not the fine excessive and unfair considering that neither company had been convicted before of a similar offence?

But while there is no immediate prospect of collecting the huge fine, the action of the court in imposing the legal maximum has created great excitement in certain financial and business circles. "Confiscation" is the term not a few have applied to it, and many are asking whether the government intends to "persecute" and destroy the great corporations of the country. The attack on the tobacco trust has led to the question, What next?

The majority of the people and of the popular newspapers sympathize with all the steps that the government has taken and see in them no menace to legitimate business and honest industry. If, they say, the corporations do not wish to pay big fines, let them stop violating the law. Is the law against rebates and discrimination unjust? If not, the more effectual the punishment for its violation is, the better for all law-abiding corporations. As to attacks on trusts, it is contended that the administration has not brought a single suit against a harmless combination. It has prosecuted deliberate and known offenders against fair dealing and business morality, and ignored all purely technical violations of the trust act. Where, then, is the menace to the business of the country? Is business another name for monopoly, oppression, extortion, ruthless methods of secret competition? If not, then the enforcement of sound and legal conditions should benefit business instead of injuring it.

This is the opinion expressed not only by followers and political supporters of the President, but by able and independent commercial and industrial organs. Thus the *New York Journal of Commerce*, in discussing Wall street hysteria, said recently:

"The administration is not doing and is not likely to do any-

thing which the victims of hysteria are crying out about and they should take something soothing and not try to make an epidemic of their malady.

"No doubt the stock market has been in a bad way, but these excited people have done much to put it in its present condition. By their own talk and behavior they have largely created the scare at which they are themselves becoming frightened and which they are spreading with their outcries about the administration doing it all. If these hysterical persons would recover their senses and exercise a little cool judgment and self-restraint, they might reassure themselves that doomsday is not at hand, and then they could begin to reassure other people and get things under control. Neither the national government nor state governments are bent upon upsetting things, and if they were they would not be allowed to do it. If there is anything like a crisis at hand it comes from other causes and the way to meet it is not to lose your head and scream, but face it in a business-like way like sober men. Wall street is a bad place for an exhibition of hysterics."

If some of the new State laws, especially those reducing railroad rates, are actually unjust and unreasonable, that fact will be established in the courts, state and federal, and the laws will be set aside. Under the American system no serious injustice can be consciously done to any important interest, and there is no occasion for any hue and cry against the state and national policies now in vogue—policies directed against abuses and evils and conceived in a desire to promote the welfare of all and insure sound and "untainted" prosperity.



States and Federal Courts

The complexity of our governmental system, and the possibility of friction, misunderstanding, and even danger under it, in the absence of proper discretion and mutual forbearance, are strikingly illustrated by the "federal-state rate controversies" in several Southern commonwealths. It is fortunate that some of the controversies have been adjusted by compromise; but others have arisen, or may arise, which involve the same essential question.

The question referred to is this: Where a State duly

adopts a law affecting powerful corporations or other interests, should these obey it, as humble citizens do, until the courts declare it unconstitutional (assuming that its validity is in doubt), and should the question of its constitutionality be first thrashed out and settled in the State courts; or should the corporations be permitted to appeal forthwith to the lower federal courts, secure injunctions either with or without a hearing, and tie-up, paralyze and defy the whole machinery of State government?

This question has grown out of recent acts to reduce freight and passenger rates in Alabama, North Carolina, Virginia and Arkansas. The Governors of these States have vehemently protested against "suspending State laws by injunctions," prohibiting State officials from doing their duty in the way of law-enforcement, and showing distrust and contempt for the State courts by declining to try cases before them before invoking the federal courts. On the other hand, some federal judges, and many editors and public men, have accused the Southern States of fresh attempts at nullification and sedition, and Senator Foraker has used the phrase "new rebellion" to describe the Southern contentions. The federal courts, it is argued, have merely exercised their ordinary powers, have assumed jurisdiction where the Constitution confers it on them, and have taken steps to preserve the rights of all and prevent injustice to any. If the courts had "usurped" power, and had arbitrarily interfered with matters that did not concern them, there would be justice in the outcry; but even then, it is said, the proper course would have been to have appealed to the appellate tribunals.

Ultimately, of course, the Supreme Court of the United States will settle all the issues involved—not only those going to the merits of the rate acts, but also those of jurisdiction and method. If any lower federal court has erred and gone too far, it will be overruled. If all has been correct and legal, the protesting Southern executives will be dislodged from their position, though the question of what expediency

suggests in such situations, and how far it is wise for railroads and other corporations enjoying and seeking favors from the States to resist the will of the people and apply for injunctions to suspend laws, will remain an open and important question.

It should be remembered in this connection that laws duly enacted are presumed to be constitutional until the contrary is affirmatively proven. A rate act is not ruinous and confiscatory unless it deprives the railroad complaining of it of proper earnings on the capital invested. It may require months to ascertain whether a reduced rate is in this sense confiscatory; meantime what? One federal judge has refused to grant an injunction to a road, but instead orders a three-months' actual trial of the new rate law. If the other judges had taken this line of action, no "controversies" would have ensued. Even in the North there are many who feel that it is injudicious for federal judges to suspend state laws hastily by injunction, thus giving private parties the benefit of the doubt and making legislatures and executives temporarily impotent.



The Philippine Popular Assembly

There are about 7,000,000 civilized and Christian natives in the Philippine archipelago, yet only 250,000 of them took part in the recent general election, which was held under an act of Congress providing for the establishment of a sort of territorial legislature in the archipelago, with a lower house elected by qualified voters and an upper house, or senate, composed of the appointed civil commissioners who have till now governed the islands. The interest in the registration and the voting was slight, and some Americans find in this fact evidence of native unfitness for and indifference to self-government. Should not the Filipinos have shown a deep, intense concern in their first national assembly, the first step toward home rule since the annexation? On the other hand, there are many among us who insist that the natives want full independence, and that the election was

ignored by them because it really meant nothing but a change of form, since the popular assembly is to have no power, and the upper house, or the reorganized American commission, is to be the real government.

Neither of these explanations is adequate. There was not as much apathy as many suppose, and it does not indicate either indifference or unfitness. Not all the adult natives were entitled to vote. The suffrage act prescribed certain property and educational qualifications that, though not of a drastic nature, disfranchised the majority of the Filipino laborers. It is estimated by competent correspondents that only about 2,500,000 natives and others might have registered and voted. That about half of this number only went to the polls is not a pleasant fact, but it does not follow that it has any ominous significance. There is abstention from voting in every country, and it is especially marked where the result is a foregone conclusion, as, with us, in certain Southern States. Thousands of Filipinos did not vote because they knew they could not elect their candidates, on account of the unpopular character of their platform.

There are several political parties in the archipelago. The leading ones are the Nationalist, the Independent and the Progressist parties. The last-named is satisfied with our rule and believes in gradual introduction of autonomy. The first two favor immediate independence, and command the support of the majority of the people. The Nationalists cast about 50 per cent. of the vote, the Progressists a little less than one-third. The assembly, which has 81 members, will have an anti-American majority, and its leaders will be men who have opposed American control and sovereignty before and since the establishment of peace and order in the islands.

However, Secretary Taft, who is now en route to the islands and will be present at the opening of the assembly on October 16, believes that the anti-American majority will exercise discretion and, leaving independence to the

future, will labor for the immediate amelioration of conditions in the islands. There are questions of trade, of agricultural improvement, of superior transportation facilities, of taxation, of municipal government and education to be considered. The assembly will, of course, be used as an arena for oratory and agitation against American rule, but within certain limits such agitation is harmless. Most Americans hold that complete autonomy should be granted the Filipinos as soon as they show readiness for that condition, and actual experience in political action and legislation will help to fit them for self-government.



Prohibition in the South

There is little doubt that the average American regards prohibition as an essentially Northern movement, associating it, indeed, with Maine and Kansas. The recent reports from the South, indicating great and rapid gains for prohibition in that section, have astonished the great majority of the people in the eastern and western states. They have caused much interest in the subject and many special articles have appeared setting forth the significant facts as well as the causes of Southern prohibition.

The immediate occasion for the discussion was the adoption by the Georgia legislature of a radical prohibition measure—one making it illegal, after January 1, 1908, to manufacture or sell any intoxicants in the State. The bill was vigorously opposed by a minority, but the sentiment in favor of it was so strong and general that it finally passed by large majorities.

Inquiry showed that the act was not as revolutionary, from a practical point of view, as it had seemed at first. For some time all but a few of the Georgia counties have had prohibition under a county local option law. The new act merely extends the regime of prohibition to those counties in which the larger cities of the State are situated.

What is true of local option prohibition in Georgia is true of Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, and several other



Three great men in the world of art who have recently died:
Augustus St. Gaudens, Richard Mansfield, and Joseph Joachim.



There doesn't seem to be any great rush for the little back seat.
—From the "Minneapolis Journal."



J. R. Commons



J. G. Brooks



Edwina Spencer

THREE OF OUR AUTHORS.

Mr. John Graham Brooks who contributes this year to *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* a series of articles entitled "As Others See Us: America in the Light of Foreign Criticism," is widely known as an author and lecturer. Mr. Brooks is a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School. He spent three years abroad at the Universities of Berlin, Jena, and Freiberg, was instructor for two years in Harvard University, extension lecturer on economic subjects in the University of Chicago, and for two years he rendered expert service to the Department of Labor at Washington, making the report of 1893 on Workingmen's Insurance in Germany. He is president of the National Consumers' League, and the Social Science Association, and author of a little volume, "The Social Unrest," which has had a wide circulation.

Mr. John R. Commons, author of "Races and Immigrants in America," is professor of Political Economy in the University of Wisconsin. He graduated at Oberlin College, studied at Johns Hopkins University, became professor of Sociology at Oberlin College, then at Indiana University, and later at Syracuse. He was appointed expert agent of the Industrial Commission in 1901 and made personal investigations of labor conditions in this country. A year later he became assistant secretary of the National Civic Federation. He is the author of many important books: "The Distribution of Wealth," "Social Reform and the Church," "Proportional Representation," "Regulation and Restriction of Output by Employers and Unions," "Trade Unions and Labor Problems." He has given special study to immigrant problems.

Miss Edwina Spencer has already made a valuable contribution to Chautauqua literature in her series of articles on "American Sculptors" published in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* four years ago. She has spent many years in the study of art both in this country and in Europe, and has had practical experience as a teacher in the Buffalo Seminary, and has prepared classes for foreign travel, lecturing also and writing for various art journals.

Southern States. The South is generally "dry," except for the large cities. In Tennessee, for instance, only three cities maintain saloons, while in Kentucky only four counties permit the sale of liquor, and even in these there are "dry" precincts. In Texas about ninety counties have done away with saloons. And so in the other Southern States.

The temperance and prohibition propaganda has been carried on with vigor in the South for years, and not a little of the credit for the present situation must be awarded to that factor. It is admitted, however, that the most powerful single cause of the remarkable advance of prohibition in that section has been the necessity of checking or reducing lawlessness and crime among the illiterate and backward elements of the colored population. Prohibition, in other words, is a police measure, a preventive of disorder, friction and violence. Even an organ of the liquor trade has stated that "the saloon as it is conducted in the South, especially the saloon patronized by negroes, is a menace to public order and decency."

It is confidently predicted that in a few years the entire South, including her large industrial centers, will be "dry," save as liquor shall be imported in "original packages" under the interstate commerce law from Northern States. The change that has taken place in twenty-five years in respect to liquor trading and consumption in the South is amazing.



The Nations and the World's Peace

At this writing the indications are that the peace conference at The Hague will adjourn without any notable achievements in the direction of armament limitation, obligatory arbitration, or the effective prevention of war in serious international conflicts. This does not mean that the conference can be fairly charged with complete failure, but it is undoubtedly true that thousands of peace lovers are disappointed at the sum total of its results.¹ However, there is no little consolation for these in other diplomatic and political developments which the last few months have wit-

nessed, developments that spring from and testify to the anxiety of all the great powers to increase the practical guarantees of peace and guard against threatening complications.

New treaties have been negotiated and new understandings reached, the effect of which will be to maintain the existing world equilibrium. France and Japan have signed a convention which binds them to respect the status quo in the Far East, where France has important colonial possessions and interests. Japan and Russia, in addition to the ordinary post-bellum treaties of peace, commerce and amity, have negotiated a treaty which recognizes the sovereignty and territorial integrity of China and pledges the signatories to respect the present distribution of power and influence in Manchuria. England and Russia, so long regarded as "traditional enemies," have signed a comprehensive treaty, covering all matters of difference between them, which will mark a long step forward in civilization. The Indian, Persian and Balkan questions are among the questions adjusted by this treaty, and the menace of Russia in India is at last removed. The military budgets and preparations of these nations should reflect the favorable significance of this diplomatic success.

The only power that has entered into no new understandings is Germany, and for a time her attitude was uncertain. Was she being "isolated" and would she show resentment and distrust? It has been made clear since that Germany is not to be injured by the new groupings of the powers, and that she is not disposed to raise any objections. The Tzar and King Edward have recently visited Emperor William, and it is understood that these visits had considerable political significance. The Macedonian, Balkan, Moroccan and other questions are believed to have been discussed, and the German Emperor apparently expressed his approval of recent and contemplated changes, including the Anglo-Russian convention.

It is true that the anti-European uprising and troubles in Morocco afford some cause for alarm. The reform pro-

gram of the Algeciras convention, which temporarily settled the Moroccan question, has not been carried out by the Sultan and his advisers, owing to internal difficulties, natural inertia, fear of savagely fanatical tribes and the apathy of the powers themselves. The killing of some French and other European residents and workmen at Casa Blanca and other ports, and the massacre of native Jews by Moors, forced intervention by France and Spain under the terms of the Algeciras treaty of 1906. Warships have bombarded the native quarters of Casa Blanca, and troops have been landed to resist the advancing tribesmen from the hinterland. A "holy war" against Europeans and Christians is feared, and in the event of one a long and sanguinary campaign may result in Morocco and throughout North Africa. Such a campaign would revive the whole question of the future of Morocco and her annexation by France—a question full of danger to the peace of Europe, since Germany opposes French designs and claims in that valuable African kingdom.

However, France has given positive assurances of her earnest desire to adhere to the Algeciras convention and to limit herself to the restoration of order and security in the disturbed Moroccan ports and districts. She is ostensibly acting for all Europe, and expects no selfish advantage from the part she is playing. Still, as long as the disturbances last and French troops and war ships are fighting rebellious tribesmen, the capitals of Europe will be distinctly uneasy.



The President and the Taft Candidacy

From Mr. Roosevelt's Provincetown address his supporters and opponents alike learned definitely that in the seventeen months that remain of his administration—and his words in this connection seemed to put a quietus on all third-term talk—no change of policy with regard to trusts, corporations and interstate commerce need be expected. The President emphatically reaffirmed his determination to

enforce the law against rich and poor, to punish wrongdoing and work for greater governmental control over corporate industry and the business use of great wealth. He also reaffirmed his belief in progressive taxation of inheritances and incomes, in effective insurance of labor against industrial risks, and in national incorporation of all companies engaged in commerce in more than one State.

That address was not calculated to "reassure" the speculative financiers who had been clamoring for indications of a political reaction. And what of the post-Roosevelt regime? Secretary Taft has formally opened his campaign for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. His Columbus speech, with those that followed it, sounded his "slogan," and he is to be judged now not so much by his connection with the Roosevelt policies—which he has defended—as by his utterances as a candidate to succeed Mr. Roosevelt. He has been speaking for himself, and indicating his own opinions and intentions, not hesitating to express, on some points, his dissent from Mr. Roosevelt's views. On the whole, and in regard to all practical and immediate questions of legislation, Mr. Taft thoroughly agrees with the President. He virtually announces a continuation of the Roosevelt campaign in the event of his nomination and election. Specifically, these are the things he believes in:

Further legislation for the control and regulation of railroads and other public utilities, to prevent stock watering and manipulation, the investment of one road's capital in the securities of another, and the subordination of transportation to "high finance."

Prohibition and punishment—by imprisonment if necessary—of all oppressive and injurious conspiracies in restraint of trade; and the legalization of reasonable agreements or combinations that are beneficial to the public or at least perfectly harmless.

Moderate revision of the tariff law, so as to eliminate excessive protection and favoritism, the revision, however, not to be undertaken until after the next national election.

State taxation of incomes and inheritances, not only for revenue, but to discourage "swollen fortunes" and their accumulation.

National income and inheritance taxation in the event of the government finding itself in need of more revenue, but not until then.

Secretary Taft does not believe in the desirability of national incorporation of all companies engaged in interstate business—at any rate, not for the present. He thinks the necessity for this step is not clear enough to warrant a demand for it. It might produce litigation and commercial embarrassment in connection with attempts to exclude trusts from interstate commerce, and the harm might overbalance the good. But ultimately, Mr. Taft admits, national incorporation may be found necessary in the control of trusts.

The assailants of the President are not pleased with Mr. Taft's exposition of his views. They find it too Rooseveltian, even if moderate in tone. The supporters of the Roosevelt policies are correspondingly gratified, and the Taft candidacy is said by fair-minded observers to have been considerably advanced by the Secretary's utterances.

A number of test ballots and straw votes indicate that all over the West Mr. Taft is gaining ground. He is first choice in many States and second choice in others, the first in these being Mr. Roosevelt himself, provided he can be induced to run again. Next to Taft, is apparently Senator La Follette, though in the East there is talk of Hughes as a strong and independent candidate. In Pennsylvania Senator Knox is being boomed with some vigor, but in the country at large the Knox movement is scarcely perceptible. The Taft candidacy is evidently assuming commanding importance, and the opposition to it in Ohio, from the followers of Senator Foraker, seems to be collapsing.

Highways and Byways

Note and Comment

In the *World Today* for July there is an amusing little sketch entitled "A Song of the Tower of Babel" by William Hard, which narrates in entertaining fashion the manner in which the Slovenians and Croatians of South Chicago may be made into good Americans through the Irish influence. The story is not only entertaining but suggestive, and Tom Moore, who, in his day, roundly abused America, may have done more than he realized through his songs to aid us in our immigration problem. You should read how Bragomovitch, whose father was a Croatian, sings with deep feeling "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."



American preëminence in the movement for international peace received a fresh impetus in one of the recent meetings of the Hague Peace Conference. Joseph H. Choate, formerly Ambassador to England and now one of the United States delegates to the Conference, in an eloquent speech urged the creation of a permanent international high court of justice. The committee having charge of the matter had failed to come to an understanding on the question of the allotment of judges but Mr. Choate's speech resulted in the appointment of a committee to consider the question further, and thus meet the universal demand for action in the establishment of such a court.



Chautauqua students now deep in the fascinating problem of immigration and will find a question of live current interest in the study of our treatment of Oriental immigrants on the Pacific coast. The Japanese trouble in San Francisco had scarcely ceased to be a matter of vital interest when further reports from the State of Washington told of fresh American outrages against Orientals, this time Hindoos employed in the mills. The merits of the question cannot yet be determined but the violence against the Asiatics seems to have been of the usual unpardonable nature, many of the Sikhs being brutally handled and many more terrorized by an unmanageable mob. As the Hindoos are British subjects international complications may ensue as in the earlier trouble with the Japanese in San Francisco.



The world of art has been deprived this summer of four great figures, two of them Americans, Augustus St. Gaudens and Richard Mansfield. The other two, Joseph Joachim, the celebrated German violinist, and Edward Grieg, the Norwegian composer, were perhaps even more famous for each was of world-wide reputation.

The loss to American art due to the death of St. Gaudens can scarcely be estimated. He was our greatest sculptor and though he had long suffered from ill health it was hoped he would be spared a few years longer and give to America other masterpieces as great as the statue of Lincoln in Chicago and the Shaw memorial in Boston. (See sketch of St. Gaudens in first editorial of Highways and Byways.)



Richard Mansfield, the most celebrated of American actors since Joseph Jefferson is likewise a great loss to American art. Opinion differed somewhat as to the merits of his impersonations in various of his roles but concerning others there was no dissenting note of disapproval. Greater than his acting was his influence in uplifting the stage. It was his ambition to appear in only the greatest dramatic masterpieces and these he presented with the greatest care and accuracy, without regard to the expense involved. Although he had several times announced his intention of retiring from the stage he was nevertheless, at the time of his death, in the prime of life, and seemed destined to many more years of activity.



Grieg, the Norwegian composer, ranked with, if not above, th greatest composers of our day, Richard Strauss, St. Saens, and Elgar. His music is widely popular with the general public as well as cultured musicians and some of his compositions, as, notably, the Peer Gynt Suite and various piano selections, were known to every music lover. Grieg did a great work in harmonizing much of the beautiful Norwegian folk music and bringing it to a final form for effective instrumental performance. Grieg was diminutive in size and frail in physique. His home, a cottage, was at Trullhaugan, near Bergen, and his special "den" contained only a piano, a music shelf and a desk. Visitors from all nations used to call upon him, and some of them were fond of souvenirs. It probably was for this reason that on his desk could be seen this note: "Please do not steal the scores. No value to you, but to me."



Joseph Joachim, the most celebrated of German violinists, was born in Hungary of Jewish parents in 1831. He passed a long life of the greatest distinction in the world of music, receiving early instruction under Mendelssohn. He was accorded the highest honors in both England and Germany, and was Director and Conductor of the Royal Academy of Music in Berlin.



A Century of Foreign Criticism on The United States--A Study of Progress.

III. Who Is the American?

By John Graham Brooks

THE foreign students of this country have far less difficulty with our institutions, our government, our education and general resources than with our more personal life. What has been done on this continent or left undone may be brought to judgment. But, Who is the American? He is the main object of inquiry.

Sometimes the question is, What kind of human being are they making in the United States? Again it is, What institutions are here being shaped by the American character? In both, it is the sort of man and woman in the making that is of fundamental interest to the inquirer. What, then, is the human product called the American?

The English historian, Freeman, used to speak of us as a lot of Englishmen who had strayed from home. We had taken with us a complete outfit of political and other traditions that we were working out under slightly different conditions. When he came here in 1883, he still said, "To me most certainly the United States did not seem a foreign country, it was simply England with a difference." Less than

*Mr. Brooks' series of articles will run throughout the reading year (September-May). The September articles were: I. "The Problem Opened"; II. "Concerning Our Critics."

thirty years ago Bryce wrote, "the American people is the English people modified in some directions by the circumstances of its colonial life and its more popular government, but in essentials the same."

In 1795 Timothy Dwight was chosen President of Yale College. From that time until the publication of his *Travels* in four volumes, he journeyed some 14,000 miles in New England and New York, knowing that eastern country probably better than any other man. In his 477th letter he thus speaks of Boston: "The Bostonians, almost without exception, are derived from one country and a single stock. They are all descendants of Englishmen, and of course are all united by all the bonds of society: language, religion, government, manners and interests."* Nearly half a century ago, Godley could speak of Boston as the best place for the stranger to see national characteristics "in their most unmixed and most developed state."†

Boston was then puritan; today it is catholic. It has nearly thirty nationalities. Yet until the Civil War, we still had confident descriptions of the American, as if he stood sufficiently apart and disengaged from other peoples to admit of characterization. The Italians discovered us, throngs of French, Dutch, and Germans very early made their homes among us. There was yet enough in common, until the middle of the last century, to make the question, what is the American, at least intelligible. But what meaning can it have today? New York is already the chief Jewish city of the world. It will very soon have a million Hebrews. They come with qualities and traditions so diverse that their competition among themselves (as between German and Russian Jews) is as relentless as it is against any other class of the community.

Intelligent enough to leave petty gambling and drunkenness to the Christians, they are appropriating rapidly the very forms of property which give them the strongest grip

*^{1.} Dwight's *Travels*, 1821, Vol. I, p. 506.

†^{2.} Letters from America, London, 1844, Vol. II, p. 136.

upon the destinies of the city. Their thrift, their temperance, their passion for individualism already modify our life, although in our eighty-five millions they are a tiny fraction of a million and a half. Christians have never hesitated to classify and characterize the Jews as specifically this or that. But as we know them better, the characterization becomes blurred and uncertain. How confidently we have repeated it! The Jew is not a "producer." "He swaps and bargains and exchanges, but he shuns the processes of producing wealth." It is very slovenly reasoning to shut out these trading activities from "production;" but apart from this, the slightest observation would correct this easy judgment. One of our great industries is the clothing trade, which in its entire process is largely in the hands of Jews, as other industries are in part on their purely "productive" side.

I have asked a great many people what one quality could surely be fixed upon the American. I have a long list of answers, but the one that heads the list in point of frequency is that the American, above all other peoples, is "adaptable." It is of course meant by this, that the young American is early thrown upon his own resources, that our society has such mobility and range of opportunity as to create the capacity for self-adjustment—of falling upon the feet—in whatever part of the world one alights. But are we more "adaptable" than the Jew? With centuries of savage hounding hither and yon, what race ever had such occasion and necessity to learn adaptability as this one? Is there any delay in adjusting themselves to our economic and educational opportunities? If the Jew has a department store in a Southern city, he succeeds partly because he is so flexible in falling in with the peculiarities of blacks and whites alike. To say Miss or Mrs. to the colored purchaser is to get her trade. I hear it charged against the Jew that he will not stay upon a farm. As farming has been done, this refusal of the Jew without capital is an assured sign of his intelligence. There is

already indication, that when farming is raised to its proper level, when science and good business methods are applied to it, when, in a word, it is commercialized and thoroughly worth doing, the Jew will be at the front in this work. To say that this people loves money, is sharp at a trade, has push, is aggressive, is merely to repeat what no end of foreigners have ascribed to Yankees generally. An Englishman who did business for several years in this country between 1840 and 1850, warns his countrymen against the Americans in these words, "Let him gain a foothold and before you are aware of it, you will find his hand laid upon all you possess, from your pocket handkerchief to the house that covers your head."* A friend, who has published a monograph on race questions, tells me there is one trait that he is sure is peculiar to Hebrews. Their aggressiveness has the unfailing trait of "intellectual impudence." *Frechheit* is a fair translation of this modified "impudence" and I have often heard in Germany that the truest mark of the Jew was this same Frechheit. But to what people under the sun would this name not be affixed, if they were as persistent and successful in playing the accepted competitive game as are the Jews? This labeling fares ill, even with a race so sharply outlined as the Hebrew.

What, then, shall be said of the American, now that nearly fifty nationalities are knitted into our national texture? In great areas of the Northwest one seems to be in Scandinavia, as large parts of several cities are like another Leipzig. We have "little Chinas," and "little Polands." In Lowell, Massachusetts, one may find himself in a Greece that is not even little. We have a hundred "little Italys" in our cities, and whole villages of them in the South and West. As for Eastern and Southern Europeans, they are so in evidence in industries like iron and mining that an American laborer seems foreign and out of place. These piebald millions are now so interwoven with all that we are, at so many points we have been changed by their presence,

*Brown's "America."

that to silhouette the American becomes yearly more baffling.*

The early writers have no misgivings. In the following chapter we shall see above twenty confident traits set down to index the American off from other nationalities. Especially after the Civil War, this confidence abates. The perplexities become too obvious. The railway facilities bring the visitor into contact with too many kinds of Americans. In 1889, I met a German correspondent who had been four times to the United States. He had done high class work for what was then thought to be the ablest Continental paper, the *Cologne Gazette*. He said he brought back from his first journey a clearly conceived image of the American. He was "sharp-visaged, nervous, lank, and restless."† After the second trip this group of adjectives was abandoned. He saw so many people who were not lank or nervous; so many who were rotund and leisurely that he rearranged his classification, but still with confidence. After the third trip, he insisted that he could describe our countrymen, but not in *external signs*. He was driven to express them in terms of character. The American was resourceful, inventive, and supreme in the pursuit of material ends. "My fourth trip," he said, "has knocked out the final attempt with the others. I have thrown them all over like a lot of rubbish. I now don't know what the American is, and I don't be-

* "In nineteen of the northern states of our Republic the number of the foreign-born and their immediate descendants exceeds the number of the native-born. In the largest cities the number is two-thirds, and even three-quarters. There are more Cohens than Smiths in the New York Directory. Two-thirds of the laborers in our factories are foreign-born or of foreign parentage. New England is no longer Puritan but foreign."—"Aliens or Americans," by B. Grose, p. 236.

† "The Yankee is a tall, gaunt, yellow-faced, hungry looking dyspeptic. He is generally engaged in selling some very odd article, such as a button-hook and a cigarette-holder combined, or a pair of socks which change into an umbrella when you touch a hidden spring."

De Nevers, with many years experience in the United States sums up his conclusions as to our fundamental characteristics thus: "The love of gain, the spirit of practical achievement, curiosity, a rather supercilious exclusiveness and contempt for the foreigner." L'Ame Americaine, II, p. 94.

lieve anyone else knows." He still thought we were more in a hurry than any other folk. Beyond that, he was certain of no distinctive difference. On this remnant of confidence there is now a very curious comment. So competent an observer as Professor Münsterberg, eager to set German opinion right on America, says we are not even in a hurry. This conclusion has great surprises for us and is worth quoting.

"It has often been observed, and especially remarked on by German observers, that in spite of his extraordinary tension, the American never overdoes. The workingman in the factory, for example, seldom perspires at his work. This comes from a knowledge of how to work so as in the end to get out of one's self the greatest possible amount.

"Very much the same may be said of the admirable way in which the Americans make the most of their time. Superficial observers have often supposed the American to be always in a hurry, whereas the opposite is the case. The man who has to hurry, has badly disposed of his time, and, therefore, has not the necessary amount to finish any one piece of work. The American is never in a hurry."*

Here is a conflict of opinion over a generalization that has been world-wide and is surely among our own beliefs about ourselves. This scholar who has been among us fourteen years now takes from us even this source of pride. If our pre-eminence as hustlers is to be put in question, what, pray, is left to us? One writer, after journeys in Canada and Australia, first notes that the American can only be detected by his speech. He finds us so like the Australians,

*More recently still, as good an observer as H. W. Horwill finds us conspicuous for our careless leisurely ways. He writes in an English monthly that we can potter and dawdle as if life were a continuous holiday. He has an array of evidence to make good his point. Think of the time spent by thousands of smaller business men in the innumerable "orders" that fill our towns! Study our sports from racing to baseball at which vast multitudes are constantly seen! Even when we are hard pushed and ought to hurry, he thinks us very awkward. An American who is in a hurry he says "will unhesitatingly take a car for two or three blocks rather than cover the same distance more quickly by walking, just as he will wait two or three minutes for an elevator to take him down a flight of ten steps, or will bring the resources of his typewriter to bear upon a postcard—which could be more speedily written by hand."

that were it not for our "intonation," he should think himself in Victoria or New South Wales. He then travels some months through the West and South, concluding at last that "there are as many different ways of speaking in various parts of the United States as there are in England. "I sometimes thought myself in Yorkshire, sometimes among London cockneys, and sometimes among the best bred people."

American "accent" (a word covering almost everything except accent) has played a great role in marking us off among the nations. Yet this traveler, when he comes to judge the people as a whole, is in despair. "I can," he says, "tell how they speak in any one of a dozen sections, but not how *the American speaks.*"

Our trouble is scarcely less if we confine ourselves to the American woman or the American child. From Liancourt to Bryce, our women folk have proved a shining mark for flattering characterization, but the young girl and the child have had lampooning enough. Nor is there against a good deal of this criticism the slightest honest defense. That far too many of our children are grievously undisciplined, "lack reverence," are "loud and ill-mannered," registers the most obvious fact. Yet it is a partial one, not in the least inclusive of the American child.* Most of these travelers live in hotels and boarding houses. It was here that many of them took their impressions of youthful deportment. The fidgety and noisy were of course most in

*"And then the children—babies I should say, if I were speaking of English bairns of their age; but, seeing that they are Americans, I hardly dare to call them children. The actual age of these perfectly civilized and highly educated beings may be from three to four. One will often find five or six such seated at the long dinner table of the hotel, breakfasting and dining with their elders, and going through the ceremony with all the gravity and more than all the decorum of their grandfathers."—Anthony Trollope.

Sixty years ago an English merchant who was "struck dumb" by the precocity of the American child, says he knew of one that ran away from home when only five months old. When caught, the child was master of the situation—"I heard they's going to call me Jotham and I jes' lit out."

evidence and thus are etched into many an unlovely picture in this foreign literature. Writers like Thackeray and Miss Martineau, who see the child in our better homes, defend us most handsomely. Thackeray was charmed by the gay and playful familiarities between parent and child, much preferring it to the more formal relation which he recalls in England. Miss Martineau devotes a chapter to our children. She is careful to say that she finds everywhere "spoiled, pert, and selfish children." She sees that many are given too much rein and left without discipline. These exceptions do not, however, lessen her confidence that the freedom and familiarity are upon the whole a distinct gain for the child and for society. What moves her most to this conclusion is the general happiness of American children:

"I have a strong suspicion that the faults of temper so prevalent where parental authority is strong and where children are made as insignificant as they can be made, and the excellence of temper in America, are attributable to the different management of childhood in the one article of freedom."^{*}

Mental alertness she also thinks has surer development.

"If I had at home gone in among eighty or a hundred little people, between the ages of eight and sixteen, I should have extracted little more than 'Yes, ma'am,' and 'No, ma'am.' At Baltimore, a dozen boys and girls at a time crowded around me, questioning, discussing, speculating in a way which enchanted me."

About the American woman there are the same cheerful generalizations. Many chapters are devoted to her. Early writers note her pruderies, her frigid reserve before miscellaneous gallantries, and her "lack of temperament." Ampère and Fanny Kemble are astonished at the extreme deference that men pay her, especially on the street and in all public places.[†] That a young girl can travel unattended

*Vol. III. Pg. 163. English Ed., "Society in America."

†De Tocqueville says: "It has often been remarked, that in Europe a certain degree of contempt lurks even in the flattery which men lavish upon women, although a European frequently affects to be the slave of woman, it may be seen that he never sincerely thinks her his equal. In the United States, men seldom compliment women, but they daily show how much they esteem them." Vol. II., p. 260.

from State to State, secure from insult or importunity, calls out admiring comment from critics of every nationality. Especially since the habit of traveling has developed with the railway, few things have more frequent mention than this serene young woman journeying alone and unalarmed where and when she will. In a severely critical lecture on the United States, I heard the historian von Treitschke say to his class in Berlin, that even the enemies of America saw in this deference to the unprotected woman "a most hopeful sign of civilization." That she would be unsafe in Europe, he thought, marked in this one respect, inferiority in the European social morals. Even if at home and abroad, we have not rather overworked this solitary young lady *en voyage*, she is too individual a phenomenon to be of much use to us.

Miss Faithful in her struggles to characterize our girls quotes the following:*

"the most fascinating little despot in the world; an oasis of picturesque unreasonableness in a dreadful desert of common sense."

"champagny—glittering, foamy, bubbly, sweet, dry, tart; in a word, fizzy! She has not the dreamy, magical, murmur loveableness of the Italian, but there is a cosmopolitan combination which makes her a most attractive coquette; a sort of social catechism—full of answer and question."

This does not wholly satisfy her, but her own conclusion is as tremulous in its uncertainty as the rest, save in its good will,

"Miss Alcott's Joes and Dolly Wards, Bret Harte's Miggles and M'liss, and Mr. James's Daisy Miller,—indeed, I feel more and more bewildered as I try to think which should be taken as strictly typical—save the one,

"So frankly free,
So tender and so good to see,
Because she is so sweet."

When writer after writer says America is "the Paradise for women," we have a formula that submits to closer tests.

I was once on a Fall River boat with an English clergyman who had a passion for sociological statistics. He was

*Three Visits to America, p. 316.

so struck by the numbers of people puffing at pipes, cigarettes, or cigars that he made conscientious note of it, telling me that ninety per cent. of our people must be users of tobacco. This appeared excessive and I asked him where he got his estimates. He said he had counted all the people smoking and not smoking in the large space into which we came from the wharf. He was much shaken, when I told him that all his reckoning had been made in the boat's smoking room.

America as the "Paradise for Women" is an improvement on the statistical reflections of this clergyman, but it too has to be challenged. As compared to most of Europe, burdens are here lighter and opportunities more open for women who must work for a living. But there are some millions of wives of wage-earning men and other millions of farmers' wives. Is it quite a Paradise for them? As in summer months, "There is nobody in town" to leisurely city folk, so this Paradise is confined to a relatively small section of the community. Even for this limited portion, it is a "Paradise" that excites reflections. To have the fewest responsibilities; to have the children cared for by others; to have a good bank account and the consequent leisure to do what one will, usually depicts this paradise. It is especially and always to have a good deal of so-called independence and freedom from the narrower household cares. To have a husband willing to slave while he furnishes the cash and is content to stay behind if he is not wanted, always makes the heaven of the American woman more complete in the eyes of these foreign naturalists.

It was left for a French scholar to say the final and triumphant word upon woman's real place in the United States. He finds the propelling force even of our material masteries in our women. In France and in Europe generally the woman must, he says, suit her expenditure to her husband's earnings. Be they small or great, this duty she meets. But the glory and distinction of the American woman, that which sets her apart as upon a pedestal from all her kind in other

lands, is that she *makes her husband earn what she wishes to spend*. Petty obstacles like business rivals and trade conditions are not to be considered. What this exigent household queen wants, she must have and she *gets* it. It is not primarily the man, but the American woman who commands the business initiative. The root of all our commercial greatness is her ambition. Because her heart is set on those first necessities—the luxuries and superfluities—for that reason the railroads, stock exchanges, mills, and mines are driven at white heat. It is man's business to work all the wonders of our business world in order that wifely expectations may not go unsatisfied. We thus get at the real origin of the much noted American deference to woman. Fanny Kemble speaks for scores of these critics when she expresses her surprise that American men show such humility toward all women, even the humblest. The commonest explanation of this attitude is the relative scarcity of women during the three or four generations when men were greatly in excess. To the average man seeking a mate under these circumstances politeness becomes his chief asset. I have heard a lady much in the social world say that the manners of boys varied according to the ratio of sexes at social entertainments. "If the young men are few and the girls many, the boys lose their grace and gallantry, and most of them act like boors." This Frenchman does much better. To him women evolve not only as Queen and Dictator, but as the propelling force behind all our commercial "initiative," "self direction," invention, and other greatness. This torch bearer among the critics did not offer his explanation as a compliment to our women. But never have they received such flattery. It puts man as the weaker vessel in his proper place. We can now understand the document which Emily Faithful reproduces from the early dawn of the "Woman's Movement." She vouches for this speech in which Mrs. Skinner, two generations ago, sets us right as to man's place in the social order.

"Miss President, feller wimmen, and male trash generally,

I am here today for the purpose of discussing woman's rights, recussing her wrongs, and cussing the men.

"I believe sexes were created perfectly equal, with the woman a little more equal than the man.

"I believe that the world today would be happier if man never existed.

"As a success man is a failure, and I bless my stars my mother was a woman. (Applause).

"I not only maintain those principles, but maintain a shiftless husband besides.

"They say man was created first—Well, s'pose he was. Ain't first experiments always failures?

"The only decent thing about man was a rib, and that went to make something better. (Applause).

"And they throw into our faces about taking an apple. I'll bet five dollars that Adam boosted her up the tree, and only gave her the core.

"And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instincts he sneaked behind Eve, and said, "Twant me; 'twas her," and woman had to father everything, and mother it too.

"What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, if we have to let down our back hair, and swim in a sea of gore."

Another phase of this topic troubles our critics. Who is the "good," who is the "bad" American? To stiff conservatives, especially if they held the offices—the real American was always one who accepted rather slavishly the party platform. Carlier was thinking of our politics, when he said, "The bad American is usually the best American." To show independence or to stand for some larger policy has ever brought out the reproach of being "un-American." We probably did not have five greater or more useful men in the half century that followed the Revolution than the reticent, educated, and resourceful young Swiss who landed here in 1790, Albert Gallatin. Though an aristocrat by birth, with easy honors awaiting him at home, he turned his back upon them because of republican sympathies that came to him like a religious conversion. The word democrat has no nobler sense than that which Gallatin put into every stroke of his great public service in this country. Yet throughout his most active career, he had to submit to this

taunt of being a bad American. Men with very proud names were guilty of this ungenerous flouting. In our own day another splendid figure suffered from the same unhandsome conduct. Carl Schurz was showered with honors whenever principle allowed him to "stand pat," but at any brave departure, he was told that he was "no true American." When he was fighting for some honor and humanity toward the Indians; when he tried to temper some of the blundering excesses of our reconstruction methods, as well as during his long and heroic struggle for the elementary decencies of Civil Service Reform, Mr. Schurz had to meet this coarse upbraiding of being un-American. He probably was never so genuinely an American as when that term was most hotly denied him, and this was as certainly true of Gallatin. To fight for the next step that constitutes progress should best define the American spirit. It should be the essence of this spirit to expand the conditions of political and social growth. Yet those who have struck out most resolutely for this enlargement have had to take the anathema—"no true American."

The first speech I heard in Massachusetts in favor of the Australian ballot was attacked by a well-known jurist as being un-American and therefore to be condemned. In the West during the stormy discussions over free silver and the gold standard, I attended many meetings. None of the peppery phrases so stuck in my mind as those that charged the friends of the "single standard" with being un-American. I can still see a trembling and scornful finger pointing at some of us who had asked questions. The speaker stirred all hearts by comparing the doubters to Judas. As he had bartered his soul, so had the gold men bartered theirs. "The soul of the true American has departed from them forever." Even at a meeting for the discussion of immigration, as good an American as I have ever known was angrily denied the name, because he steadfastly opposed plans for restricting immigrants.

There is nothing more hopeful at the present moment

in our country than the spirit at work in our new forestry policy. It is, fundamentally, the same use of government powers to protect large and general interests as against narrow and immediate private interests that have come into sharp conflict with public welfare. Yet I have heard the policy condemned with extreme venom because it was not the American way of doing things. The most dangerous kind of ignorance can hide behind this name. A New Hampshire farmer and dairyman, irritated by the standard of cleanliness which the milk inspector submitted to him, burst out in reply, "Yes, I've read a good deal in the agricultural paper about this foolishness, but I'm an American and I propose to stay on bein' an American." In this sorry instance, to hold with sulky tenacity to the beaten path becomes the definition of this proud title. Few really illustrious names have wholly escaped the epithet—un-American. Washington and Hamilton lost all claim to it at the hands of the Jeffersonian pamphleteers. Nor did Lincoln go unscathed by northern copperheads. When compelled to suspend habeas corpus in the heaviest days of 1863, the hiss of un-Americanism was on every hand. The most heroic moments in our history are precisely those in which men have dared to stand pluckily by some cause against which popular fury had temporarily turned. Young Quincy's defence of Captain Preston of "the Boston Massacre" was a splendid bit of gallantry. The frenzy against Preston in the community burned so high that the elder Quincy wrote indignantly to his son, "My God! Is it possible? I will not believe it." The son answered that it was in his oath to aid those charged with crime, the guilt of which was not yet proved. To the angry reproach that his career would be ruined, he answered, "I never harbored the expectation, nor any great desire, that all men should speak well of me. To inquire my duty and to do it, is my aim." Months had not passed before it became plain that an atrocious injustice would have been committed to refuse this defence. Yet for moral intrepidity that adds lustre to those days and to

all days, this young man was pronounced a bad and faithless American.

In the winter of 1882, when James Russell Lowell was our Minister to England, he had to face delicate matters growing out of the "Coercion Act" against Ireland. Two Secretaries of State (Evarts and Blaine) had successively paid tribute to Mr. Lowell's "sagacity, prudence, and fairness." Yet in and out of Congress, the storm raged against him. At a great meeting in New York, "sickening sycophancy" and "Apostate to true Americanism" were among the pretty compliments paid to him.

As it has been in the past, so in the future this high test of moral courage will remain to try men's souls. Politics as well as religion tends to harden into institutional and dogmatic forms. To challenge these, to break the enclosing crust so far as to give way for the inner life and growth, will ask of men to the end of time this same hardihood. The best Americans have ever been and will continue to be those, who, while standing for social stability and order, dare to stand also for the changes that widen into social progress.



IV. Our Talent for Bragging

I approach this chapter with misgivings. When using the essential portions of it several times as a lecture, I have seen individuals leave the hall in a state of unmistakable displeasure. It was once given as the first of a series on the general subject with which these articles deal. A protest was made to those having the lectures in charge that their continuance ought not to be permitted. As this was impracticable, a good many people took the question of continuing into their own hands and stayed away. It was maintained that "no true American would talk so about his country." As this lecture was immediately followed by one on the Sensitiveness of the American,* it brought a humorous confirmation which somewhat softened the asperities of the situation.

What was least tolerable to this wounded patriotism was an itemized comparison between some of our prancing Fourth of July oratory from eminent men, and the broad caricatures of Dickens. In the "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" our genius for self laudation is travestied by this master with a free hand. Yet in our own oratorical zone we can find the literary equivalents of Dickens' choicest specimens. One is honestly disconcerted as to which is the parody. When a senator can say at a banquet given by his constituents, that "America as a nation has now passed through the fiery furnace of doubt and obloquy, convincing the most ignorant of her foes and the most envious of her would-be rivals that our Republic stands at last as unstained in her matchless record as she is superior in all the higher attainments of a true moral and spiritual civilization," we think instinctively of the passages in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Does the the most riotous burlesque of Dickens much outdo this senatorial outburst?

It is of course true that among nations, we do not hold a monopoly of gasconade. It is very possible that the fêt-

*Chapter VII of the present series.

day literature of other nations would furnish rodomontade equal to our best. That would only enlarge the geographical area of the plague. There are, moreover, so many ways of bragging. It may be stentorian and grandiloquent like that of Victor Hugo. It may be the sheer bluster of a Col. Chick, "What is America *for* but to reform the world?" It may appear in the ineffable strut of the Prussian lieutenant, or in the unvoiced but unmistakable *assumption* of superiority that the world has very generally associated with the British. This has often a most naive and unabashed statement, as when Alexander Mackay says:*

"England has her fixed position in the family of nations, and at the head of civilization—a position which she has long occupied, and from which it will be some time ere she is driven. We care not, therefore, what the foreigner says or thinks of us. He may look or express contempt as he walks our streets, or frequents our public places. His praise cannot exalt, nor can his contempt debase us, as a people."

This special form of bragging is attributed to us:

"Other nations boast of what they are or have been, but the true citizen of the United States exalts his head to the skies in the contemplation of what the grandeur of his country is *going* to be. Others claim respect and honor because of the things done by a long line of ancestors; an American glories in the achievements of a distant posterity.

"If an English traveler complains of their inns and hints his dislike to sleeping four in a bed, he is first denounced as a calumniator and then told to wait a hundred years and see the superiority of American inns to British."†

Even that learned French publicist, M. Chevalier, who is very friendly, cannot help warning us against all illusions about the real thing in matters of national pre-eminence. He says:

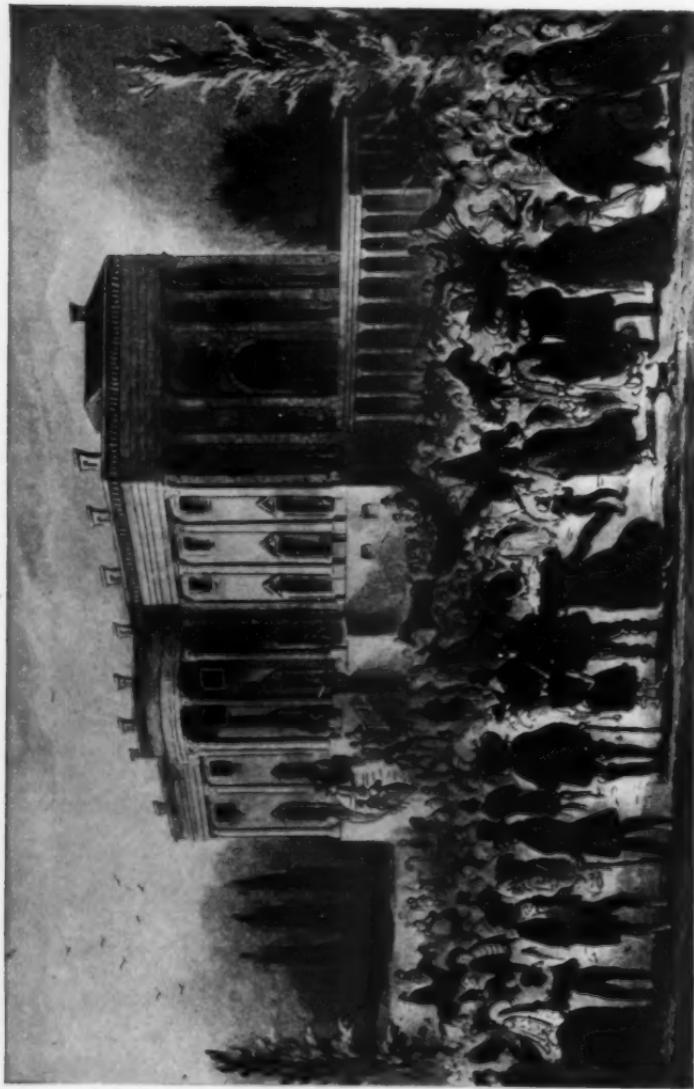
*The Western World, p. 285.

Bryce says, "An impartially rigorous censor from some other planet might say of the Americans that they are at this moment less priggishly supercilious than the Germans, less restlessly pretentious than the French, less pharisaically self-satisfied than the English."—Vol. II, p. 635.

†This exact comment de Amicis makes on the people as he journeys about Holland, "They are always talking of what they are going to do and almost never of what they have done," but, curiously enough, interprets this in terms of humility.—La Hollande, p. 96



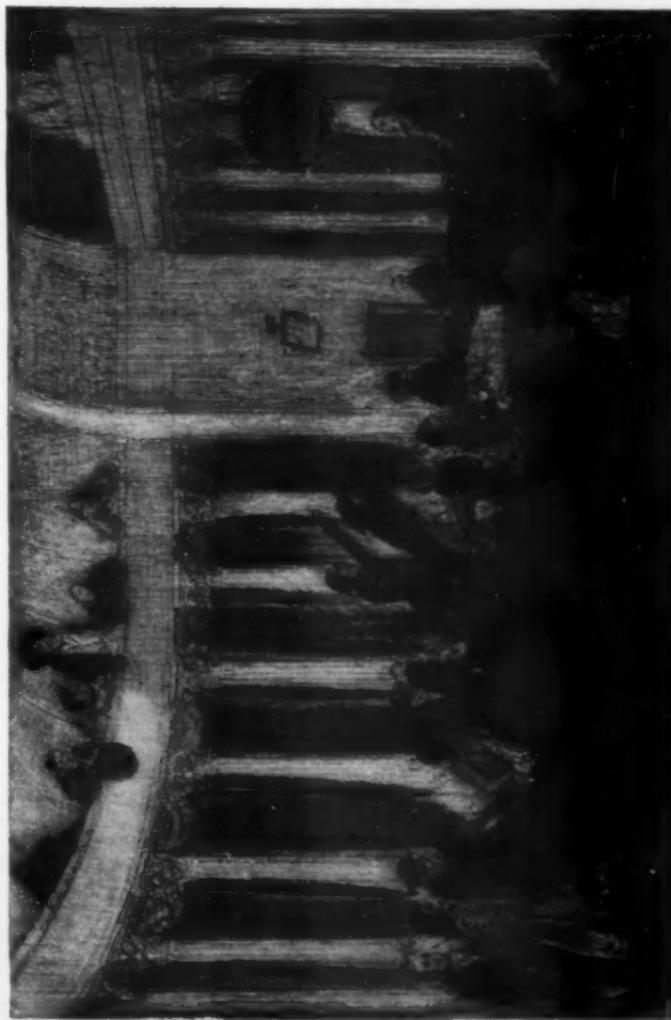
Mrs. Trollope, Author of "The Domestic Manners of the
Americans."



President's Levee, or All Creation going to the White House, Washington. Illustration by Cruickshank in "The Playfair Papers," published in 1841.

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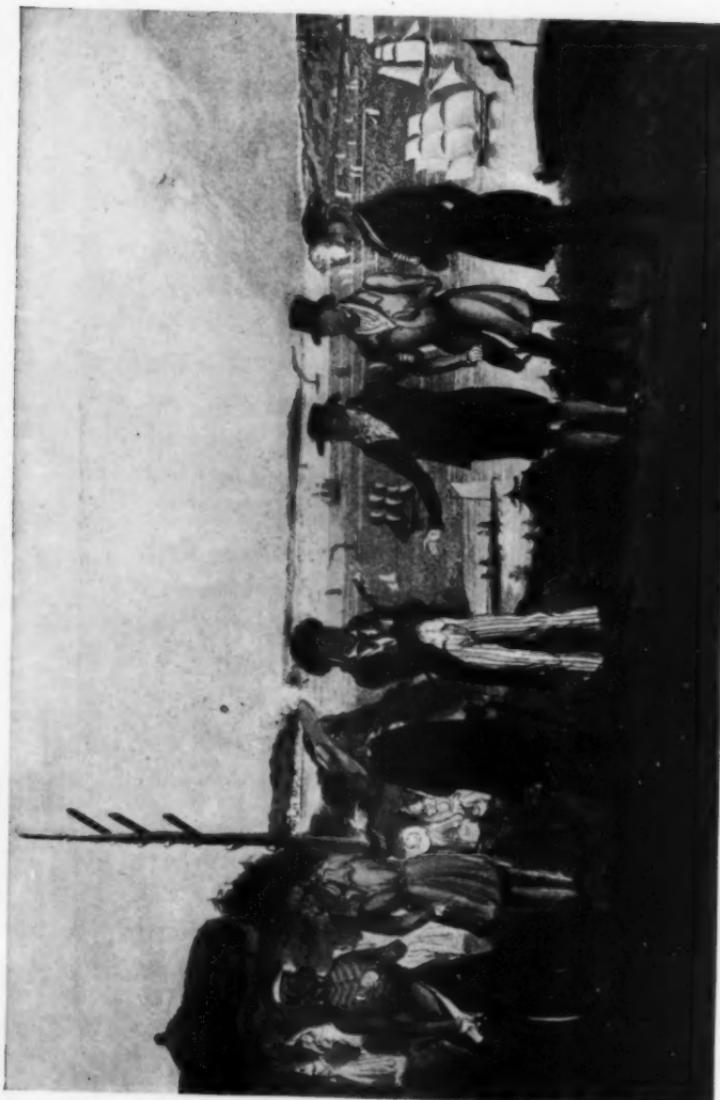
House of Representatives during a high debate on denouncing the Anti-Slavery Petitions. Illustration by Cruickshank in "The Playfair Papers," published in 1841.



Liberty Hall Dining Parlor. Illustration by Cruickshank in "The Playfair Papers," published in 1841.



Liberty Hall Drawing Room. Illustration by Cruickshank in "The Playfair Papers," published in 1841.



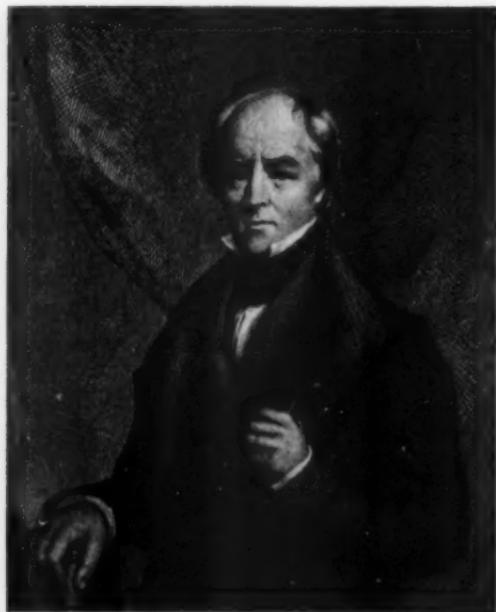
Scene on Battery Point, New York. Illustration by Cruickshank in "The Playfair Papers," published in 1841.

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A Scene at a Campmeeting. Illustration by Cruickshank in "The Playfair Papers," published in 1841.



Captain Basil Hall, Author of "Travels in North America."

"It is because France is the heart of the world; the affairs of France interest all; the cause which she espouses is not that of a selfish ambition, but that of civilization. When France speaks, she is listened to, because she speaks not her own feelings merely, but those of the human race. When she acts, her example is followed, because she does what all desire to do."*

Another Frenchman is less considerate of our sensibilities when he says that "French civilization is so above

*D'Almbert, in his "Flaneries," gives one special reason why the French should travel: Until they have looked in upon several nations lying in outer darkness, there is no way to measure the heights of French civilization: Just cross the frontier and it at once begins to dawn upon us how unrivalled we stand in all the tests of moral and spiritual refinement. Our morals are *probos*, *élégantes et faciles*, and our character, chivalrous, loyal, and without selfishness. Yet, we must travel, travel, especially to the United States, only to see how wisely the good God has given the finest country to the best of nations—France."

and apart from that of all other peoples, that his countrymen need not shrink from encouraging a people like those in the United States in their ambition to imitate the glories of France." This has a loftiness with which Victor Hugo has made the world familiar.

It will lessen the smart, as we turn for our punishment, to remember these various eruptions of self laudation.

That our special variety of braggadocio is extremely offensive to all sorts of foreigners, there is not the slightest doubt. De Nevers thinks it rather odious to assume that the Almighty is especially and exclusively committed on the side of American prestige. Among his illustrations, he quotes our historian Bancroft, "The American democracy follows its ascending march, uniform, majestic as the laws of being, sure of itself as the decrees of Eternity." Another finds it extremely distasteful that the Americans, above all peoples, cannot leave home for another country without "carrying their whole national belongings wit' them."

"From the moment they set foot on foreign soil, they begin to compare things with what they left behind them. This is intelligent and unavoidable, but the American is never at rest until he has made as many benighted 'foreigners' as possible understand and *admit* that their civilization and ways of life are inferior. Hotels, railways, checking baggage, the size of farms, the telephone, the methods of dispatching business,—one and all have to be 'rubbed into you,' to use their vernacular. Americans with any breeding, of course, do not do this, but it is the curse of the country that it has so vast an army constantly on the march that is never happy unless bragging about some superiority."*

This opinion represents the settled conviction of all our earlier critics and of some recent ones from whatever country they come. They find in this aggressive self-complac-

*A well known writer among our American women just returns from Europe with this appealing observation to her sisters during their stay abroad: "A little more repose, a little more appreciation of what is not American, a little more modesty about vaunting one's own in public, a little less criticism of other countries, a little more attention to the manner of expression and the timbre of voice—these are some of the things which would improve the American woman traveller, and yet leave her, as she should be, distinctly American."

ency the least tolerable of our qualities. About no other one trait is the unanimity more complete. There would be some escape, if the charge were brought by this or that nationality from which we widely differed, or if it came from the over-critical and ill-disposed alone. It is the very gravity of the accusation, that it comes from those most friendly to us and from those who have studied us with most open minds. The early French writers were passionately on our side and against the aspersions of the English critics of America. Yet the most cordial of these are annoyed by the incessant exercise of this unhappy talent. None of the French brought a more generous and insistent sympathy than De Tocqueville. No one gave surer proofs of that sympathy by the way in which he philosophizes upon and excuses crudities and annoyances necessarily incidental to travel and investigation seventy-five years ago in this country. Yet about our self-vaunting, he had this passage:

"For the last fifty years, no pains have been spared to convince the people of the United States that they are the only religious, enlightened, and free people. They perceive that, for the present, their own democratic institutions prosper, whilst those of other countries fail; hence they conceive a high opinion of their inferiority, and are not very remote from believing themselves to be a distinct species of mankind."*

De Tocqueville's friend, the Academician Ampère, has far less insight, but through his long journey is so gallantly polite and so obstinately the gentleman in every mishap, that we quite fall in love with him. His goodwill is exhaustless, but he suffers from hearing day in and day out,

**I. Democracy in America*, Vol I, p. 506.

Another passage indicates a type which we hope was limited and exceptional: "I have often remarked in the United States, that it is not easy to make a man understand that his presence may be dispensed with; hints will not always suffice to shake him off. I contradict an American at every word he says, to show him that his conversation bores me: I preserve a dogged silence, and he thinks I am meditating deeply on the truths which he is uttering; at last, I rush from his company, and he supposes that some urgent business hurries me elsewhere. This man will never understand that he wearies me to death, unless I tell him so, and the only way to get rid of him is to make him my enemy for life.—Vol. II, p. 210.

that Europe is to be pitied for the lack of those perfections which blossom in the institutions and the character of Americans. "They are really very much hurt if you put these superiorities in question."

Abdy, who was here in 1833-4, has many comments on this characteristic. He is led to examine our school books, giving from Hart's "Geographical Exercises" this sample:

"Knowing that Asia," says the author, "is sunk in ignorance and gross superstition, the young reader will at once discover the cause of our moral superiority over the dull Asiatics, *as well as the great mass of more enlightened neighbors of the European part of the Eastern continent.* It need scarcely be repeated, that it is owing to the influence of the press shedding its rays of knowledge over the minds of a free people."*

Abdy has a theory that bragging is necessarily developed by the shifts of the demagogue in a democracy and "the adulation of the press." He quotes from the speech of President Van Buren before the New York Convention as follows:

"It was the boast and the pride and the security of the American nation, that she had in her bosom a body of men, who, for sobriety, integrity, industry, and patriotism, were unequaled by the cultivators of the earth in any part of the known world;—nay, more,—to compare them with men of similar pursuits in other countries, was to degrade them."

This has its match in a quotation from Mrs. Trollope:†

"Mr. Everett, in a recent Fourth of July oration, speaks thus: 'We are authorized to assert that the era of our independence dates the establishment of the only perfect organization of government.' Again, 'Our government is in its theory perfect, and in its operation it is perfect also. Thus we have solved the great problem in human affairs.'"

That we have not wholly recovered is seen in a few lines from the reported speech recently given by one of our most honored governors. It was spoken in an Eastern State.

"In the depth and breadth of character, in the volume of hope and ambition, in the universality of knowledge, in reverence for law

*Journal of a Residence and Tour in the United States.

†P. 163.

and order, in the beauty and sanctity of our homes, in sobriety, in the respect for the rights of others, in recognition of the duties of citizenship and in the ease and honor with which we tread the myriad paths leading from rank to rank in life, our people surpass all their fellow men."

When Mr. Bryce was at work upon his first edition, he quoted the following passage from an address before a well-known literary association by one of our eminent citizens, who was speaking of the influence which the American principles of liberty, as embodied in the Declaration of Independence, were exciting in the world:

"They have given political freedom to America and France, unity and nationality to Germany and Italy, emancipated the Russian serf, relieved Prussia and Hungary from feudal tenures, and *will in time free Great Britain and Ireland also.*"*

Thus the entire planet is saved by a few strokes of an American pen. Mr. Bryce evidently thinks this extravagant, for he adds:

"I have often asked Americans wherein they consider their freedom superior to that of the English, but have never found them able to indicate a single point in which the individual man is worse off in England as regards either his private civil rights or his political rights or his general liberty of doing and thinking as he pleases."

I submit again that some of the above citations hold their own pretty evenly with the caricatures of Charles Dickens. If placed side by side and honestly compared, the reader will be much in doubt as to which is the burlesque. Most of these soaring eulogies are themselves caricatures. No such dizzy heights of cultural attainment have been reached by us yet. I was told that the final passage quoted from the governor's speech received "enthusiastic applause from the entire audience."†

*American Commonwealth, Vol. II, p. 635.

†There was a large gathering chiefly of leading business men, many of them university graduates. They were being gravely and unctuously assured that we "surpass all our fellow men"—in what? In "sobriety," in "depth and breadth of character," "in the universality of knowledge," "in reverence for law and order," "in respect for the rights of others," "in recognition of the duties of citizenship," &c. This cosmic pre-eminence is not here measured by business and commercial tests, to which we have been much accustomed. It is measured by the very highest spiritual values that human beings attain in this world.

I have purposely omitted from this heart-searching the whole list of ill-tempered and grouty opinions from critics who too obviously did not like us. One of these says he came to stay a year, but had the misfortune to spend his first two weeks at the Chicago Exposition. On his first morning at the Fair, he hears an official say, "I guess this show will make them Europeans feel silly." Why silly? asks the visitor. "You don't suppose they ever saw anything like this, do you?" When the unhappy stranger disagrees, he is assured by the official that it only proves that foreigners can't even tell a big thing when they see it.

It was the habit of this observer to ask a great many questions, but he says he invariably got brag instead of information, until, unable to stand it further, he took a ticket for home, resolved never to set foot in this country again. This is petulance and need not much annoy us. Our wincing comes when wholly cordial and large minded men like Richard Cobden have to speak of the "vulgar expression of our self-sufficiency," or when a man of science full of gentle courtesies like Sir Charles Lyell turns aside from men and occasions in order to avoid "what one can stand now and then, but not everywhere and all the time." It is this type of man who often asks why we should have this ungracious habit. Why should it be so conspicuous? Is it from a permanent disease of "congenital eminence?" Is it because the people of the United States began by accepting a theory of equality which they soon saw could not possibly be applied to actual life? If the theory of equality was a source of pride, with its daily practise among men was seen to be impossible, would not this give rise to habits of self-assertion? Emerson thought the lack of virtues could be detected in any man who loudly talked about them. Is it because at heart the inhabitants of the States really doubt their greatness that they so clamorously insist upon it? Is it because they themselves see such a gap between their formulated democratic ideals and their actual practises, that they "put on an extra strut of self assertion before stran-

gers?" Another tries to find out "whether the Yankees brag among themselves as they do before strangers." He finds the evidence on this point very perplexing. On the one hand he is assured that the natives have an inexhaustible delight in abusing their own country and its institutions and will even entertain a foreigner with tales of political and other self abasement beyond any pitch of defamation that the most bitter outsider ever conceived.* Against this he is told that Americans are bored by this national habit more even than are strangers. Two "men of distinction" [probably both from the East] tell him that as you travel West, the note of braggadocio steadily rises until you reach the Pacific coast, where it would be deafening if your approach were not so gradual. As the big trees in the Yosemite are dwarfed because, on the route thither, you see so many larger and larger trees that the giant pines do not finally much surprise you. But this inquirer agrees that the "riot of self flattery does culminate in the Far West," its commonest form being that everything, from scenery to general culture, is the sublimest or the biggest in the universe. He notes down some forty objects or achievements that are indisputably "the finest in the entire world." G. W. Stevens writes of his own discipline in these words:

"I am now, Sir, about to show you my creamery. It is not yet finished, but when it is I anticipate that it will be the most complete and the best appointed,'—I shuddered, for I knew instinctively what was coming—'in the world.' Shall I ever escape this tyranny of the biggest thing in the world?"†

*There is a most sagacious truth in a remark of Mr. Bryce to the effect that, worse still than any bragging is the habit of an occasional American of finding delight before strangers in decrying his own country.

†Professor Lamprecht recently writes, "Denver boasts of more buildings costing over \$200,000 to erect than any other city of its age and size in America." After seeing so many largest and most imposing sublimities, he adds, "Ich habe sogar—the purest water in the world—getrunken."—"Americana," p. 68.

Kipling, on his first journey, says he was told the Palmer House in Chicago was "the finest hotel in the finest city of God Almighty's earth."

Another amazed visitor, who admits the facts about our boastings, yet tries to defend us on the theory that a great deal of it is a form of American humor. He takes a passage from the novelist Marryat, who reports as follows:

"I was once talking with an American about Webster's dictionary and he observed, 'Well now, Sir, I understand it's the only one used in the Court of St. James by the king and princesses and that, by royal order.'"

There is in this instance some inherent suggestion of whimsical indulgence on the part of this defender of the Yankee dictionary, but the well meant thesis that our vaunting is largely jocular has, alas, very scant truth in it.* But the entire elimination of this element leaves a quite terrifying amount of strident vaporizing still to account for. When Emerson said the American eagle was a good deal of a peacock, and Lowell, as Ambassador, groans "that so many of my countrymen will allow the European to take nothing for granted about the greatness of America," they are both telling the truth.

Nor can it be allowed to pass that this glorifying is in any way exclusive of the West. There just comes to hand an official document of the Jamestown Exposition from which; among many, I take these sentences, "greatest military spectacle the world has ever seen," "grandest naval rendezvous in history," "greatest gathering of warships in the history of the world," "the largest military parade ground in the world," "the greatest military and naval parade ever witnessed," "the greatest display of gorgeous military uniform," and "the greatest military and naval celebration ever attempted in any age by any nation." This is an Eastern and not a Western product, and much more Atlantic rhetoric with the same resounding note could be reproduced. Foreigners both at the Chicago and the St. Louis Fairs, only on the edge of the West, found that "the world" standard was no longer

*Land of the Dollar, p. 167.

When some American deep-divers gave a public exhibition and one of them, before slipping into the water, called out, "We can dive deeper and stay under longer and come up drier than any divers in the world," the classification becomes easy.

adequate, so the "universe" had replaced it. On a very recent visit an English Bishop was delighted with one of our less conspicuous Eastern colleges. He smilingly told its President that it was very restful to find a school that was not in endowment, in rapid growth, in distinction of alumni, or in some other way "the biggest in the country." The Bishop reports that he noticed instantly the look of surprise and protest as his host replied, "But we do cover more *space* than any college in the United States." "From this time on," says the Bishop, "I avoided all occasions of bringing this extraordinary endowment into play."

In considering later [Chapter VII] the asserted supersensitiveness of the American people, a little light may be thrown on the origin of this self magnifying by the reaction on national habits of that long border life incident to the slow extension of our population toward the Pacific coast. It was a life in which the individual was so thrown upon his own resources, as to call out every extreme of self assertion and independence. Successes were determined by his own conscious achievement rather than by social cooperation. Given several generations in which this border life advances so rapidly and with such signal triumphs over the most redoubtable external difficulties, and these extremes of self confidence are not unnatural. It is not alone the duration of this border life with its reactions, but, even more, its rapidity and its sense of mastery and overcoming that have left so powerful an impress upon the mind and character.*

Yet the origins of the blemish are not nearly so important as the main fact that we have as a nation sorely overdone this business of calling attention to our eminence. I have tried on several occasions to trap a Japanese into some chance exercise of this gift. It has never met with the least success. At a small gathering in New York, at which

*An obvious comment on this theory is that we are by no means alone among nations in having a long "border life." If other peoples [as in Australia] had this experience without the excess of brag, the theory is inadequate.

four Japanese of distinction were present, an American officer asked if the Japanese would take Port Arthur. With the same modesty, amounting almost to self-effacement, in which he had spoken of the entire war, this reply came, "We do not know. The Russians fight with so much spirit and die so well! but still we hope in a few months we shall get possession of it." Only in this tone could they be induced to speak of a single incident of their great struggle.

Later a Japanese official was congratulated upon their great naval victory by one of our own Admirals. "Yes," was the reply, "we think in Japan that our future tasks will be less difficult."*

Remembering the degree of exultation which followed Manila and Santiago, what vocabulary would have served us had the Russian fleet gone to pieces before our own ships? If Dewey's fleet was so easily made to overtop Nelson at Trafalgar, what heroic fellowship would have been found worthy of an American Togo! And yet whatever revelries of self admiration we may still yield to under unwonted excitement, nothing is clearer than the slow abatement of our boasting. More and more it has to be done with indirection and restraint. This toning down has come as we have grown more securely conscious of a national strength about which there is no question. The quoted bluster from political speeches in the first half of the last century would be far more likely to meet with derision before any average American audience at the present time. It was a part of the change which Dickens noted, even in the quarter of a century that separated his two visits to this country.

There is truth in Bryce's words, "Fifty or even forty years ago, the conceit of this people was a byword. It was not only self-conscious but obtrusive and aggressive But American conceit has been steadily declining as the country has grown older, more aware of its strength,

*De Amicis says for the Dutch that in all their towns he never heard a trace of national braggadocio—*personne ne laisse percer l'ombre de vanité nationale*.—*La Hollande*, p. 95.

more respected by other countries." These are reassuring words. They are, moreover, true to the extent that we are more easily and quickly ashamed of bluster than we were in the days when we had plenty of shrewd suspicion about our failings, but did not like to have them specified and posted by an outsider. In such improvement as there has been, let us rejoice, but not forget that the talent still requires a great deal of careful watching.





The Story of American Painting*

II. The Period of the Revolution

By Edwina Spencer

Author of "American Sculptors."

FOR a hundred years prior to that spring day, in 1775, when the embattled farmers fired their "shot heard round the world," art had been slowly establishing itself in America; we have already traced its beginnings in the form of colonial portraiture, watching the seeds of artistic achievement sown from north to south, and following the work of the early painters, which culminated in Copley's rich legacy to his country.

Succeeding these years of quiet development, came the stimulus of the struggle for liberty and the birth of the Republic. New conditions arose, producing, in the period from 1775 to 1800, work inspired by the events and heroes of the Revolution. The fame of the national cause, with the majestic personality of the Commander-in-chief and first President, drew a number of foreign artists to America, who added to the interesting portraiture of the epoch, and especially to the valuable portrayals of Washington. The miniature, so much more intimate in its appeal than the large portrait, came into immense vogue, engraving began to be more widely practised; and with political growth appeared our first essays in historical painting.

Slowly the convictions and ideals of the new nation

*Miss Spencer's series will run throughout the reading year (September-May). The September articles were: "Foreword, and, I., Painting in the Colonies."

were reflected in its art; but the transition was, of course, gradual. In artistic, as in political and social progress, one stage merges imperceptibly into the next, and no arbitrary division can be made.

Neither is it possible to place the painters in one period or the other according to dates of birth or death. Copley, for instance, lived on into the nineteenth century, yet his real achievement belongs to the colonial era. C. W. Peale, on the other hand, though but four years Copley's junior, began to work later, and completely identified himself with the Revolution. While certain younger men, who began to paint before 1800 are associated with the work of the early nineteenth century.

Before the Revolution, and his momentous ride, that sturdy patriot Paul Revere had been long a goldsmith and engraver, learning the latter art from Copley's step-father, Peter Pelham. Yet his best work (chiefly portraits and political caricatures) resulted from the days of storm and stress, when his graver transferred to the copper plates the spirit of independence rampant within him. So, in 1766, he produced his engraving symbolical of the Repeal of the Stamp Act; four years later, one picturing the massacre in King street, on Boston's memorable fifth of March; and in 1774 that of the British troops landing in Boston.*

Less active as a patriot and more as an artist, was Ralph Earl (1751-1801), the best painter of his time in Connecticut. After the war, he spent twelve years in England, and was made a member of the Royal Academy; but returned to Connecticut, where he has left many dignified and quaintly attractive family groups. His portrait of Lady Williams shows him at his best. A fad of Earl's, in favor with some of his contemporaries, was to portray his sitters indoors with an open window behind them,

*When paper money was ordered by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, Paul Revere engraved the plates, made the press, and printed the bills. He also designed many of the handsomest frames for the portraits of the time, and is said to have designed almost all of Copley's. Two fine examples of these are owned by descendants of the Winslows, at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

through which is seen the exterior view of the house; sometimes the building is surrounded by thirteen trees, patriotic emblems of the "infant states"!

While Earl was painting in New England, a Philadelphian, Henry Bembridge, was kept busy in the south, where he was greatly admired and his talent appreciated. He had had rather unusual opportunities for the time, having been the second American painter to study in Rome; after three years of work there, under Mengs and Battoni, he returned just before the Revolution to live in Philadelphia and later in Norfolk. Much of his excellent work remains in Virginia and the Carolinas, the field of his activity for more than a quarter of a century.

New York, at the opening of the period, affords a picturesque figure in John Ramage, the miniaturist, whose delightful "portraits in little" are among the century's best. He was an Irish gentleman who, having married a Boston girl and settled there, left that city with the British troops, and, in 1777, established himself in New York, where he painted for years after the close of the war. In William Street, now transformed by sky-scrappers into a stone canyon, through which surges a part of Wall Street's concentrated modernity, he had his quiet studio.

Ramage's fine miniatures depict most of the city's belles, beaux, and military heroes, including one of General Washington. Alas, that someone did not sketch the painter for us as his young friend Dunlap describes him; a handsome man with "an intelligent face and a lively eye," who dressed "beauishly" in "a scarlet coat, with mother-of-pearl buttons—a white silk waistcoat, embroidered with colored flowers—black satin breeches and paste knee-buckles—white silk stockings—large silver buckles in his shoes—a small cocked hat covering the upper portion of his well-powdered locks, leaving the curls at the ears displayed." A gold-headed cane and a gold snuff-box completed his costume. And have we not vividly before us a fashionable artist of the day?

The successes achieved in London by Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley had a marked effect on our artistic advance, during all of the quarter century. *Neither painter ever lost interest in, or active touch with, his native land; and their example, as well as their sound advice, did much to encourage the younger men who were beginning to aspire to European study.

West exerted the stronger influence. Unusual generosity of spirit, supplemented by his important artistic and social status, made him, throughout his fifty-five years in England, the host, helper, teacher, adviser, and sponsor of all the American art students who visited London, and he performed these kindly offices, with unabated courtesy, for two generations of younger painters.

From childhood West's good fortune was unvarying, and his career† was phenomenal until the waning of his popularity, a short time before his death at eighty-two. Arriving in London at twenty-five, he was almost immediately received into royal favor, and formed a friendship with George III, which lasted as long as they both lived. Miss Shewell, of Philadelphia, to whom he was betrothed before leaving home, crossed the ocean to marry him, in spite of the harshest opposition, and was his devoted help-meet for more than half a century. The position of historical painter given him by George III. brought a yearly

*Copley has been considered by some to be Tory in his sympathies, but this is not borne out by his letters; his reserved nature seems to have held greater depths of quiet patriotism than has been recognized, and he never doubted the colonists' ultimate triumph. When the King formally acknowledged American independence, Copley was at work upon a portrait showing a ship in the background and he painted on its mast the first American flag displayed in England!

†When he left home at twenty-two, he was the first American art student to go to Italy, and the attention the handsome youth received everywhere, during his three years' stay, reads like a romance. The thought that a native of the far-off, and still mysterious regions of the New World had made such a pilgrimage to see for the first time the treasures of ancient civilization, so kindled the Italian imagination that West was the sensation of the day. He was made a member of the Academies of Florence, Bologna, and Parma.

salary of a thousand pounds, in addition to his other earnings, and for his pictures in the oratory at Windsor he received over twenty thousand pounds. He helped to found the English Royal Academy, and after Sir Joshua Reynolds' death became its second president, holding that office until he died in 1820, when he was buried, with the highest honors, in St. Paul's Cathedral. He is sometimes spoken of as "Sir Benjamin West," which is incorrect, for though the King offered him a title he refused it.*

Stuart's remark about West's being "busily employed upon one of his ten-acre pictures, in company with prophets and apostles," indicates the character of his work, which consisted chiefly of religious and historical subjects, upon huge canvases. These were painted with facility and industry, and often grandly conceived, but were never great; his religious pictures were least successful, for he lacked the imaginative and poetic spirit demanded by lofty themes. His battle scenes are much better; and in the historical field he rendered a notable service to art, by turning away from the conventional method of portraying heroes, of every period, in Greek and Roman garb. Soon after the capture of Quebec, he planned to paint the death of Wolfe, and when it was rumored that he was to clothe the soldiers in modern uniforms, instead of classic togas, efforts were made to dissuade him from such mad defiance of convention. He explained to the King his conviction that the painter of historical events should show the costume actually worn, and that much would be gained, not lost, by truth of detail. When the "Death of Wolfe" was finished, Reynolds, who

*His wife's brother was a violent man, intensely opposed to the marriage; and on receiving West's letter arranging for the voyage, promptly locked Miss Shewell in her room. There was nothing to do but elude him; and the adventurous matter was carried through by a remarkable trio of West's friends,—William White, afterward first Bishop of the Episcopal Church in America, who was then a lad of 17 who said "Ben should have his wife!"; Francis Hopkinson, the signer of the Declaration, and Benjamin Franklin. West's good old Quaker father chaperoned the bride on the tedious journey, and her cousin, the painter Pratt, accompanied him, the latter giving her away at the wedding, in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, in 1764. Mrs. West was a great-aunt of Leigh Hunt.

had earnestly opposed the idea, said "West has conquered." The bold innovation revolutionized historical painting.

While much of West's work has ceased to interest, the man himself was great, in his nobility and beauty of character. His self-respect and dominant good sense were unfailing; his kindness and benevolence came from a soul that seems never to have known *an ungenerous thought.

Matthew Pratt, who was West's first American pupil in London, shows us in his able picture called "The American School" the master correcting a drawing for Pratt himself, and gives us portraits of three other students, whose identity is uncertain. A few years after this was painted, West took into his home a young man from Maryland, who was studying at the Royal Academy, and who returned to America in 1770 to enter upon a long life of artistic activity.

This was Charles Wilson Peale, born at "St. Paul's Parish," in Queen Anne County, Eastern Shore of Maryland, in 1741.† He began to paint miniatures and oil portraits a decade before the Revolution, after some instruction from John Hesselius at Annapolis; Copley gave him some lessons in Boston, and he was enabled finally to go to London, returning to work in Annapolis and Baltimore. In 1772 he was invited to Mount Vernon to paint Washington's portrait,—the first of a long series.

With the exception of a miniature sometimes attributed to Copley, this is the earliest portrayal of the Father of his Country. It is a three-quarter length, in the uniform of a Colonel of the 22nd Regiment of Virginia Militia; the red

*His encouragement and assistance of painters like Copley, who might have been feared as rivals; his generous gifts to artists in straits, even when they had been unfriendly; and the valuable time devoted, without remuneration, to those who came to him for instruction, make an unusual record. Every morning, from the early rising hour till ten o'clock when he began to paint, his atelier was open to all students, especially Americans, and he was there to give criticisms and advice. West's father first agitated the renunciation of slave-holding, which later became a tenet of the Quaker faith.

†Peale's birthplace is usually *incorrectly* given as Chestertown, Maryland.



St. Memin's "Physionotrace" of Washington.



Nellie Custis, by Gilbert Stuart.

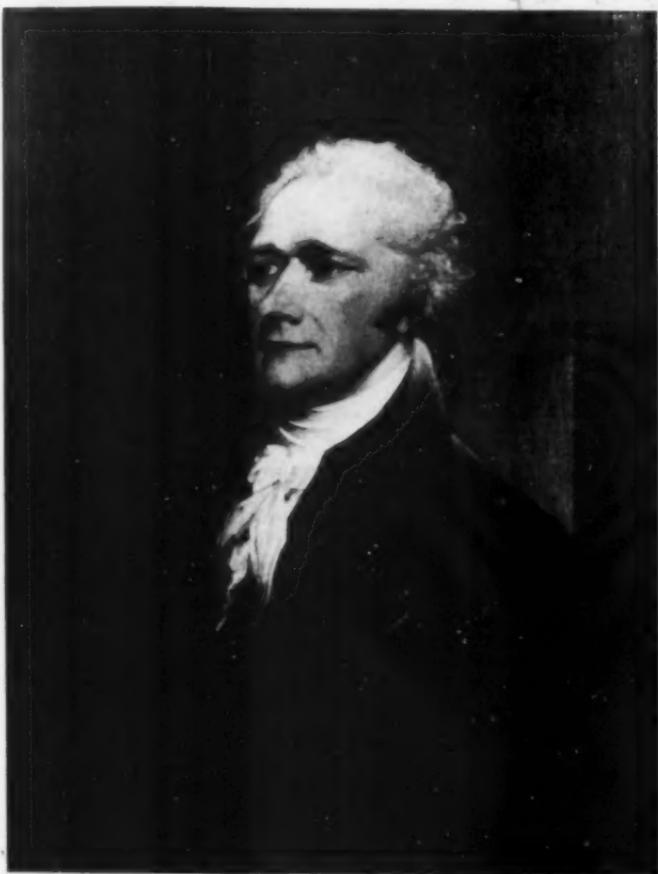
facings, purple scarf, silver gorget, and "Wolfe hat" distinguish it from all the other Washington portraits. The face is perhaps the most satisfactory of all Peale's efforts.

From that time, Peale's dearest ambition was to associate his name with Washington's, and he made infinite opportunities to paint him,—doing so oftener than any other artist, and producing *fourteen portraits from life, with a vast number of replicas. These were made for various States, and for famous people here and abroad, including a miniature for Lafayette. Though his work is good, and improved as he grew older, we can but wish he had been as great an artist as Washington was a man, that

* In 1776, he entered the army, taking his paints with him, and dividing his time between brush and musket. He was captain of his company, which he led gallantly in every engagement,—while between battles he painted several portraits of his hero. One of the soldiers said of him, "He fit and painted, and painted and fit"! A portrait of Washington ordered by Congress, and now in the National Museum, was begun at Valley Forge; after the Battle of Monmouth he had another sitting at New Brunswick, and finally completed the work at Philadelphia.



Francis Scott Key, by Charles Wilson Peale. In the Gallery of National Portraiture, Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia.



Alexander Hamilton, by John Trumbull. In Boston Museum of
Fine Arts.



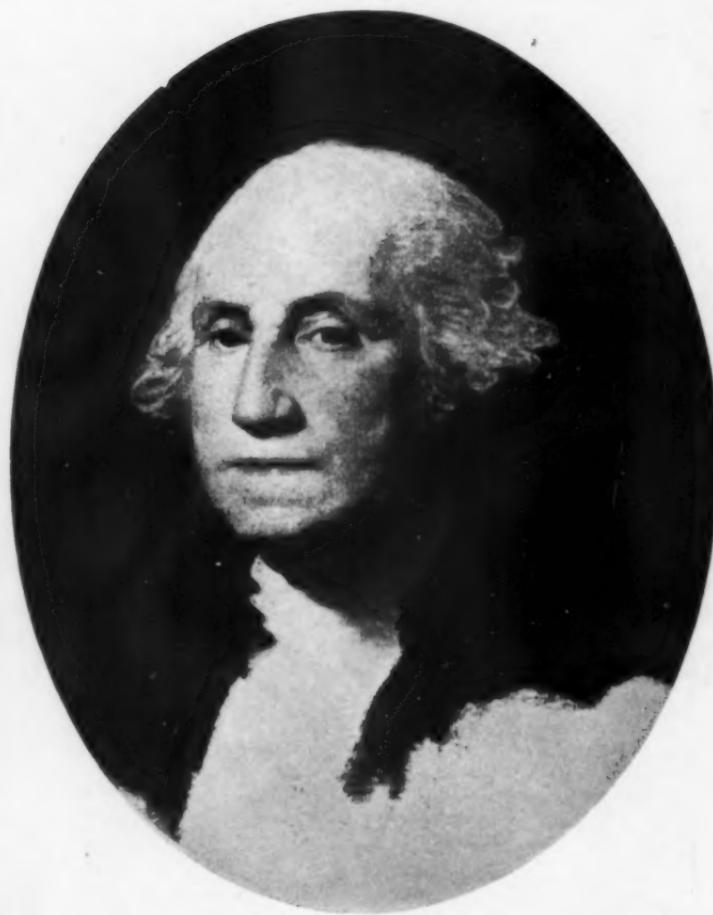
Mrs. Joseph Anthony, Jr. (Wife of Judge Joseph Anthony, Jr., first cousin of the Artist), by Gilbert Stuart. In Metropolitan Art Museum, New York.



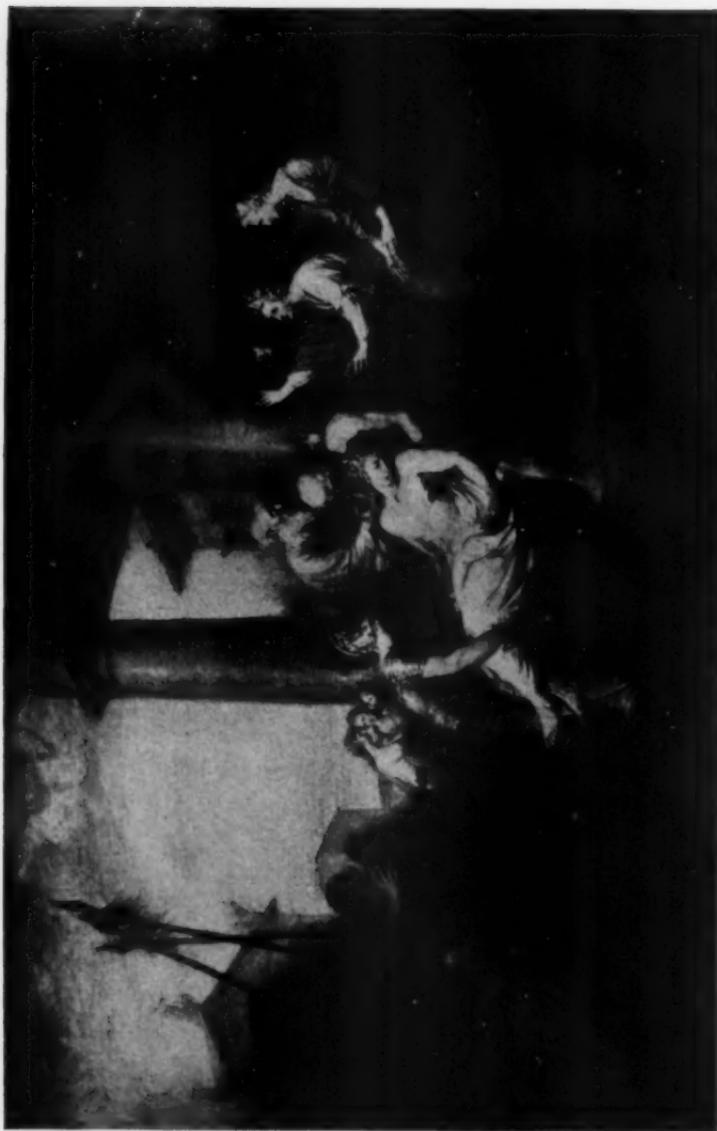
Mrs. Richard Yates, by Gilbert Stuart. In Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



Martha Washington (the "Athenaeum Portrait"), by Gilbert Stuart.
In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



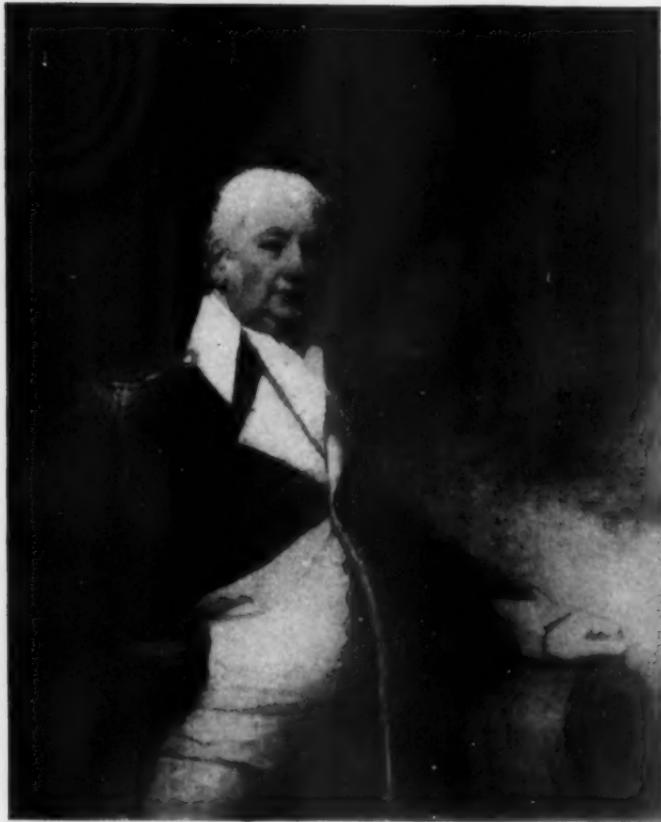
George Washington (the "Athenæum Portrait"), by Gilbert Stuart.
In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



The Death of Hector, by John Trumbull. In Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



The Declaration of Independence, by John Trumbull. In the Capitol at Washington.



General Knox, by Gilbert Stuart. In Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



Portrait of Lady Williams, by Ralph Earl. In Metropolitan Art Museum, New York.



Augustine Washington, by St.
Memin.



Paul Revere, by St. Memin.

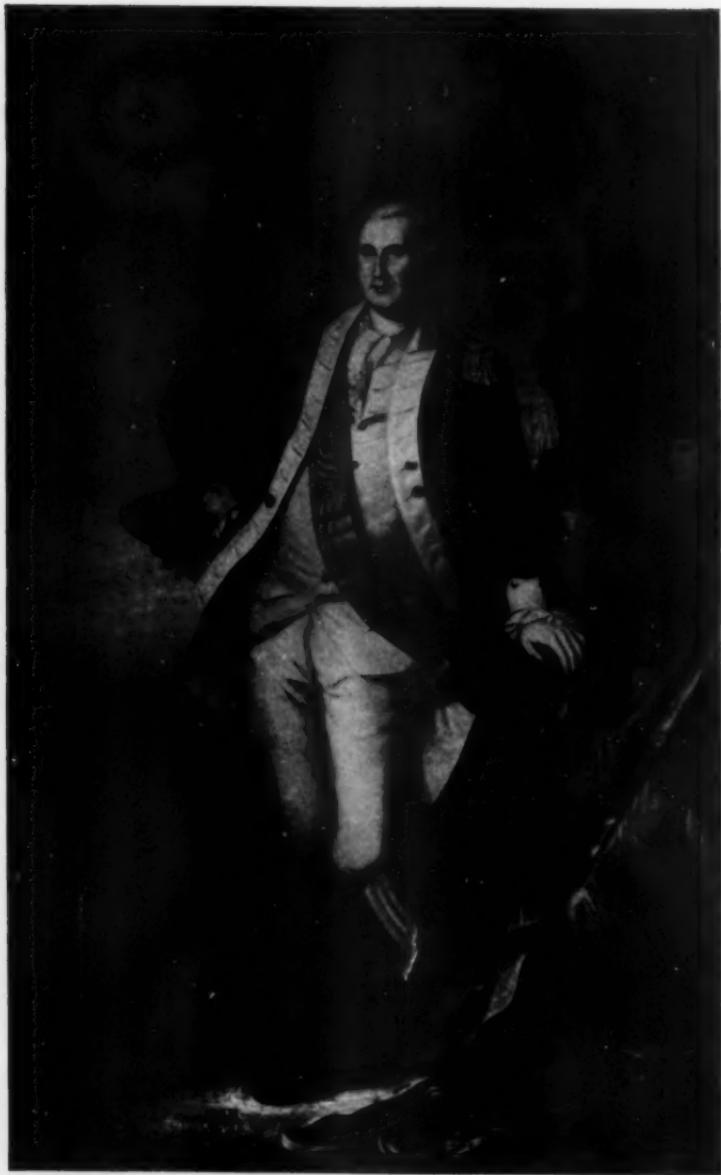
such marvellous chances for study might have resulted in the expression, by means of masterly technique, of a triumphant analysis of character.

After three years in the army, Peale left it in 1779, to represent Philadelphia in the Pennsylvania Legislature. A little later he began to form a museum in Philadelphia, and to lecture on natural history. He opened an art school, and attempted to hold exhibitions,—doing most important work for the nascent art interests of the country. The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, founded in 1805 and now so rich in treasure, resulted largely from his efforts; and there one may see the old man's full-length portrait of himself painted in his museum. He died in Philadelphia at eighty-six years of age. Nearly twenty-five years intervened between his first and last delineation of Washington, and that period covers the production of almost the whole body of Washington portraiture.

Only a student of the subject can realize to what an extent our famous Virginian was portrayed by painters and sculptors. Aside from the statues, busts and medallions, which form a separate class, the paintings alone number



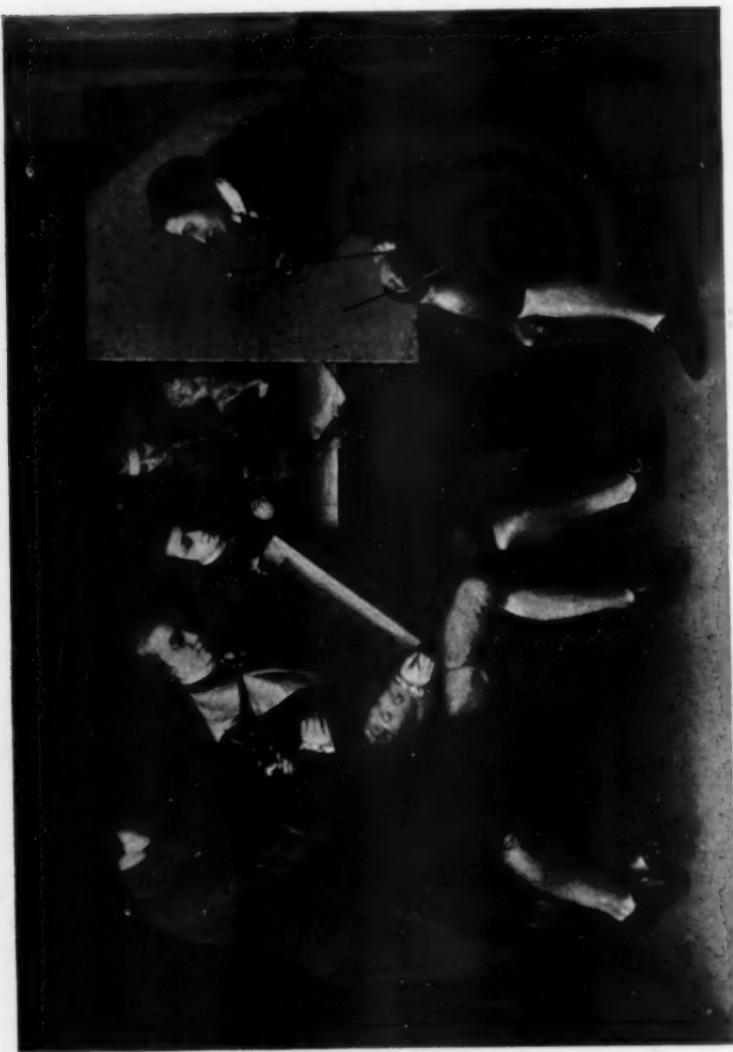
Washington at Dorchester Heights, by Gilbert Stuart. In Boston
Museum of Fine Arts.



George Washington, by Charles Wilson Peale. In Metropolitan Art Museum, New York.



George Washington (the "Lansdowne Portrait"), by Gilbert Stuart.
In the Pennsylvania Academy.



The American School, by Matthew Pratt. In the Metropolitan Art Museum, New York.
The London painting room of Benjamin West, showing him standing at the left, with hat on,
correcting a drawing held by Pratt, while the other three American students listen to his criticism.

several hundred; there are many miniatures and pastels, while the engravings are a study in themselves.

He was depicted almost from "the cradle to the grave,"—as young soldier, as citizen, hero, statesman and patriarch. Napoleon, living in a country and an age so actively artistic, is the only man who can vie with him in this respect. Besides being painted by every American artist of note, he sat to men from England, Scotland, France, Italy, Switzerland, Sweden and Denmark. Kings sent from Europe for his portrait; it was sought by grateful cities and states; by comrades who had fought and bled with him, and wished to bequeath the picture to their children's children; by women whose husbands or sons had died beside him; by all who loved him, and they were legion.

To gratify this sincere admiration from those who saw in him the loftiest soul of his time, Washington, lacking as he did even a tinge of the poseur, endured many irksome hours.* Artists followed him through campaigns, artists visited him at Mt. Vernon; they made drawings of him on parade, they penetrated to the council chamber, they sketched him surreptitiously at church or at the theatre,—as ever-present as the kodak-fiend!

Among them were various painters of foreign birth, some of whom followed their profession here for years, and ended their days in this country. The first to come over

*He vowed each portrait he sat for should be the last, yet his kindness and courtesy never failed. An amusing letter from him to Francis Hopkinson, who was very desirous of having his picture and had petitioned him to sit for Robert Edge Pine, is as follows:

"Dear Sir,—In for a penny, in for a pound, is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touch of the painter's pencil that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a monument whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof among many others, of what habit and custom may effect. At first I was as impatient at the request, and as restless under the operation, as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted, very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now no dray-horse moves more readily to the thill than I to the Painter's Chair. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that I yielded a ready obedience to your request and to the views of Mr. Pine."

was a Swiss, born at Geneva,—Pierre Eugene Du Simitiere. He arrived in Philadelphia in 1766; dying there eighteen years later, well known as an admirable citizen, despite the fact that when he was drafted in 1777 he refused to fight, and, though heavily fined, insisted he was "*only a man of letters!*" His "American Museum," a very popular collection of miscellaneous curiosities, long ante-dated that of C. W. Peale. Ingenious and versatile, Du Simitiere was not notable as a painter, yet his military profile of Washington is better than many; it was one of thirteen portraits of distinguished Americans, which were afterward engraved and published in book form in London (1783).

Another Englishman, James Sharpless (or Sharples), came to New York about 1796. Though educated for the priesthood in France, he had preferred art to the church; and bringing with him his wife and three children, he contrived a large four-wheeled coach to hold them all, as well as his painting materials. Sharpless sometimes painted in oil; but ordinarily he employed pastels,—colored crayons which he made himself. Instead of using them in sticks, he kept them powdered, in small glass cups, and applied them with a camel's-hair brush, working very rapidly. The portraits are small and almost always profiles. He drew Mrs. Washington as well as her husband, and a really exquisite little picture of Nelly Custis in her bridal gown.

Among all the painters of foreign birth, however (many of whom it is impossible to mention in this brief review), we are most indebted to a Frenchman, Saint Memin.* His full name—Charles Balthazar Julien Févret de St. Memin—recalls that "swell of Japan, whose name on a Tuesday began, and lasted through Sunday till twilight

*Upon his return to France, he was restored to his former military rank, the restoration being dated from the day of his exile! In 1817, he was made Director of the Museum at Dijon, where, congenially employed and honored by the people of his native town, he lived till his death in 1852.

on Monday"; he was born at Dijon in 1770, and fled from France during the Revolution, because of his Royalist sympathies. Coming to the United States at twenty-five, he remained for twenty years; learning in New York the art of engraving, and becoming a portraitist of repute. His winters were spent in travel, making portraits in various cities; his summers with his family, in Burlington, New Jersey, where he executed engravings from his original sketches.*

St. Memin's work is of decided value; his priceless series of eight hundred and eighteen engravings of eminent Americans in the Corcoran Gallery, preserving for us the largest number of contemporary portraits made by one artist during this famous period.—portraits drawn, too, with skill and accuracy. Some of the original crayon drawings from which he made his little engravings are still extant. They are life-sized bust portraits, in profile, the exact proportions being secured by means of a machine called the "physionotrace." From these, the outline was reduced in size by another device, the pantograph, to fit a circular space two inches in diameter in which size the engravings were made.

St. Memin's "physionotrace" sketch* was the last portrait of Washington taken from life. The strong, firm contour and reserved expression are convincing, and it is especially interesting to the student of his face, as presented by so many different artists. Yet as might, perhaps, be expected, most of the portraits of Washington seem empty of his magnificent spirit. Sharpless, indeed, said, "It is not in the grasp of any painter to hold the dignity and mightiness of the great subject." Certainly Sharpless himself did not convey it.

*It shows him in uniform (being what is called a "military profile"), and is half life-size, drawn in crayon on reddish brown paper. It was made in 1798, when Washington was in Philadelphia preparing to reorganize the army to meet the dreaded French invasion, and was again the Commander-in-Chief. St. Memin also made six tiny engravings of Washington to be set in mourning rings.

Neither was it achieved by John Trumbull, who made several portraits of Washington and had exceptional chances to study him. Trumbull's career will be more appropriately discussed in our next article.

Among all the painters of Washington, however, one of his fellow countrymen was destined to bequeath us the nearest approach to an ideal presentation of his character; for this we are indebted to the brush of Gilbert Stuart, that "master-painter of America," whose great portraits are still unsurpassed. Stuart returned to his own country, after a long stay abroad, with a keen desire to paint the President, and in 1794 went to Philadelphia for that purpose. He bore a letter of introduction from John Jay, but before presenting it he met Washington unexpectedly, at an evening reception* and was seized with what was almost a panic, so overwhelmed was he by the majesty of that remarkable presence!

He painted Washington three times, from life; the best known result being that head (unfinished below the chin) which is called the "Athenæum portrait."† The full-length "Lansdowne" portrait is less satisfactory, while there is some question as to whether Stuart destroyed the third

*Though he had painted three Kings (and nobles galore), was always in command of a situation, and never at a loss for words, Stuart said afterward that he felt like a schoolboy, and when Washington spoke with him was too much embarrassed to reply! This effect of Washington's impressive personality never quite wore off, and the painter's sensitive nature was never thoroughly at ease when painting him.

Mrs. Stuart considered the President "the most superb looking person she had ever seen in her life," and she had seen many famous Europeans.

†So named because, after Stuart's death, it came into the possession of the Boston Athenæum,—where it remained until comparatively recently transferred to the custody of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The Athenæum head has been reproduced probably to a larger extent than any other picture; the copies of it (including postage stamps and bank-notes), running up to hundreds of millions.

The Lansdowne portrait was painted for Mr. and Mrs. William Bingham of Philadelphia, who ordered it to present to the English Marquis of Lansdowne, in remembrance of his generous defense of America in the House of Lords.

effort, or whether the bust-picture called the "Gibbs-Channing" portrait may perhaps be that original. What he had done from life served him at any rate, as a basis for innumerable replicas (some of them hastily painted, but all of value), and for certain variations of the subject, like the "Washington at Dorchester Heights."

Washington's contemporaries declared "there was an expression" in his face that "no painter had succeeded in taking;" and Stuart was never satisfied with his own portrayals. Perhaps, had he been able to give us an earlier version of the hero, when the Revolution was opening, he might have evoked such a creation of fire and strength as his lesser brethren could not produce. As it is, he achieved, in the Athenæum head, a portrait of dignity and poise, of characteristic good-breeding, force and benignity,—which has come to be accepted as the most satisfactory representation of one who, like Simon de Montfort, was "the most peerless man of his time, in valor, personage and wisdom."

Stuart's father was a young Scotch Jacobite refugee, who joined, in colonial days, a group of his countrymen at Newport, Rhode Island; and having no way of earning a living in the New World, he was put in charge of a snuff-mill, just built, at the head of Petamsquott Pond, in the Narragansett country. The quaint building was mill and dwelling combined; there, in 1755, Gilbert was born.

Educated at Newport, where they settled later, Stuart was as precocious a lad as Copley. He began to paint at thirteen; at fifteen and sixteen he was producing portraits like those of Mr. and Mrs. Bannister, preserved in the Redwood Library. Then came an adventurous trip abroad, with his first teacher, a Scotch artist, whose sudden death resulted in many hardships for the boy before he could get home; yet he managed to return to Newport and began serious work, hiring, with a fellow-student, a "strong-muscled blacksmith" as a model. He became popular in the region as a portraitist, but at twenty set out for Eng-

land,—just at the beginning of hostilities, where after some little time, he entered the studio of Benjamin West.

Becoming his master's assistant, he remained nearly four years, and all his life spoke of him with real affection. Of the "tribe of Benjamin," as the youngsters who worked under West dubbed themselves, Stuart was destined to be the greatest; yet there is not a trace of West's influence in his painting. Nothing in the master's high-sounding subjects and forced effects appealed to the pupil; he consciously avoided what seemed to him an artificial style. The sincerity of Copley's work he admired greatly.

In 1782, having exhibited several times at the Royal Academy, he launched himself as a portraitist. His immediate success brought him a large income; he had an expensive establishment, a French cook, and the most brilliant men in London as his guests. Four years later, he married; and soon after went to Dublin, where he found a host of sitters and congenial friends. After five years, however, his reckless extravagance had plunged him into financial difficulties, and in 1792 he returned to America.

Stuart always said that his actuating motive in coming home was to accomplish the long-cherished hope of painting Washington. After two years in New York (during which time the Duke of Kent offered to send a war-ship for him if he would go to Nova Scotia to paint his Grace's portrait,—and Stuart declined,) the opportunity came, and he made his pilgrimage to Philadelphia. The sittings took place in a picturesque little stone building at Germantown, where both the President and his wife were painted,—Washington in the black velvet and lace ruffles which he wore on occasions of ceremony. He was accompanied, usually, by a number of officers or statesmen, and Mrs. Washington by various charming women of the day, who made the studio brilliant with old-time costumes and pleasant chat. What would one not give to have peeped in upon them!

Stuart lived until 1828, and painted many noted sitters, including five Presidents. His personality and his

art had a marked influence upon American painting in the nineteenth century, and remain to be fully discussed next month.* As a modern artist has said of him, he possessed that "power of characterization which lifts portraiture into the highest sphere of art," and makes him triumphantly "of the race of great painters for all time."

PAINTINGS.

The galleries, historical societies, and museums mentioned last month contain many works of Revolutionary, as well as Colonial, days.

Ralph Earl's work may be found chiefly in Connecticut; the Athenaeum at Hartford, Conn., has a typical work in the large portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth. The Metropolitan Museum has his portrait of Lady Williams.

Bembridge and *Ramage*, like Earl, and their other contemporaries, are represented in few public collections; their work is privately owned.

Benjamin West is well represented both here and in England. His portrait by Stuart is in the National Gallery, London; also one by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and another by Stuart in the National Portrait Gallery. His pictures illustrating "Revealed Religion" are in the oratory at Windsor, and many of his works are scattered in London. In America,—the Metropolitan Museum, New York, has a goodly number; the Boston Museum of Fine Arts several; and Philadelphia boasts many, including "Christ Healing the Sick" in the Pennsylvania Hospital. The New York Historical Society has several of his historical subjects, and his portrait of C. W. Peale.

C. W. Peale's paintings and miniatures are to be found in most public collections. The New York Historical Society has half a dozen portraits by him, and a most interesting "Family Group," showing himself, his wife and two children, with a number of other relatives, and even his faithful old dog, "Argus." The Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, has others. One of his portraits of Washington is at Princeton College; a bust portrait of Washington in the State Library at Richmond, Va.; his first portrait of Washington (called the "Colonial" or the "Virginia Colonel" portrait) is at Arlington, in the family of General G. W. C. Lee.

*Reproduced here we have, in his portrait of General Knox, Stuart's fine and sympathetic rendering of a typical Revolutionary officer; and four distinct feminine types in the strong, gaunt face of Mrs. Yates, the rounded contours and graciousness of Martha Washington's countenance, Mrs. Anthony's younger and quite different style, and Nelly Custis' girlish beauty.

Mrs. Anthony was Henrietta Hillegas, daughter of Michael Hillegas, Treasurer of the United States, 1775-1789, whose portrait appears upon the latest issue of our ten dollar bills.

The work of *Du Simitière*, *Pine*, *Sharpless*, *St. Memin*, *Wertmüller* (as well as other foreigners, such as *Field*, and *Robertson*), and Americans who painted Washington, like Joseph Wright, is, with few exceptions, privately owned, and therefore inaccessible to the public. *Sharpless* pastels of George and Martha Washington are in the Wadsworth Athenaeum at Hartford; the National Museum in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, has forty of his pastels of famous Americans; the New York Historical Society has three.

St. Memin's most representative collection is that of eight hundred and eighteen engravings in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, where are also his crayon portraits of William Wirt and his wife. In the New York Historical Society are eight profiles of Indian men and women.

John Trumbull's work will be mentioned next month.

Gilbert Stuart. Earliest portraits, those of Mr. and Mrs. John Bannister, in the Redwood Library, at Newport, R. I. His portraits of West, in London, have been mentioned. The especially fine one of Madame Jerome Bonaparte, (owned by the Hon. Charles Bonaparte), is in the Baltimore Historical Society. The Massachusetts Historical Society, the New York Historical Society, Harvard, Bowdoin, and other colleges, and various institutions in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Washington have examples. The Boston Museum and the Metropolitan have several very fine ones; but the largest and best collection is that of the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, which is as representative of him as the Boston Museum's Copley collection is of that painter. Stuart has six fine portraits in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Isham's "History of American Painting" gives the fullest account of this period.

C. Edwards Lester, in a series of biographical sketches, "The Artists of America," (1846), treats some of the painters mentioned.

Masters in Art, a series of illustrated monographs published monthly, includes one on J. S. Copley, giving a bibliography and list of pictures. It is the issue for Dec., 1904; Bates and Guild, Boston, 20 cents, postpaid.

Benjamin West. "Life, Studies and Works," by John Galt, London, 1820; not easily accessible. *Hawthorne's* opinion of him appears in his Complete Works, Riverside Edition, Vol. 12, p. 144-154. The only recent notice of West is "Benjamin West, his life and work." A monograph by Henry E. Jackson, Phila., 1900; well illustrated.

Gilbert Stuart's "Life and Works" by George C. Mason, N. Y., 1894. Critical estimates of his work will be given next month.

SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS UPON REQUIRED READING WILL BE FOUND IN ROUND TABLE SECTION AT END OF THIS MAGAZINE.

End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading for November.

Some Great American Scientists*

II. John James Audubon

By Samuel Christian Schmucker

Professor of Biological Sciences, State Normal School, West Chester, Pa.

TODAY I saw the swiftest skater I ever beheld; backwards and forwards he went like the wind, even leaping over large air-holes, fifteen or more feet across, and continuing to skate without an instant's delay. * * * This evening I met him at a ball where I found his dancing exceeded his skating. A handsomer man I never saw; his eyes alone command attention; his name, Audubon, is strange to me."

So wrote a visitor to the neighborhood of the Perkiomen in the early years of the last century. Since then the name of Audubon has become better known in America than that of any other of her students of the animal world, that of the great Agassiz not excepted.

Born about 1780, with one of Napoleon's roving sea-dogs for a father, a Louisiana Spaniard for a mother, an adoring and sensitive French woman as a step-mother — ("the only mother I ever knew"), with the great David as a teacher of drawing, and a French countryside in which to pass his childish years, followed by America for his manhood, there was little lacking in heredity or in environment for the making of a great naturalist.

His father destined him for the French navy, but when in a few years he found that his son knew little of his studies but had already made a good sized collection of natural objects and sketches of nearly two hundred French birds, he sent him off to America. He hoped that in the management of Mill Grove, a plantation which he had acquired, located on the Perkiomen, near Philadelphia, his son

*The first article of this series, "Asa Gray," by Prof. Charles Reid Barnes, appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September.

might gain some ambition for an acquaintance with practical affairs. Mill Grove is still a most beautiful spot, and here Audubon spent some of the happiest days of his life. Roaming the woods, drawing birds and other animals, Audubon at first held himself aloof from his neighbors. A chance meeting with Lucy Bakewell, the daughter of a neighbor, broke down his barrier and he quickly won her love. Her father, with practical foresight, demanded that the young lover first have an established business, and with this end in view, Audubon went to New York and entered a counting-house. It was not long, however, before country walks began to interfere with his progress and his neighbors entered legal complaint against the odors emanating from the bird skins in his room. It was soon evident that he was not adapted to a New York office, and his next venture was to go into business in Louisville with a friend. Shortly after this he was married to Lucy Bakewell and then began a life of movings and separations and returns. Never a moment's doubt of the love and devotion of this pair for each other can possibly be entertained. His granddaughter, Maria R. Audubon, in her charming and appreciative life of Audubon says of their later years: "It was sweet to see him with his wife; he was always her lover and invariably used the pronouns 'thee' and 'thou' in his speech to her. Often I have heard him say, 'Well, sweetheart, always busy; come, sit thee down a few minutes and rest.'"

But the roving blood in Audubon would not let him rest. His friends agreed that he was an impractical visionary, but his wife never failed to encourage him in his great plan, now clear in his mind, of making drawings of all the birds of America, though at that time the thought of publishing his drawings seems not to have entered his mind.

There is only one key to Audubon's life, and that lies in his absolute devotion to his purpose to make his great collection of drawings and to base them not simply on shot and stuffed specimens, but on the living bird. Collect and

stuff he did. Go to the dead bird for details of his drawings he did. But his pictures were founded absolutely on the life of the bird. No amount of time or trouble was too much to spend in the careful study of a single specimen. A Southern friend tells how for three successive days all day long he lay flat on his back, watching the building of a single nest.

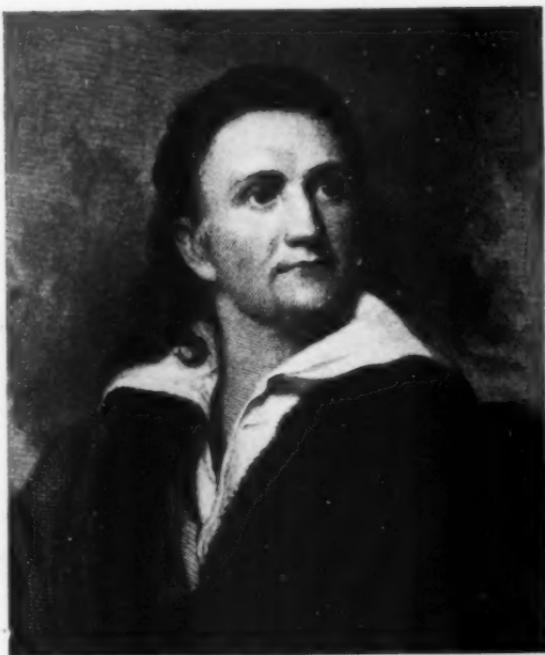
Ludicrous stories are told of his utter lack of business capacity. While employed in the counting-house in New York, Audubon ventured his little available money in an indigo speculation and promptly lost it. Once after finding business at Hendersonville a failure, he decided to try St. Genevieve on the Mississippi. While moving, at one stage of the journey his available capital was carried in the pack-saddle of a horse. Several times on that trip Audubon lost sight of the horse in his deep absorption in the warblers which were abundant in the forest.

Such incidents as these have led many to smile at the "childlike helplessness" of Audubon, as similar stories of other great scientists are similarly interpreted. But these happenings are misunderstood. It was not lack of business ability, it was utter absorption in the great life work. His New York business fiasco was due to the fact that he was scouring the country after birds. At Louisville and Hendersonville on the Ohio, he trusted everything to his partner and took to the woods. Once turn him into the forest and he was at home. He journeyed, chiefly on foot, over practically all the States east of the Mississippi. Later in life he wandered through Labrador and subsequently up the Missouri to the Yellowstone. His first trip by rail came only on his second visit to England. Through the woods he carried his portfolio, fastened to his back. Often he strapped his bundle and his rifle on his head and waded or swam the streams that crossed his path. After long days of hard travel or assiduous painting he would sit up and write his journal most carefully. In a hand almost painfully minute he filled page after page. On the margin were the

accurate measurements of the birds mentioned, while covering the general entry were diagramatic lines giving actual lengths of various parts. Little drawings interspersed through the text, made clear his meaning. The fineness of the hand in which the journal was written was doubtless due to the fact that he did not wish to carry a larger book than necessary; but he also says that in his Louisiana experience he was so poor that he scarcely could buy paper for his note books. Whenever funds absolutely failed him, he drew portraits of the people whom he met and received in payment the most trifling sums. Sometimes a supper, lodging, and breakfast were his only pay for the portrait of his host. Once, while living in Natchez he painted a copy of a print of the "Death of Montgomery." It greatly pleased his friends in the town and one of them suggested that a raffle be held, with the picture as a prize. Audubon valued the picture at three hundred dollars. So the friend sold twenty-nine tickets retaining one for Audubon himself, who as usual had taken to the woods. On his return Audubon was delighted not only to find that there awaited him three hundred dollars, but to hear his friend say—"Your number has drawn it (the picture) and the subscribers are all agreed that no one is more deserving of it than yourself."

Not only did he draw his birds with scrupulous exactness but every accessory was as carefully reproduced. The plants which often form the background are drawn as faithfully as are the birds themselves and they add much to the interest of the pictures. One day a hawk, sitting on an old limb of a tree attracted his attention. He watched it for some time and finally brought it down with his gun. When he started to draw it, he tried position after position and could not content himself. Finally, in despair, he seized an axe, climbed the tree, and cut off the limb on which the bird had been seated when first he saw him. With this as an accompaniment he soon succeeded in composing a picture to his own satisfaction.

John James Audubon



J. J. Audubon, from the Portrait by Henry Inman
(Reproduced through the courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons).

Sometimes the person who judges Audubon's drawings solely from the standpoint of the artist, is disappointed in the work. It must not be forgotten that the pictures are primarily records of facts of structure and of color. Baron Cuvier, in his report to the French Academy of Sciences, says: "Naturalists prefer the real color of objects to those accidental tints which are the result of the varied reflections of light necessary to complete picturesque representations, but foreign and even injurious to scientific truth." The necessity for making structure and form clear even in the shadows, sometimes results in flattening the perspective. But no scientist would be willing to have the artistic touch added at the expense of the accuracy of record.

Great American Scientists



Audubon's Home, at Mile Bank on the Perkiomen.
Photo by C. E. Ehinger.

Every now and then a longing for his family overcame him and he journeyed back to them, often on foot, or sent for them to join him. Then for a while he would teach drawing or dancing. But it was useless. Short trips would be followed by longer and he was once more away on his quest after birds for his great collection of pictures.

Gradually there formed itself in the mind of the draughtsman the idea that these drawings should not simply form a great collection—that they must be published. The plan was cherished in his heart and in that of his devoted wife. Their home was at this time on the Bayou Sara, near New Orleans. Mrs. Audubon was earning nearly three thousand dollars a year by teaching and she agreed to devote her savings to the cause. Audubon himself took a large dancing class and one in fencing, and gave himself up to teaching them until he added two thousand dollars to

the store of savings. With this money in hand, and his collection of drawings he set sail for Liverpool. From this time on those who doubt Audubon's capacity for business have much to explain. He had comparatively few letters of introduction. It was the magnificence of his drawings and the wonderful charm of his lovable personality that rapidly won him recognition. When Audubon reached England his flowing hair, which he had always worn hanging over his shoulders, attracted much attention and his friends remonstrated with him on the subject. A page of his diary at this time has a deep border of black about it and inside the border is written: "This day my hairs were sacrificed, and the will of God usurped by the wishes of men."

England was somewhat slow in recognizing his mastery of his subject but in Edinburgh he soon came into his own. From this time on there was no lack of appreciation. He exhibited his pictures, charging an admission fee, painted and sold copies of the bird plates, painted portraits, did anything that would bring him money for his great purpose. He made arrangements for the publication of his ambitious work in Edinburgh, and here the first number of five plates was made. But the later numbers were published in London where both the engraving and the coloring were better done. Now came the great labor of getting subscribers. He visited everybody who would look at his work; but it was a most costly venture. There were to be more than eighty numbers, each containing five plates. The cost of each number was two guineas or a little more than ten dollars. The men who could subscribe for a book on birds that was to cost nearly nine hundred dollars were naturally not abundant. But it was truly a princely work. Each plate was printed on "double elephant" paper (which is twenty-seven by forty inches in size). The pictures were all engraved on copper and then printed from the copper plate, after which they were carefully colored by hand in imitation of Audubon's original pictures. The great size was by some thought an objection but Audubon chose it because he wished to

represent all his birds in life size. He prided himself not a little on the fact that the great French naturalist, Baron Cuvier, approved of the size.

Lord Stanley was his first great patron and it was through him that the King of England himself was induced to subscribe—and pay for his subscription. Audubon quaintly says he subscribed "not as kings generally do, but as a gentleman."

One day he visited Baron Rothschild with his book and succeeded in interesting him and in getting his name on his list. The Baron failed to ask the price,—which fact Audubon attributed to the indifference of wealth. When several copies had been delivered and not been paid for, a statement of the account was sent, amounting to about one hundred pounds. The Baron was indignant at the idea of paying so much for pictures of birds and offered five. On Audubon's refusal to accept this munificent sum, the Baron returned the work.

After England had been canvassed, Audubon crossed over to France. Here Baron Cuvier was deputed by the Royal Academy of Science to examine and report on the work. His report was very favorable and the society purchased the work. The Librarian of the King suggested that kings do not pay for books; to which Audubon retorted that he was sorry to miss a sale. Later the King ordered six copies.

Audubon returned to America but soon made a second journey to England, his wife at this time accompanying him. His affairs were prospering now. Some subscribers had dropped out, but others were soon found to more than take their place, and Audubon came back to America to buy a new home just above New York, embracing the ground now known as Audubon Park. Here he went busily to work on his Ornithological Biographies. This was a series of volumes giving accounts of the life history of the birds whose pictures were found in his great book. No other writer on birds has ever made so many records of his own observa-

tions as are found in these fascinating accounts. Interspersed among his life histories of the birds are chapters which he calls Episodes. These give in most vivacious form, descriptions of regions he has visited, and of the manners and customs of the people he has seen. No one can read these exquisite passages without being impressed with the absolutely transparent purity of mind of this traveler. Under circumstances that often offered what most travelers would have considered legitimate opportunity, he never drops a suggestive word. His sensibility is apparent on almost every page, sometimes with peculiar inconsistency. His indignation at the "eggers" who collected the eggs of marine birds on the islands off the coast of Labrador is most extreme. "At every step each ruffian picks up an egg so beautiful that any man with a feeling heart would pause to consider the motive which could induce him to carry it off." But later, in Florida he tells quite naively how he and his companions breakfasted on ibis eggs, taken fresh from the nest and shot shore birds until the pile looked like a haystack.

He is struck by the behavior of the Labrador squatter who "prays toward the sea in spring and summer because from it came his sustenance; and towards the mainland in winter whence the caribou came down." But it was his own near interests that moved him also. "Many a time," says he, "at the sound of the wood thrush's melodies have I fallen on my knees and there prayed earnestly to God."

Audubon's later life was entirely free from want, and all he possessed was the result of his own efforts. His father had died and left him an estate in France and some money in charge of a merchant in America. The merchant failed before Audubon could get his money, and the estate in France he freely gave to his sister. It was during these later years that he made his journeys to Labrador and to the Yellowstone. His sons, John and Victor, effacingly worked for him and much of the later work that is credited to Audubon was really done by them.

With increasing years he spent more and more time at home. Gradually the brain failed. The keen eye lost its wonderful luster. Surrounded by those he so dearly loved, and who adored him, without illness, he passed gently away, while the sun fell slantingly across the Hudson upon the snow, of a January afternoon in 1851.

Scientist, in the technical sense, Audubon was not. His plates were many of them named in England by the ornithologist, Charles Lucien Bonaparte. In his "Ornithological Biographies" the technical descriptions were written by McGillivray. He began a series of plates of Quadrupeds similar to that of Birds. Dr. Bachman did all the technical part of this book and little of it was finished previous to Audubon's death, though his sons continued it. He was even mistaken, so a scientific friend tells me, as to some of his identifications. But the fact remains he was America's greatest student of the birds. His spirit pervades all American bird study today; and the great body of people throughout this country who are determined that the slaughter of birds shall cease before these feathered blessings of our land are extinct, have banded themselves together under his name.

The bird lover who is tempted to go farther will find a very readable one volume life of Audubon, based on a manuscript edited by his widow, and published by the Putnams. Still better is the later work in two volumes by his grand-daughter Maria R. Audubon, with much refound material and beautiful illustrations, published by the Scribners. Most large public libraries contain Audubon's written accounts of the birds in one of the various forms in which they have been printed. I am informed by Mr. Ruthven Dean that portfolios of the great Bird Plates themselves can be seen amongst others in the following easily accessible places:

New York City—The Astor Library.

Philadelphia—The Academy of Natural Sciences.

Washington—The Congressional Library.

Chicago—The Field Columbian Museum.

In no case would such valuable books be entrusted to a stranger, but a group of people, properly interested in the subject would always be welcomed and the librarian would undoubtedly appoint some one of his assistants who would exhibit the sumptuous and valuable work.

It is part of the irreparable loss from the San Francisco disaster that two copies of Audubon's Birds in the original folio edition were then destroyed.

Charles Haag

An Immigrant Sculptor of His Kind*

By Crystal Eastman.

Greenwich House, New York.

TUCKED away in the far side of a wooded hill in New Jersey is a one-roomed cabin studio, where a sculptor is working. Part of the time he makes models for bronze clocks,—neat, fancy, decorated affairs, the like of which we can buy any day in the shops. This work he does to order because he and his wife must eat and have some shelter to live and work in. Part of the time he gives form in clay and plaster to whatever seems to him great or vital in the life of the world today. Labor,—the human struggle,—the awakening spirit of brotherhood among men,—these are his themes. And the figures and groups in which he has expressed them tell their story with a simplicity and powerful directness that should bring home truth to the most indifferent or prejudiced mind. And this, the man's real work, he does not because he hopes to sell it, but because his imaginative artist-soul is fired with a message, which must be told.

This man of whose work I have spoken is Charles Oscar Haag, a Swede of humble birth who has been in this country five years. He was born in Nörrkoping, Sweden, in 1868. Before he was twelve years old he went to work in a factory, where he learned the trade which was to be his chief means of livelihood during the years that followed. But always the desire to be a sculptor was strong in him, hard daily labor could not kill it. As a child he began to study clay-modelling in the evening schools, and before he was twenty had learned all that these schools could teach him of his art. Then he began to look out for an opportunity to study further and for

*Republished from *Charities and The Commons* through the courtesy of the editor and of the author. Photographs kindly furnished by Mr. Haag.

a chance to live in such a way that he could give more time to the work he loved. Money was lacking, however, and he had no powerful friends. His restless spirit, conscious of latent powers and a great longing unfulfilled, led him to wander from country to country in Europe, always hoping for a better fortune. He lived for a time in Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy, still compelled to spend most of the time at his trade.

These years which must have seemed so fruitless to the artist in him were nevertheless important in preparing Haag for his best work. For wherever he went, his lot was cast with working people. He labored with them, suffered with them, hoped with them; he lived their life. This has given him a great sympathy for the working man and woman everywhere and an understanding of their lives. Not only does he feel the dignity and pathos of monotonous, unrewarding toil, which other artists have glorified, but he knows also, and understands, the new spirit which is stirring among the working people in all lands today. He has felt the hope that is in a united struggle. In Germany Haag was identified with the social democracy, and everywhere trade-unionism claimed him. He knows the meaning of strikes and boycotts from his own experience. These years of struggle may have brought him the despairing impotence of poverty and the bitterness of defeat, but they brought him too the hope that is in fellowship. The feeling of brotherhood with workingmen the world over became forever a part of him, and when he came into his own, his work had to be an expression of that spirit.

Finally Haag went to Paris a second time and here fortune smiled at last. He found a demand for his work which allowed him to give up his trade for good and devote himself to art. What led him to leave Paris, where he was beginning to be known, and come to America to start over again, no one seems to know,—not even Haag himself. But we should be glad that he came for he is a man whose work we need to know.

There seem to be two great spiritual forces at work in America today, both trying to solve the same problem, the economic problem which confronts us every day in various phases,—vast inequality of opportunity,—extreme wealth and extreme poverty with equally deplorable consequences,—a nation boasting of its prosperity while each year sees more children working in its mills and factories. One of these forces seems to be reaching down from a place of comparative safety to investigate, help and prevent. Modern philanthropy, social settlements, associations for social and civic betterment are manifestations of it. The other force seems to be blindly struggling up from beneath, bound to break through and find the light. It finds expression in trade-unionism and the socialist party,—the peculiar spiritual strength of both lying in their recognition of the fact that the workingmen's best interest makes them brothers, that together they must fight for a better chance for all. We are beginning to learn that we cannot work effectually at the problem until these two forces understand each other and begin to work together. The leaders of the workingmen must come to welcome the eager intelligent efforts of their more fortunate fellows,—they must see that in a larger sense the brotherhood spirit actuates these men too. On the other hand, the social workers of all kinds must recognize that there is a movement of the working people under way which is probably bigger than any of their schemes, and to which they must in some way adapt themselves with wisdom and an open mind, for it needs their help.

It is in aid of this mutual understanding, I think, that the peculiar significance of Charles Haag's best work lies,—especially in declaring the forceful idealism of the working class movement. For instance, one of his best groups, *The Immigrants*,—shows us six or seven men and women huddled together under their burdens,—each face and figure straining forward with a look of fixed despair. The artist has crowded them so closely together, perhaps, to symbol-

ize two things,—that there is no room for them in the world and that they are inevitably drawn together by their common misery. It is a picture which goes to the heart; it also makes one think. Then there are two wonderful groups, one called *The Strike*,—and the other a symbol of Trade Unionism. In the former four rough miners stand together, with fists clenched and jaws set,—a patient but unyielding determination in their faces. It is a strong picture of united defiance. The other, Trade Unionism, seems to me the greatest piece that Haag has done. Here there are three men. They stand with their right hands clasped one above the other on the handle of a sledge, and in their strong figures and purposeful faces there is expressed not so much defiance as steadfastness. They seem to be united by their common hope. We are made to see in this group the nobility that comes to everyday men when they have for a time lost sight of individual gain, and are standing together for some common good. I think that a little contemplation of this group would do more to enlighten the scoffer as to the spiritual meaning of the trade union movement than many labored arguments or impassioned appeals.

These are the finest pieces, but there is much that is interesting besides. Some of his work is more fancifully symbolic,—as for instance, in the *Shadows*,—a piece which represents with startling truth the tragic struggle for money,—and one very beautiful study which he calls *Accord*,—a Swedish peasant and his wife pulling together a wooden plow. Then there are a good many single figures,—chief among them, *The Dude*, a caricature of luxurious, degenerate idleness,—and *Old Days*, which tells the saddest tale of all,—the coming of old age to the very poor.

It is not altogether upon Haag's completed work that one bases a conviction of his creative ability. There is in his studio a long shelf full of tiny, rough studies, in each of which he seems to have caught a passing fancy and held it there in plaster. These give but the crudest suggestion of what he means to fashion; they are his "notes" or



Charles Haag, Sculptor.



The Immigrants (Side View of Group), by Charles Haag.
Photograph Reproduced through Courtesy of the Artist.



The Immigrants (Front View of Group), by Charles Haag.
Photograph Reproduced through Courtesy of the Artist.



Trade Unionism, by Charles Haag.
Photograph Reproduced through Courtesy of the Artist.



The Strike, by Charles Haag.
Photograph Reproduced through Courtesy of the Artist.



The Watchman, by Charles Haag.
Photograph Reproduced through Courtesy of the Artist.



Accord (Swedish Peasant and Wife Plowing Together),
by Charles Haag.

Photograph Reproduced through the Courtesy of the Artist.



The Shadows, by Charles Haag.
Photograph Reproduced through the Courtesy of the Artist.

"sketches." But we must consider them in estimating his powers. They show a very unusual imagination. Considering this, together with the strength and truth and beauty of the pieces he has found time to complete, one might prophesy that Charles Haag will one day be a great sculptor.

So far as I know, this man's work is unique. He has a scorn for imitators which is only equalled by his contempt for "clever figures which say nothing." In all great art, he says, there must be an idea to express and this must come from the soul of the artist. To quote from Haag's own conversation in an indescribable but very effective broken English,—"If it don't come from the man himself, it isn't honest . . . skill is not art. If it is only cleverness it is a great bluff but it is not art. . . . "I tell you,—go look at the nature. It is simple, big and silent. It does not make a bluff to you, and yet you feel it,—what it means." Add to this Haag's firm belief that true art should be an expression of its own time, and you have the underlying principle of his work. One might call it the realism of an idealist. His work is an exposition of it. There is little delicacy of finish or fine detail. He shows us life as it really is; sometimes his pieces are so simple as to seem crude at first, but they never fail to declare with clearness and force the word which he had to speak. To use his own words in speaking of nature, his figures stand before you—"simple, big and silent"—and you *feel* what they mean.

Haag's attitude toward his life and work is as simple and straightforward as his theory of art. He lives in a most retired way and makes no pretensions. Most of his work he keeps out of sight so that one must ask to see it. He has a gentle humorous contempt for artists who follow false gods and for the people who encourage them. As for him, he will do just enough of the popular work, which he despises, to keep a roof over his head. The rest of his time, he will devote to his art. Since he has no money to

have his pieces cast in bronze, he cannot even exhibit them. Therefore, he models them one after another, as the ideas come to him, casts them in plaster, and then sets them away behind a wide green curtain, to wait there unobserved, except by a few poor but admiring friends.

And so Haag's clock models go forth to meet the admiration of a misguided public, while his unique and wonderful studies of life,—so sympathetic and human, so full of meaning and prophecy,—these dream children of his,—retire one by one behind the green curtain in his studio. We do not need the clocks. God knows there must be clocks enough and to spare in this hustling America of ours, where time is more precious than life itself, where five minutes is more to be considered than a kind word or a helping hand. No, it cannot be that we need more clocks. On the other hand, how great and crying is our need of just such art as this man could give us,—simple, strong and true; art which could make us feel the dignity of labor, the pity of things as they are, and the hope and promise of the future!

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

THE domestic sphere needs a religious program of life. A group of six persons united as parents and children is more valuable as a field of religious influence than twice that number of independent personalities. We need today the Christian household with its atmosphere, its example, its effective instruction according to the daily, simple, but invariable program.

Are we bringing up a generation of children without a positive religious faith, without family worship, without ear-

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

nest drill in the most practical and important parts of Holy Scripture, without reverence, without a Sabbath conscience, multitudes of them not going to the public service of the church? I greatly fear for the results. We need, especially now, with the inflow of ignorant and degraded immigrants, we need the American home at its best with the restoration of enough Puritanic vigor to give children a conception of the reality of righteousness, and of the perils of selfishness and indulgence. We need a steady home illustration of the holiness and justice as well as of the mercy and gentleness of God. We need perhaps in our homes an increase of literary, intellectual and esthetic emphasis in our age; but not so much as we need wholesome restraint, firm administration, wise discipline, intelligent self control and an experience at home in the benefits of obedience and the untold evils of deliberately transgressing God's holy laws of life.

Epecially is it important that literary, cultivated, refined, professional and the really "best society" people who make any profession of Christianity at all and who protest against being accounted polished pagans, should have and should conform to a religious program of life. The more talents they have the more they owe to the church and to society, the more imperative the demand for courage, open confession and positive influence. Of all the public advertising devices of our time, perhaps the most pitiful is the milliner's dummy with its expressionless features and corpse like pose. An utterly deaf, dumb, and dead thing wearing the fashionable garb of the living society of the day, having that modern feature and nothing else. Professing Christians may be such dummies. Church membership, the ceremonies of church worship, the cold and lifeless assent to church creeds but no real program of life, no conviction, no earnestness, no personal self-sacrifice, no living example—this lack is the saddest feature of our age. May I plead in behalf of a life that is life—a program of life that takes into account eternal life?

I. This program of life should embrace an intelligent,

personal, positive, comprehensive covenant with God and surrender to him.

II. This covenant should be frequently repeated, accompanied by self-recollection and concentrated attention—the full force of the will put into it.

III. It must be sustained by the reading of stimulating religious literature, strong, clear, forcible, presenting broad views, noble ideals, developing a richer inner life, and kindling desire for service.

IV. There must be among earnest souls, more conversation with a serious purpose, a canvassing of current, ethical, political, religious and social problems, thus promoting a deeper sense of social responsibility in all who profess to be Christians. Religious talk may be little else than cant. But it may be genuine, hearty, spontaneous and most stimulating. Good sense and good will are a sure guarantee against timid silence and fruitless speech. This habit of religious conversation has nothing to do with morbid, introspective analysis of one's feelings at the present time, nor does it approve the threadbare recitals of spasmodic raptures of ten or fifty years ago. It is sane conversation concerning obligation, resolve, cooperative effort, confidence, and enthusiasm at present in the work to be attempted by the Church that stimulates to hopefulness, activity, and success.

V. The serious and daily study of the Holy Scriptures to which modern consecrated scholarship invites us is another pathway to an earnest religious life. It does seem to lead us through historical, linguistic, archaeological and merely literary hallways, but just yonder you can see the light through the keyhole, or doors ajar, yonder the fire of the Shekinah glows, the letter of the law becomes life to the soul that sincerely searches the scriptures.

The modern literary and critical study of the Bible is one of God's ways for alluring thoughtless souls, and for vitalizing scholarly and eager students until they become in

the Christian sense disciples who walk in the way of the Lord.

VI. In the program of the religious life there is an act we call prayer. Where one fancies that he "cannot pray" he soon finds that he can meditate. He who meditates seriously develops desire. Meditation and desire lead to more meditation and deeper desire; and very soon the soul considers, covets and craves, and then resolves to ask. And then the key has turned in the lock and an angel whispers, "Behold, he prayeth." That secret learned, the life religious is realized.

VII. Let us remember that the true program of life does not condemn the geniality and even the jollity of social life, the flash of wit, the play of humor. True life is never somber. Its motto is "Rejoice always." It is a false standard of piety that accounts melancholy and solemnity of manner a necessity. The very opposite is true. Good cheer, a love of fun, the sparkle of bright repartee, the humorous story, are all in place where they can brighten the social circle; and need never and can never violate the laws of purity and reverence.

VIII. Fight self by forgetting self. Never mind yourself. Never worry about yourself. Never talk about yourself. Mortify self. That means kill self, literally "do it to death." And don't waste money or tears on a funeral. Self-dead! Who cares! Don't mark the spot where it is buried. It is the only thing I know of that is too easily raised from the dead! Bury it deep! Bury it in a fathomless ocean—the ocean of God's grace! Don't raise it from the dead by even telling about it.

IX. This work of grace embraced in the program of life I commend is strictly scientific. There is a natural law in the spiritual world. Henry Drummond has properly expounded it. Robertson of Brighton, Horace Bushnell, James Martineau have emphasized it. It is at the basis of what some of you call the "vagaries" of Emanuel Swedenborg, but all these writers discriminately studied, leave with you

this thought, the world of matter and the world of mind are one and God is in both, and his processes in both are strikingly alike. And one cannot follow the teachings of Jesus without feeling the marvelous harmony between the world of matter and the world of spirit. There is a solar system, under law, charged with power, radiant with beauty. The source and center is the sun. And there is a spiritual solar system under the sway of the Sun of righteousness, controlling, illuminating, vivifying and glorifying every planet that allows itself to swing in its appointed orbit and yield itself to the sway of this central Sun. And while this solar figure is only a figure, a symbol, the reality itself is still more wonderful. Jesus, the second person in the Eternal Trinity, that mystic unity that is, according to the Holy Scripture, an eternal community, Father, Son and Holy Spirit,—that Jesus as the Word is the revelation, the voice of God, the face of God, the hand of God, holding, leading, sustaining, comforting, all who believe in Him.

Frederick W. Robertson thus states the fact of the soul's personal rest and security in Christ: "The Christian religion consists in the personal love and adoration of Jesus Christ; not in correct morality and correct doctrine, but in homage to the King." (Quoted by Hermann in his "Communion of Christians with God.")

X. The true program of life makes God our Father as historically revealed in Jesus Christ and as subjectively made known to each one of us by the Holy Spirit. This is a religion of spiritual power, of actual, practical righteousness, of generous judgment, of optimistic outlook, of a genuine spiritual "sweetness and light," of strict fidelity to duty, duty of every sort and pertaining to every relation, duty born of delight and not of morbid awe or weak timidity; a religion of calmness, self-control, peace profound, and stability good for every one of 365 days a year.

XI. Now this exalted, spiritual life, possible to all, requires daily personal attention, care, self-training, enthusiasm and service. Therefore the church is a school, a college,

a university, and every believer is a disciple, a student with his program of life always before him. Alas, that our Christian students do not aim higher, grow faster, become stronger, enriched with wisdom earthly and heavenly. Alas that so many business men and society women have a program for everything but the personal spiritual life! Let us all learn a lesson from our Master, the man of Nazareth. One day, as his custom was, he stood up in the synagogue to read. The book of the prophet Isaiah was delivered unto him. He opened the book and found the place where it was written: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he anointed me to teach good tidings to the poor. He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." And then he added: "Today hath this scripture been fulfilled in your ears." No wonder that "the eyes of all in the synagogue were fastened on him."

Here is the religious program of life for the individual and for the family and for the race and for all the ages.

William Dean Howells

WI利IAM DEAN HOWELLS, the "Dean of American Letters" as he has often been called, recently celebrated his seventieth anniversary. Almost of an age with Mark Twain, his intimate friend, he shares with the great humorist the most commanding position in our literary life and is recognized at home and abroad as the greatest living American novelist.

Mr. Howells was born in Ohio and has spent his life in literary work as editor, novelist, essayist, poet, and writer of travels. From 1872-81 he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a position filled by several of our greatest authors in the fifty years of that magazine's existence. As a young

man and rising author he was associated with Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, and Bryant, and is thus the connecting link between the first great school of American writers and the writers of today. Almost his first books, "Venetian Sketches," and "Italian Journeys," the literary product of his sojourn in Venice as United States Consul, 1861-5, won him the friendship of the Cambridge group, the members of which were deeply interested in the study of Dante and of Italian life and literature. Mr. Howells has in recent books returned to the charming travel sketches of his earlier days, notably in "London Films," and "Some Delightful English Towns," delicately etched pictures of English life.

It is as a novelist however that Mr. Howells has made his greatest name and will hold the most enduring place. No one has interpreted the average American, man or woman, as has Mr. Howells in a long series of sane, accurate, realistic novels. The most famous of these, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," perhaps deserves the title of "the greatest American novel" as well as any book yet written, though "A Hazard of New Fortunes" and others of his work make a strong claim for this distinction.

Always interested in social questions, an idealist, Mr. Howells has, in his last book, "Through the Eye of the Needle," returned to the discussion of our economic injustices and our faults as a people, with delicate irony pointing out the error of our ways. In an earlier book, "A Traveller from Altruria," Mr. Howells made his first essay into this field, and his resumption of the role of critic is timely and to be welcomed. He has never allowed himself to get into a rut or harden into conservatism, and the movement for social readjustment which has grown so pronounced in recent years finds in him a wise and judicious advocate, one who welcomes the prospective changes which will make American social conditions more just, offering to the many the greater opportunities for comfort, leisure, and culture which are today monopolized by the few.

William Dean Howells



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Greeting to C. L. S. C. Readers from President
Hadley of Yale University.

My dear Mr. Vincent:

It gives me great pleasure to accept your invitation to send a word of greeting to the Chautauqua readers.

A university has been defined as a place where many are trained to the love of science and letters and a few to their successful pursuit. Whatever you can do to increase the number of those who are educated to love these things makes them in a true sense part of a great national university, and broadens the foundation on which American culture rests.

Faithfully yours,

Alfred J. Hadley



What is the American?

By Hector Saint-John de Crèvecoeur.*

[*Mr. John Graham Brooks' article in this magazine "Who is the American?" calls to mind a little-read classic of our literature, "Letters of an American Farmer," by Hector Saint-John de Crèvecoeur, who emigrated to the American colonies from France in 1754 and for many years led the life of a farmer. In a series of letters to an English friend he recounted in a charming way his impressions of America, its institutions and possibilities, the characteristics of the colonists, and his own experience as an agriculturist. The selection which follows is from a letter entitled "What is the American?" Conditions have changed greatly in 150 years and it is interesting to return to this early first impression, simple and clear cut, and compare it with the composite photograph somewhat blurred in outline, which, of necessity, constitutes our impression of the American of today.—The Editor.]*

I wish I could be acquainted with the feelings and thoughts which must agitate the heart and present themselves to the mind of an enlightened Englishman, when he first lands on this continent. He must greatly rejoice that he lived at a time to see this country discovered and settled; he must necessarily feel a share of national pride, when he views the chain of settlements which embellishes these ex-

*The "Letters of an American Farmer," written by Crèvecoeur in both French and English has been recently edited and republished in its English form by Professor William P. Trent of Columbia University. These letters, which are really essays, bid fair to become one of the minor classics of American literature for they are charming in every sense. Professor Trent's admirable edition is published by Fox, Duffield and Co. \$1.50.

tended shores. When he says to himself, this is the work of my countrymen, who, when convulsed by factions, afflicted by a variety of miseries and wants, restless and impatient, took refuge here. They brought along with them their national genius, to which they principally owe what liberty they enjoy, and what substance they possess. Here he sees the industry of his native country displayed in a new manner, and traces in their works the embryos of all the arts, sciences, and ingenuity which flourish in Europe. Here he beholds fair cities, substantial villages, extensive fields, an immense country filled with decent houses, good roads, orchards, meadows, and bridges, where an hundred years ago all was wild, woody, and uncultivated. What a train of pleasing ideas this fair spectacle must suggest; it is a prospect which must inspire a good citizen with the most heartfelt pleasure. The difficulty consists in the manner of viewing so extensive a scene. He is arrived on a new continent; a modern society offers itself to his contemplation, different from what he had hitherto seen. It is not composed, as in Europe, of great lords who possess everything, and of a herd of people who have nothing. Here are no aristocratical families, no courts, no kings, no bishops, no ecclesiastical dominion, no invisible power giving to a few a very visible one; no great manufacturers employing thousands, no great refinements of luxury. The rich and the poor are not so far removed from each other as they are in Europe. Some few towns excepted, we are all tillers of the earth, from Nova Scotia to West Florida. We are a people of cultivators, scattered over an immense territory, communicating with each other by means of good roads and navigable rivers, united by the silken bands of mild government, all respecting the laws, without dreading their power, because they are equitable. We are all animated with the spirit of an industry which is unfettered and unrestrained, because each person works for himself. If he travels through our rural districts he views not the hostile castle, and the haughty mansion, contrasted with the clay-built hut and miserable cabin, where cattle and

man help to keep each other warm, and dwell in meanness, smoke, and indigence. A pleasing uniformity of decent competence appears through our habitations. The meanest of our log-houses is a dry and comfortable habitation. Lawyer or merchant are the fairest titles our towns afford; that of a farmer is the only appellation of the rural inhabitants of our country. It must take some time ere he can reconcile himself to our dictionary; which is but short in words of dignity, and names of honour. There, on a Sunday, he sees a congregation of respectable farmers and their wives, all clad in neat homespun, well mounted, or riding in their humble wagons. There is not among them an esquire, saving the unlettered magistrate. There he sees a parson as simple as his flock, a farmer who does not riot on the labor of others. We have no princes, for whom we toil, starve, and bleed; we are the most perfect society now existing in the world. Here man is free as he ought to be; nor is this pleasing equality so transitory as many others are. Many ages will not see the shores of our great lakes replenished with inland nations, nor the unknown bounds of North America entirely peopled. Who can tell how far it extends? Who can tell the millions of men whom it will feed and contain? for no European foot has as yet travelled half the extent of this mighty continent!

The next wish of this traveler will be to know whence came all these people? they are a mixture of English, Scotch, Irish, French, Dutch, Germans, and Swedes. From this promiscuous breed, that race now called Americans have arisen. The eastern provinces must indeed be excepted, as being the unmixed descendants of Englishmen. I have heard many wish that they had been more intermixed also; for my part, I am no wisher, and think it much better as it has happened. They exhibit a most conspicuous figure in this great and variegated picture; they too enter for a great share in the pleasing perspective displayed in these thirteen provinces. I know it is fashionable to reflect on them, but I respect them for what they have done; for the accuracy and

wisdom with which they have settled their territory; for the decency of their manners; for their early love of letters; their ancient college, the first in this hemisphere; for their industry; which to me who am but a farmer, is the criterion of everything. There never was a people, situated as they are, who with so ungrateful a soil have done more in so short a time. Do you think that the monarchical ingredients which are more prevalent in other governments, have purged them from all foul stains? Their histories assert the contrary.

In this great American Asylum, the poor of Europe have by some means met together, and in consequence of various causes; to what purpose should they ask one another what country they are? Alas, two-thirds of them had no country. Can a wretch who wanders about, who works and starves, whose life is a continual scene of sore affliction or pinching penury; can that man call England or any other kingdom his country? A country that has no bread for him, whose fields procure him no harvest, who met with nothing but the frowns of the rich, the severity of the laws, with jails and punishments; who owned not a single foot of the surface of this planet? No! urged by the variety of motives, here they came. Everything has tended to regenerate them; new laws, a new mode of living, a new social system; here they become men; in Europe they were as so many useless plants, wanting vegetative mould and refreshing showers; they withered, and were mowed down by want, hunger, and war; but now by the power of transplantation, like all other plants they have taken root and flourished! Formerly they were not numbered in any civil lists of their country, except in those of the poor; here they rank as citizens. By what invisible power has this surprising metamorphosis been performed? By that of the laws and that of their industry. The laws, the indulgent laws, protect them as they arrive, stamping on them the symbol of adoption; they receive ample rewards for their labors; these accumulated rewards procure them lands; those lands confer on them the title of

freemen and to that title every benefit is affixed which men can possibly require. This is the great operation daily performed by our laws. From whence proceed these laws? From our government. Whence the government? It is derived from the original genius and strong desire of the people ratified and confirmed by the crown. This is the great chain which links us all, this is the picture which every province exhibits, Nova Scotia excepted. There the crown has done all; either there were no people who had genius, or it was not much attended to; the consequence is, that the province is very thinly inhabited indeed; the power of the crown, in conjunction with the musketos has prevented man from settling there. Yet some parts of it flourished once, and it contained a mild harmless set of people. But for the fault of a few leaders, the whole were banished. The greatest political error the crown ever committed in America was to cut off men from a country which wanted nothing but men.

What attachment can a poor European emigrant have for a country where he has nothing? The knowledge of the language, the love of a few kindred as poor as himself, were the only cords that tied him: his country is now that which gives him land, bread, protection, and consequence: *Ubi panis ibi patria*, is the motto of all emigrants. What then is the American, this new man? He is either an European, or the descendant of a European, hence that strange mixture of blood, which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations. He is an American, who leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great *Alma Mater*. Here individuals of all races are melted into a new race of men, whose labors

and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigour, and industry which began long since in the east; they will finish the great circle. The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love his country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born. Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps the progress of his labor; his labor is founded on the basis of nature, self-interest; can it want a stronger allurement? Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all; without any part being claimed, either by a despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him; a small voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God; can he refuse these? The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas, and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor, he passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence.—This is an American.



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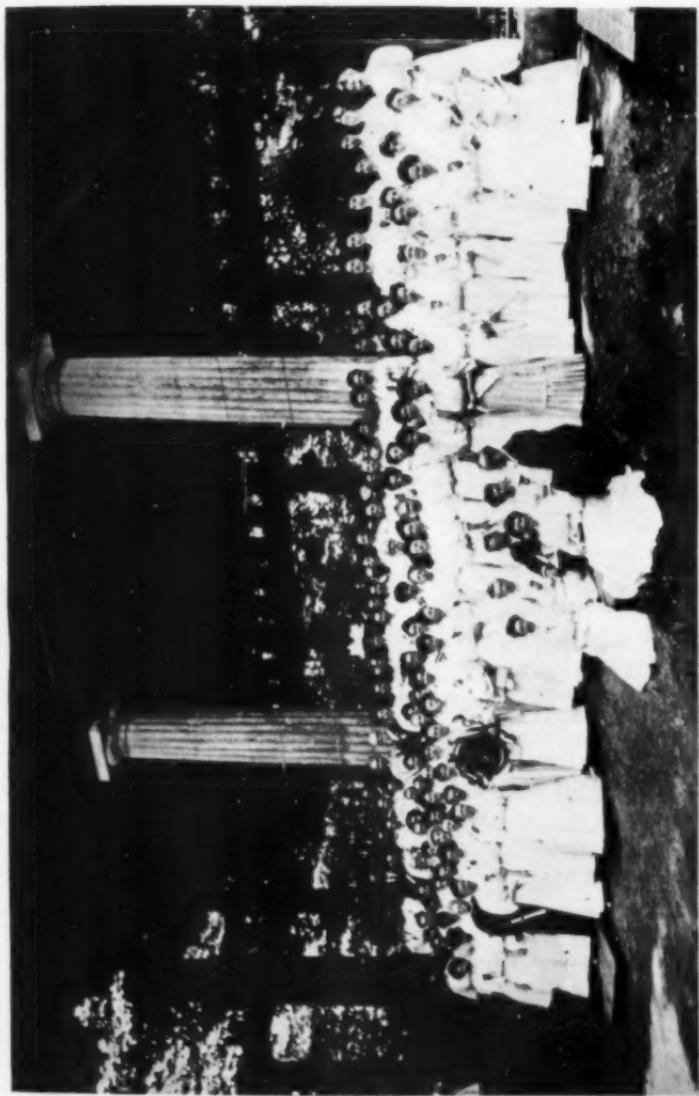
THE CLASS OF 1907.

Every C. L. S. C. Class comes up to its graduation with an eagerness of anticipation which even to the old Chautauquan gives to the occasion an ever fresh interest. 1907 was no exception. Committees had been at work all through the year and preparations for every need of the graduating summer had been anticipated. As the attendance increased Class meetings were held more and more frequently and the members found great pleasure in comparing notes upon their four years' experiences. These were of the most diverse character — ministers, business men, housekeepers, teachers, and people of other occupations were represented. Some had come up out of no light tribulations, others had done the reading with ease, making excursions also into suggested fields of literature. A missionary's wife from the Batanga mission on the West Coast of Africa was among the graduates. She had seen few white faces during her four years of study. A letter from the Chautauqua Circle at San Jose, California, giving an account of its graduating exercises and sending photographs was read to the assembled class and evoked much enthusiasm. One evening was devoted to exercises appropriate to the unveiling of the Class banner, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Smith, of Franklin,

Pennsylvania. At the request of Mr. and Mrs. Smith the banner was presented by Dr. Hickman and was received by Professor George D. Kellogg, the president, who expressed very happily the sentiments of the Class. Cheers were given for Mr. and Mrs. Smith and the banner was at once installed in the post of honor in the Class room. The Class through its members contributed two beautiful portraits of Washington and a number of flags to the adornment of their room which they shared with '99, the "Patriots," and '91, the "Olympians." The '07 Class pins, both in gold and silver, were in great demand, and in raising the necessary funds for class expenses, enthusiasm carried the '07's so far that a snug little fund was left to provide furniture for their room so that Alumni Hall is permanently enriched by the gifts of the members of 1907.

Baccalaureate Sunday was a day such as the poet describes—"the bridal of the earth and sky" and a great audience assembled for the sermon by Chancellor Vincent. In the evening the new Athenian Watchfires were lighted for the first time for the Class Vigil in the Hall of Philosophy. It was a picturesque sight, the lights and shadows playing upon the classic columns of the Hall and the quiet audience within holding its vigil. Dr. Hurlbut presided at the Vigil and Professor Richard Burton to the great pleasure of the Class read from his own poems a number of those which seemed especially fitted to the hour and the place. On Recognition Day the 1907's to the number of more than one hundred and twenty passed through the gate and arches. The dark evergreen of the arches made a rich background for the brilliant tints of the salvia, the patriotic color which the Washington Class had chosen for its own. The Hall of Philosophy was filled to its utmost for the Recognition exercises and the unveiling of the 1882's Class tablet marked the first of a long series of such ceremonies which will stretch on into the years to come.

The brilliant Recognition Day address by President E. H. Hughes, the conferring of the diplomas by the Chan-



The C. L. S. C. Class of 1907 at the Hall of Philosophy, Chautauqua, N. Y.

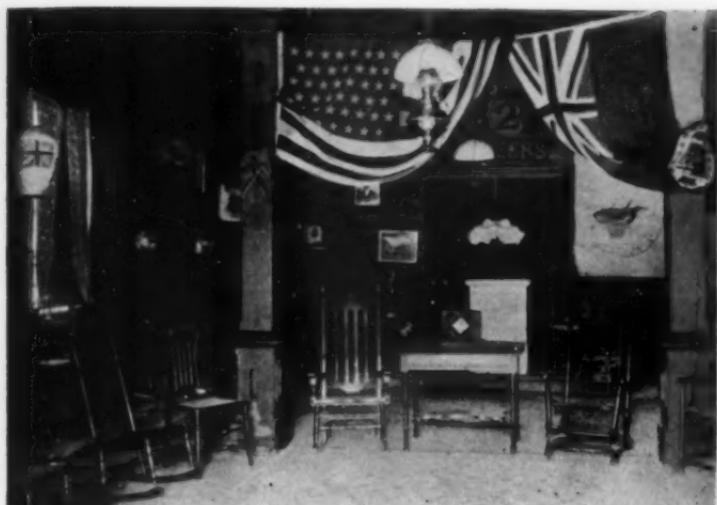


Tablet of the Class of '82, the "Pioneers," in the Hall of Philosophy,
Chautauqua, N. Y.

cellor, and the gathering of the Class to be photographed beside the Hall of Philosophy were incidents in this gala day of the 1907's and in the evening the Alumni Dinner of four hundred graduates brought the Class for the first time into the exclusive Society of the Hall in the Grove. The speeches, grave and gay, of this famous dinner were interspersed with the exuberant "First in war—first in peace" the cheer of the 1907's matched by the sturdy "Hear! Hear! Pioneer!" of the '82's. Then the chimes rang and the quarter-century celebration of the S. H. G. was over.

THE QUARTER CENTURY OF THE CLASS OF '82.

Not the exuberant enthusiasm of the Class of 1907, nor even the cheerful optimism of the new recruits for 1911 could keep up to the pace set by the "Pioneers" of '82. They came from a widespread territory, from Connecticut and Colorado and from the far Southland, some who had not seen Chautauqua for ten years, some for fifteen, and one



The Class Room of the "Pioneers" of '82, Chautauqua, N. Y.

who had not been back since her graduation in 1882. The Class register showed more than a hundred names and these well disciplined "Pioneers" faced the somewhat perilous experiences of steep hills, long marches, late hours, and much discussion of Class affairs with the same calm fortitude with which they had encountered sterner duties in the glorious days of '82, while the Pioneer "yell," heard on all fitting occasions, was given with dignity and abandon! The quarter century anniversary dinner is already historic in the annals of the Class. "Pioneer Hall" which is hung with trophies of the twenty-five years, was arrayed in holiday attire with boughs of evergreen and illuminated with the soft radiance of Japanese lanterns. Mrs. B. T. Vincent, as presiding officer, introduced the speakers. Dr. Hurlbut recalled the days of the "tent dwellers" when there was no C. L. S. C. at Chautauqua except as it was taking shape in the dreams of its founder. Miss Conoly, of Selma, Ala., referred to the pride which her State felt in being the birth-

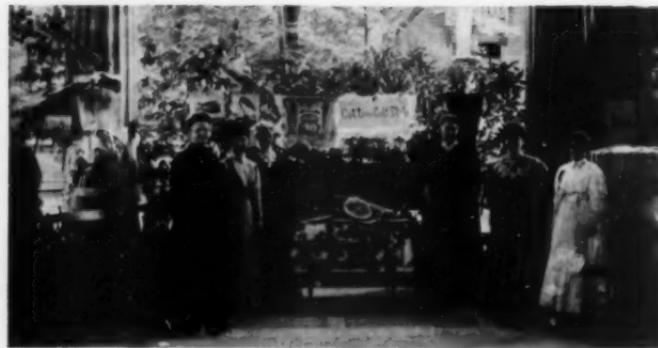
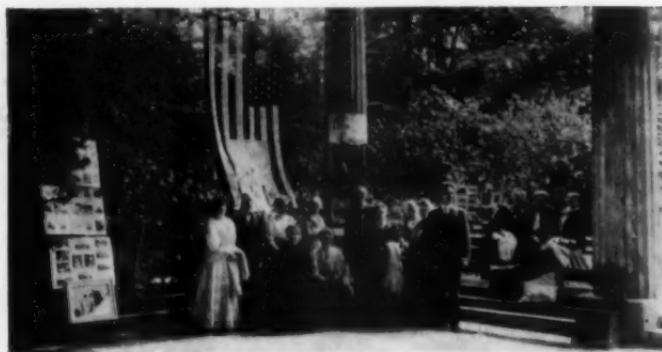


The "Pioneers," Class of 1882, at Chautauqua, N. Y.



The Graduating Class of 1907 Reading the Responsive Service at the Golden Gate, Chautauqua, N. Y.

place of Chancellor Vincent. Miss Kimball spoke of the character and helpful services of Mr. A. M. Martin, the first president of the Pioneers. Mrs. Gill established '82's standing as a world power by the story of her unexpected meeting with a member of the Class in Japan. Dr. W. A. Duncan recalled the circumstances under which the first Recognition Day procession was planned and executed; Miss Wightman contributed a poem on the Class motto "From Height to Height;" Mrs. G. W. Barlow responded to the toast of "Absent Pioneers" and Mrs. F. O. Bailey to "Pioneer Hall." Miss Wightman, the secretary, reported the receipt of forty-six letters of greeting from members of the Class, most of whom were unable to be present. But the names of all absent members who had responded were read and a number of greetings, among them one from a lady of fourscore and six, Sara Northrop of Washington, Pa. Chancellor Vincent's address closed the evening's exercises as arranged by the President, Mrs. B. T. Vincent, but the Pioneers for once stole a march on their chief executive,



The New England, Middle West, and Cotton States at the C. L. S. C. Reception in the Hall of Philosophy, Chautauqua, N. Y.

reminding her that as she had served the Class with conspicuous fidelity for twenty-three years, it was their privilege to celebrate their silver anniversary by giving into her keeping a small silver casket whose contents would fittingly mark the years—twenty-five gold pieces amounting to one hundred and forty-five dollars. As the president responded in a happy little speech the wall of Pioneer Hall again rang with 1882's historic cheer:

Hear! Hear! Pioneer.
"Height to Height!"
Fight for right! Pioneer.
Who are you?
Who are you?
We are the Class of '82.
Pioneers! Ah!

In other exercises of this twenty-fifty anniversary week the '82's also bore a prominent part. They welcomed all C. L. S. C. visitors to Pioneer Hall on the eve of Recognition Day and sang their Class song written to "Auld Lang Syne" by Miss Mary A. Lathbury. Bright and early on the morning of Recognition Day they took their places in the procession and at the Hall of Philosophy immediately following the "Recognition" of the graduating class, their Class tablet was unveiled, the first of the beautiful mosaics which are to perpetuate the names and emblems of the various classes and form an artistic pavement for the floor of the Hall. The tablet was dedicated by Chancellor Vincent in the following words:

"This mosaic tablet as a memorial of the Class of 1882, we hereby place in this Hall as a part of its permanent pavement and as a feature of its decoration, and may they whose feet shall tread this pavement stand firmly on the Rock of Ages and dwell forever within the walls of that eternal city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."

These Chautauqua days were utilized by the '82's for many a cosy gathering in Pioneer Hall, to discuss Class affairs. The Class was photographed at the earliest opportunity, though all could not be present for this important event. The work of the tree committee which planted an elm and a birch in front of the Hall was commended. A plan for surrounding the '82 fountain with a hedge of ornamental shrubbery was considered, and Mrs. John C.

This certifies that

Mrs. _____

having completed the course of Reading of the

C. L. S. C.

to his own satisfaction, is hereby authorized, encouraged, permitted and commissioned to read any other books excepted to his capacity, to teach as assistant — any primary school, and to associate with educated persons so far as they consent.

In testimony whereof we have caused these presents to be signed, in the name of Dr. Vincent, General Grant, the President of the United States and Mr. Brown, by a well known publisher, and have affixed thereto the great seal of the Holliston Circle.

Holliston, June 26. 1882.

John Smith.

Martin's generous gift of an ensign for the Class promises to give the Pioneers a unique standard. At the "quiet hour" gatherings held for a short time on Saturday evenings, Bishop Warren and Chancellor Vincent were welcome guests. A letter from a member of the Class in Japan added a pleasant international touch to the exercises of Recognition Day. The flags which came with it were unfurled and the letter read just after the dedication of the Class flag. The letter was dated Kwassui Jo Gakko, Nagasaki, Japan, July 16, 1907.

My Dear Fellow Pioneers:

How much I should like to be with the Class of '82 at this Silver Anniversary, I cannot tell. I send you my photograph and as you look at it consider that I am making my best bow to the Pioneers of 1907. I also send you two flags, the sun is the National flag and the one with rays is the Naval flag. The two pink and purple are Count Goto's personal flags. He is President of the Manchurian Railroad and this is his flag. At the Students' Federation Conference in Tokyo last April, the Count entertained over 200 foreign delegates and at the close of the banquet these flags were distributed among the guests as souvenirs of the occasion. I pass them on.

I pray that this Reunion may be one of blessing and unalloyed joy. With sincere regard.

ELIZABETH RUSSELL.

One of the reminiscences brought out by the '82 twenty-fifth anniversary was that of the graduating exercises celebrated by the Circle of Holliston, Mass., in 1882. Five members of this Circle were awarded special diplomas, one of which we have the privilege of reproducing here. They were designed and presented by Rev. George M. Adams, Mrs. Adams being the efficient president of the Circle during its first four years. Mr. A. W. Pike, one of the graduates, relates that each member wore a knot of white ribbon on which were printed the mystic letters W. Q. Z. X. K. The significance of this combination was never revealed but it was freely translated "We quite excel in zeal and knowledge."

THE C. L. S. C. AT CHAUTAUQUA.

It was especially fitting that one of the first C. L. S. C. Round Tables at Chautauqua this summer should have been conducted by Bishop Henry W. Warren, who as one of the original C. L. S. C. Counsellors had delivered the first Recognition Day address at Chautauqua in 1882. Many of that first C. L. S. C. Class had come back to celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary and Bishop Warren's talk on "Old Chautauqua Days" seemed to establish a new relation between the present and the past. Indeed the Round Table hours throughout the season were keenly appreciated by C. L. S. C. members who frequently made good use of their privilege of questioning the speaker. Professor Stockton Axson of Princeton and Professor Boynton of the University of Chicago presented the claims of American literature in most alluring fashion, and Professor Shailer Mathews, who is known to thousands of Chautauqua students through his little volume on The French Revolution, conducted a delightful Round Table hour, taking for his subject Miss Addams' new book "Newer Ideals of Peace."

Rallying Day, August first, seemed to adapt itself quite naturally to the discussions of "Social Unrest" week in view of the emphasis which the coming American Year's course is placing upon social conditions as they relate to the immigrant problem in this country. A large crowd

gathered for the eleven o'clock Rallying Day exercises in the Amphitheater and brief stirring addresses were made on the C. L. S. C. The presence of Mr. John Graham Brooks, who is writing for Chautauqua readers the series on "As Others See Us," lent special interest to the occasion. Bishop Warren, Dr. Hurlbut, and Chancellor Vincent all made brief addresses. Dr. George D. Kellogg of Princeton spoke for the Class of 1907 of which he is president. Hon. Elmer E. Brown, U. S. Commissioner of Education, described his first experiences in connection with the Chautauqua movement, and President George E. Vincent summed up the course for the American year in a scholarly way, showing the essential unity of the plan.

The unpropitious weather led to the postponement of the Rallying Day Grove Reception until Saturday and even then it seemed advisable to transfer it from the woods to the Hall of Philosophy. This was the first time that the Hall had been used for this purpose and its advantages for such a gathering were very evident. Chancellor Vincent and Miss Jane Addams, whose lecture that afternoon closed the series on "Social Unrest," were the guests of honor. The booths representing various sections of the country welcomed their guests in characteristic fashion and the Class of 1911 had its first opportunity to receive its friends. The interest in the C. L. S. C. work expressed itself all through the season by frequent class meetings and by the steady attendance of members at the C. L. S. C. Councils where the delegates presented excellent reports and free discussions of all phases of the work gave everyone an opportunity both to give and to receive many helpful suggestions.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

The new C. L. S. C. Class of 1911 assumed its duties with much zeal and after some preliminary leanings toward the name of "Whittier" finally decided upon Longfellow as the Class poet. Enthusiasm developed rapidly and the variety of possible combinations for a suitable Class flower and emblem led to many original suggestions for a Class

banner. It was the first intention of the class to settle upon its motto and emblem while at Chautauqua this summer, but the advantage of having time to work out a scheme for a banner appealed so strongly to all that it was decided to leave the matter to be definitely settled next year. Meanwhile all the members who have artistic ideas, or who can make use of the talents of their friends are invited to make designs for a class banner, embodying some sentiment from Longfellow with a suitable flower, tree, or other emblem. Reference to the C. L. S. C. Class Directory in the back of this magazine will show what emblems have already been chosen by other classes. All designs should be sent to the President of the Class, Miss Mary E. Merington, 535 Massachusetts avenue, Buffalo, New York. They will be placed on exhibition next summer, and all who joined the Class this year at Chautauqua and all others who can come will be invited to make the final decision. Under the leadership of Miss Merington, the head of the "Outlook Club," the 1911's developed a strong social spirit which expressed itself in many friendly conferences, including a "tea" and a trip down the lake. The members began at once to make their contributions to the Alumni Hall fund for their Class headquarters, and to plan for their banner and the Class tablet in the Hall of Philosophy. It was agreed that if each member gave fifty cents a year the Class treasury would be overflowing by the time the 1911's came up for graduation.

The members planned very enthusiastically for the organization of circles and the enlistment of new members on their return home and every member is pledged to extend the boundaries of 1911 to the utmost.



THE CLASS OF 1908.

The 1908's, as is quite apt to be the case the year before graduation, showed a smaller attendance this summer than for some years past. In the unavoidable absence of the President, Professor Schmucker, other officers of

the Class guided the deliberations of the members, and committees were appointed and plans made for next summer with an assurance of a large attendance next year. Conferences were held with officers of other Classes to get the benefit of their experience, while the '08's were also evolving original ideas of their own. Items of interest regarding Class affairs may be looked for in the Round Table each month from now on.

Photographs of the '82 or 1907 Class groups can be secured from Mr. S. A. Espey, 715 Sandusky Street, Pittsburg, Pa. The price postpaid is thirty cents each. Mr. Espey prefers not to receive stamps and rather than experience this inconvenience will accept a postal note for twenty-seven cents, thus giving the sender the benefit of the fee.

THE BACKGROUND OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Many Chautauqua readers in this American Year will find themselves impelled to turn now and then to their old school books to freshen their recollections of some of the main facts of American history, while studying in greater detail certain important influences in the development of the American people. Among more recent publications which attempt to survey the history of the United States in a single volume few offer a more alluring point of view than the admirable work of Miss Ellen Churchill Semple entitled "American History and its Geographic Conditions." This geographic aspect of history may be held to apply with peculiar fitness to a country like the United States because of its relatively recent origin and unprecedented growth from a group of struggling colonies to a world power. Certainly it is stimulating to the imagination to be placed in the position of one who from an elevated viewpoint is able to see the continent spread out before him and watch the successive generations in their irresistible westward march as they win a new world for civilization. The opening paragraph of Miss Semple's book at once impresses the reader with the world relations involved in tracing the history of such a people: "The most important geographical fact in the past history of the United States has been their location on the Atlantic opposite Europe; and the most important geographical fact in lending a distinctive character to their future history will probably be their location on the Pacific opposite Asia."

This is further emphasized by the striking contrast presented by Europe at the end of the fifteenth century, dominated by her Oriental connections, having as her only genuine sea powers the Hansa towns and the Italian cities, and the same Europe a century later when the "Mediterranean period" of her history was being superseded by the new era of the "Atlantic States of Europe." The Atlantic itself forecasts the triumph of the races gaining control of its far reaching coast line equal to that of the Pacific and Indian

oceans combined; an ocean which drains an area reaching from the Rockies and Andes to the plains of Central Russia and the highlands of Abyssinia. The familiar story of Anglo-Saxon supremacy and enterprise in the new continent is interpreted anew to many readers by the consideration given to geographic influences. The great Appalachian barrier which long confined the colonists to the sea coast was their early schoolmaster, enforcing isolation and shutting out the temptation to expansion. As Miss Semple puts it, "territory held industrially is held strongly. The thirteen colonies developed a solidarity which fought for them in the revolution." Nevertheless the eyes of the colonists were still turned toward Europe. It was only when the trans-Allegheny settlers broke through the mountain wall that their settlements "developed the first genuine Americans, men to whom the Atlantic coast fronting toward Europe was the Back Country." Miss Semple analyzes this westward expansion and its effect in educating the ideals of the people of the Eastern States so that the development of the national spirit did not long lag behind the opening up of new territory. Also that the size of our country has kept classes and masses on a nearly equal footing by equality of opportunity. Everywhere the Four Hundred tends to recruit itself from the four million near by.

Some of the great geographic questions which face the United States today are discussed at length. The steadily increasing stream of emigration over the line to Northwest Canada reveals the fact that we are yielding up some of our most valuable citizens to our northern neighbor, bringing us face to face with the problem of reclaiming the millions of acres of lands available in our own western country as soon as government irrigation methods shall render them habitable. New inland waterways, also awaiting development by the federal government, will yet work almost revolutionary changes in our transportation facilities. Such suggestive chapter titles as "Geographic Distribution of Cities and Industries," "The American Mediterranean," and "A Pacific Ocean Power" again remind the student that the civilization of this country is not only one of continental development but of world relations.

Few books can be recommended which will illuminate the studies of the American Year at so many points as this volume by Miss Semple. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.00 net. Postage 20c.)

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY — May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY — November,	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	INAUGURATION DAY — August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
COLLEGE DAY — January, last Thursday.	ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	
ADDISON DAY—May 1.	

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR NOVEMBER.

FIRST WEEK—OCTOBER 29—NOVEMBER 5.

In *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*: "As Others See Us." III. Who is the American?

In Required Book: "Races and Immigrants in America." Chapter IV. Nineteenth Century Additions Concluded.

SECOND WEEK—NOVEMBER 5-12.

In *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*: "As Others See Us." IV. Our Talent for Bragging.

In Required Book: "Races and Immigrants in America." Chapter V. Industry.

THIRD WEEK—NOVEMBER 12-19.

In *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*: American Painting. Chapter II.

In Required Book: "Races and Immigrants in America." Chapter VI. Labor.

FOURTH WEEK—NOVEMBER 19-26.

In Required Book: "Races and Immigrants in America." Chapter VII. City Life, Crime and Poverty.



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

Review and discussion of "As Others See Us." Chapter III.

Roll Call: Items of interest concerning the different nationalities among our later arrivals, their location, character, occupations, etc., each member being assigned one nationality (see report of Industrial Commission, Vol. XV., and report of Commissioner General of Immigration for 1906, also recent magazine articles).

Map Review: The continent of Europe with respect to the character of our immigrants (see map in the Report of the Commissioner of Immigration for 1906).

Reading: From article in *Century Magazine* 65:683 (March '03) entitled "What shall we be? The coming race in America."

Paper: "The Italian in this Country" (See Bulletin of U. S. Department of Labor No. 70 also "The Italian Cotton Grower: The Negro's Problem" *South Atlantic Quarterly* 4:45 (1905) and "The Italians in America," *Munsey's Magazine* (35:122). Many interesting facts supplementing those given by Mr. Commons will be found in these articles.

Book Review: "Italy To-day" by Bolton King, or study of charts in report of Commissioner of Immigration showing distribution of immigrants, occupations, etc.

SECOND WEEK.

Roll Call: Answered by reports on paragraphs in Highways and Byways.

Review of "As Others See Us." Chapter IV.

Informal Talk on Inducements to Immigration. (See Report of Commissioner General of Immigration for 1905, pp. 48-57 in which the whole subject is fully discussed. In the Commissioner's report for 1906 he says: "There is no reason to believe that the evil conditions there portrayed have been in the least reduced." Both reports can be secured upon application to the department at Washington.

Law: The Croatian Stave Cutters, Dr. Dowie's Lace Makers, Oral Reports: Three methods of Evading the Alien Contract Labor

Tailor Cases in Buffalo and Pittsburg (see report of Industrial Commission, vol. XV., pp. 666-70).

Debate: Resolved that the Chinese Exclusion Law does more harm than good (see "Why the Chinese Should be Excluded," *Forum*, 33: 53-58; "Why the Chinese should be Admitted," *Forum*, 33: 59-67; "Chinese Exclusion: A Benefit or a Harm," by Ho Yow, Imperial Chinese Consul General, *North American Review*, 173:314 (Sept. '01), also many recent articles under "Chinese" in Poole's Index for the last two years.)

Reading: Selections from "The Biography of a Chinaman," *Independent* 55: 417-23 (Feb. 19, 1903).

THIRD WEEK.

Roll Call: Each member to select the fact in Chapter VI. (Labor) which seems to him or her most worthy of careful study and why.

General Discussion of above chapter.

Debate: Resolved, That peonage is justified as a business necessity in dealing with backward races (see *Review of Reviews*, 28: 136-9 (August '03); *Outlook*, 74: 391, 486, 687, 732, 890; *Independent*, 55: 1616-18, "Forced Labor in West Virginia," *Outlook*, 74:7; "Peonage in America" H. D. Ward (*Cosmopolitan* 39: 423-30 (Aug. '05), also by R. Barry 42: 481-91 (March '07).

Reading: Selections from Myra Kelly's "Little Citizens"—or from her stories as published in *McClure's Magazine*, vols. 20: 485, 21: 130, 464 (March, June and September, 1903.)

Book Reviews: "Out of Work." Frances A. Kellor; or, "The Woman Who Toils." Mrs. John and Marie Van Vorst.

Oral Reports: On the following articles: "Working Hours of Women in Factories," M. Van Kleek, *Charities*, 17: 13-21 (Oct. 6, '06); "Legal End of the Working Woman's Day," F. Kelley, *Charities*, 17: 459-60 (Dec. 15, 1906).

Review and Discussion of Article on "American Painting."

FOURTH WEEK.

Roll Call: Men and women of foreign birth who have attained eminence in this country.

Review of Chapter VII. in "Races and Immigrants in America."

Reports on public school conditions for foreign children in your community. (If a large city each member of the Circle may be assigned a section).

Reading: Selection from article in this magazine on "An immigrant sculptor of his kind."

Book Review: "Aliens or Americans." Howard B. Grose.

Exhibition of foreign newspapers published in your city or state.

A directory would help to supply this information. If the Circle is in a country place let several members be appointed to write to friends in different cities—papers can be secured for a few cents each, and the number available is likely to be surprising.

Reports on public institutions in which your community is directly interested. The City or County Poor House, the Pest House, places for the care of the feeble minded, insane, etc. Find out from the people who are on the advisory boards of these institutions whether they are behind the times and if so, what are their needs and the probable means for bettering conditions. Find out what proportion of the people in these institutions are of foreign birth?

**ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON OCTOBER
READINGS.**

1. Any book or work of art that may be or is regarded as a standard or a model.
2. (a) A new word or phrase as yet un-sanctioned by good usage.
- (b) The use of a word or phrase, old or new, in an unsanctioned sense.
3. By the Reform Bill of 1832.
4. An American Sculptor, born at Woodstock, Vermont, 1805; died at Florence in 1873. He modeled and repaired wax figures in a museum in Cincinnati for seven years; went to Washington in 1835 with a view to modeling busts of celebrated men; and established himself at Florence in 1837. Among his chief works are "The Greek Slave" (1843), "Il Penseroso," "The Fisher Boy," "America," "Eve," "California," "The Indian Girl," and numerous portraits and ideal busts.
5. A prominent English dramatic critic on the staff of the *London World* since 1884; born in 1856 in Perth, Scotland; educated at Edinburgh University; traveled in Australia in 1876-7; dramatic critic of London *Figaro*, 1879-81; traveled in Italy in 1881-82; barrister of Middle Temple 1883. He has edited and translated Ibsen's prose dramas, written "Life of Macready," "Masks and Faces: A Study in the Psychology of Acting," "Study and Stage—a Year Book of Criticism," 1899; "America Today," 1900; "Poets of the Younger Generation," 1901.



**REVIEW AND SEARCH QUESTIONS ON NOVEMBER
READINGS.**

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US," CHAPTER III.

1. Why is it harder now to define the American than formerly?
2. How does Boston differ widely today from what it was fifty years ago?
3. How have the Jews prospered in New York City?
4. How many of them are now in the United States?
5. Name some of the characteristics ascribed to us as a people by our foreign critics.
6. How have generalizations been refuted, by wider experience or more recent critics?
7. What are the relative proportions of foreign born and native born in the chief sections of our country?
8. How does Prof. Münsterburg agree with our claim of being "hustlers"?
9. Is there an American accent?
10. How have critics characterized American children?
11. How characterized American women?
12. How do critics sometimes err in hasty generalizations?
13. Name some great citizen who suffered the reproach of being "un-American."
14. What should characterize a "good" American?

CHAPTER IV.: OUR TALENT FOR BRAGGING.

1. Were Dickens' caricatures of our spread-eagle style of patriotic oratory much exaggerated?
2. On what of our national characteristics do all foreign critics agree?
3. Are England and France free from self-laudation?
4. How do foreigners differ in their manner of praising their own countries and institutions? Compare the French, Dutch, Japanese, and English.
5. What does Mr. Bryce say of our national talent?
6. To what did Emerson liken the American eagle?
7. In what parts of the United States

is the tendency to brag the most noticeable? 8. How much of our boasting do you think is of a humorous sort? 9. Why do Americans run down their own country? 10. How much of our self criticism is justifiable? What tone should it take? 11. What did Lowell say of our national talent? 12. To what may our tendency to brag be in part attributed? 13. Is our weakness for self laudation less noticeable than formerly?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. When did Charles Dickens visit this country? 2. When was Thackeray here and what books did he write about us? 3. What did Dickens say in substance in his preface to late editions of "Martin Chuzzlewit" (subsequent to his second American visit)? 4. Was Dewey's victory at Manila comparable as a naval battle with the Battle of Trafalgar or that of the Sea of Japan? Why was it important? 5. Did the United States in your opinion ever engage in a war with a foreign power out of dishonorable motives?

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AMERICAN PAINTING."

1. How did American art receive a fresh impetus at the close of the Revolution? 2. For what besides his celebrated ride was Paul Revere noted? 3. Who was Ralph Earl? 4. Who was Henry Bembridge? 5. Who was John Ramage? 6. What was West's position in the English art world? 7. What was the character of his later work? 8. Why is the "Death of Wolfe" particularly important in the history of English art? 9. What were West's relations to younger artists? 10. With whom is Peale's work chiefly associated?



C. L. S. C. Class Directory

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Motto and Emblem to be chosen.

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Motto: "Life is a great and noble calling." Emblem: The Beech.

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Motto: "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." Emblem: The Red Rose.

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Motto: "To love light and seek knowledge must be always right."
 Emblem: The Lily.

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Class Poet: Robert Browning.

Motto: "A man's reach should exceed his grasp." Emblem: The Cosmos.

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Motto: "The horizon widens as we climb." Emblem: The Clematis.

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Motto: "What is excellent is permanent." Emblems: The Corn-flower: Three ears of corn (red, white, and blue).

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Motto: "Light, Love, Life." Emblem: The Palm.
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Motto: "Faith in the God of Truth; hope for the unfolding centuries; charity toward all endeavors." "Licht, Liebe, Leben."
 Emblem: The Pine.

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Motto: "Fidelity, Fraternity." Emblem: The Flag.
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Motto: "The humblest life that lives may be divine." Emblem: The Violet.

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Motto: "Veni Vidi Vici." Emblem: The Ivy.

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Motto: "Truth is eternal." Emblems: The Forget-me-not. The Greek Lamp.

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Motto: "The truth shall make you free." Emblem: The Nasturtium. Honorary President, Mr. Robert Miller, Ponce, Porto Rico.

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Motto: "Ubi mel, ibi apes." Emblem: The Clover.

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Motto: "Study to be what you wish to seem." Emblem: The Acorn.

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Motto: "Seek and ye shall find." Emblem: The Carnation.

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Motto: "So run that ye may obtain." Emblem: The Laurel and the White Rose.

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Motto: "Redeeming the time." Emblem: The Tuberose.

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Motto: "Knowledge unused for the good of others is more vain than unused gold." Emblem: The Daisy.

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Motto: "Let us be seen by our deeds." Emblem: The Geranium.

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Motto: "Neglect not the gift that is in thee." Emblem: The Pansy.
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Motto: "We study for light to bless with light." Emblem: The
Aster.

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Motto: "Press on, reaching after those things which are before."
Emblem: The Heliotrope.

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Motto: "Press forward; he conquers who wills." Emblem: The
Goldenrod.

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Motto: "Step by step we gain the heights." Emblem: The Sweet
Pea.

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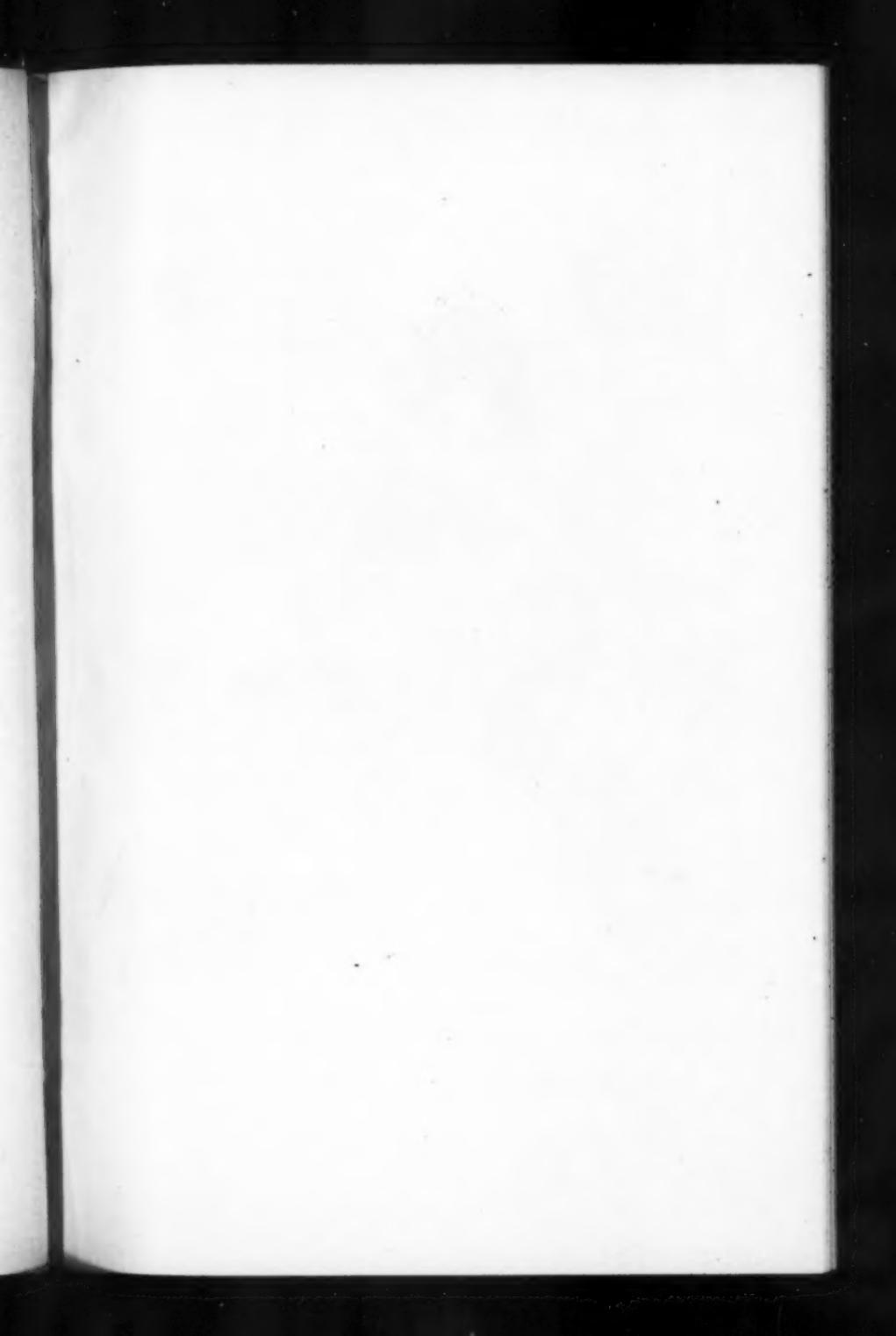
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Frances Anne Kemble

Celebrated English Actress and Writer, Author of "Journal of a Residence in America," and "Life on a Georgia Plantation."

(See "As Others See us," by John Graham Brooks, pages 321-355.)

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THE immigration commission appointed last spring under an act of Congress has returned from Europe with fresh data and some new ideas and will make an elaborate report on the various aspects of the question which it studied practically. Whether it will recommend additional restrictions upon immigration in the form of educational tests, higher physical and property standards, etc., remains to be seen. Meantime the fact is remarkable that, in spite of heavier and heavier streams of aliens pouring into the country—the number of immigrants admitted in the last fiscal year was greater by 200,000 than the number admitted the year before, and that twelvemonth had broken all records—the supply of labor, especially of the unskilled kind, is inadequate in nearly every part and section of the United States. The new bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor that was established to facilitate the distribution of aliens by gathering and giving them accurate information as to work, land and resources, reports that there are vacant jobs and places for 230,000 workmen at good wages in the South, Northwest, and West. Even in the East the demand for labor is far in excess of the supply, for states like Pennsylvania, Maryland, and West Virginia are clamoring for immigrants and workmen. The mining regions have been short of "help" and there has been talk of a famine next winter in certain sizes and grades of coal. Railroad contractors have had great difficulty in getting labor to the camps, and the farmers have com-

plained more loudly than ever of the scarcity of labor for the harvesting season.

In some sections, notably in the South, the need of immigrants is so great that certain municipalities have welcomed newcomers with brass bands, speeches, and formal receptions. At New Orleans a free lunch was even served to a shipload of aliens, and addresses were made in four languages. Maryland is talking of a commission to visit Europe and make a special effort to divert immigration to that state.

The present industrial activity of the country is largely responsible for this situation, and the Panama Canal, Canadian railway construction and other great enterprises are undoubtedly contributory influences. One result will necessarily be to strengthen the opposition to the demands of organized labor and other elements for further restriction of immigration.



The Oklahoma Election and Constitution

The people of Oklahoma and Indian Territory voted on September 17 on the adoption of the constitutional charter that had been prepared for them and elected state officers. Though the proposed constitution had been attacked from many sources, and Secretary Taft had advised the Republicans to reject it on account of certain radical features, the returns showed that it had been adopted by a large majority. Even those citizens in the territories who disliked some of its provisions preferred it to the uncertainty and delay that would have followed rejection.

The constitution as finally submitted differed from the first draft of the constitutional convention. Attorney General Bonaparte and others had pointed out certain defects in it which they thought, might justify the President in withholding his approval, and the convention had met again to revise the instrument and meet the strongest of the objections that had been made. Even as it finally stood it

was an "advanced" constitution, incorporating liberal referendum provisions and limiting the power of courts to punish men for contempt for violations of injunctions—to mention only two of the "contentious" features. But other radical things have been eliminated or modified in a conservative direction. Among these are—the prohibition of appeals from state to federal courts by corporations chartered by other states, the prohibition of punishment for contempt, and the provision that the people might enact laws over the heads of the hostile legislatures by the process of the referendum.

Shortly before the election a new enumeration of the population of the two territories was made by order of the national executive. It was found that the total population exceeded 1,400,000. In 1900 the population was given by the census as less than 800,000, and if both sets of figures for the sister territories were correct at the time the respective enumerations took place, their growth has been extraordinary since 1900.

As a new State Oklahoma would have more population than a good many of the older commonwealths; she would stand 27th on the list of States in the Union. No State ever opened its career with greater claims to independence and sovereignty as regards population, its intelligence and character, its material resources and prospects of growth. The Indians number only 10,000. The people, by the way, largely for the sake of Indians, voted to make Oklahoma prohibition territory for 21 years. This condition had been exacted only of Indian Territory, but Oklahoma voluntarily adopted prohibition and thus illustrated the remarkable growth of that movement and sentiment.

Local sentiment has had its effect, and it is now certain that the President will approve and proclaim the Oklahoma Constitution, in spite of certain objections he still entertains toward it—objections that do not, however, affect the "Republican character" of the proposed government of Oklahoma.

The Railroads, the States, and the Courts

There has been less excitement in the "rate fights" between the several States and the railroads affected by the 2-cent fare and other legislation, but the last few weeks have not failed to bring important developments. Two Pennsylvania courts of the first instance have declared the new 2-cent fare of that State unconstitutional as regards certain railroads, chiefly because the latter had contended and introduced testimony to show that the new rate would take away their profits, or reduce these below the proper, lawful level. The railroads in these cases did not apply for federal writs of injunction; in deference to public opinion they appealed to the State courts and announced that in any event they would obey the new law pending the final judicial determination of the issue. Should the Supreme Court of the State sustain the act, they will appeal to the Federal Supreme Court; but they thought it unwise to evince distrust and disrespect for the State courts. If all the railroads had adopted this course, the States' rights cry would never have been raised, and no popular indignation would have been aroused.

At any rate, in one way or another the rate reduction acts are finding their way into the courts, and all will be finally subjected to the test of "reasonableness." The acts that are not "confiscatory," in the opinion of the courts, will stand, while the others will go into the legislative wastebaskets. All the states interested, except one, are ready to abide by the judgments of the courts on the question of constitutionality. The exception is Georgia.

To the authorities of Georgia it has occurred that another question might be raised, and that one, if upheld, would deprive the federal courts of all jurisdiction in State rate cases. These cases have all been brought under the 14th amendment to the national Constitution—under that provision of it which prohibits the States from depriving any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law. Originally this provision was intended for the bene-

fit of the then newly-enfranchised negro, but, as every one knows, it has since been extended to many questions of corporate and individual rights. No provision has been more frequently cited in legal suits and cases, and to the majority it seems as firm as a rock.

But Georgia, it appears, proposes to attack it in demurrers to complaints against her new railroad rate act. She does not admit that the act is unjust or confiscatory, but she intends to raise the point—a novel one—that the 14th amendment was never properly ratified by the States—that is, by the necessary three-fourths—and never became part of the Constitution. Hence, even if any State acts are confiscatory, the Supreme and other Federal Courts have no power to set them aside, and relief must be obtained on some other ground—if at all.

This point has excited much interest. The 14th amendment, it is true, was not popular. It took over two years to secure its ratification, and in the South reconstruction alone made such ratification possible. Even in the North certain States either rejected it or sought to recall their ratifications.

Few care to predict success for this Georgia move, for the amendment has been regarded as part of the constitution for nearly 40 years. Yet the legal battle may be extremely interesting and educational.



Candidates and Political Issues

The "preliminary" campaign for the presidential nominations of the two great parties is now in the "straw vote" and "private test" stage. Secretary Taft is traveling abroad, and while his supporters are actively working for him and securing indorsements of his candidacy from state conventions, and while his address on his recent tour strengthened his cause with the people, his absence from the country is creating opportunities for other candidates. One of the most significant developments of the last several weeks is

the steady growth of Gov. Hughes as a national figure and presidential possibility "in spite of himself." He has made a number of speeches in New York and elsewhere, and all have been characterized by the qualities of sound sense, progressive spirit, sympathy with just and constructive demands for reform, and contempt for the cheap arts of the professional politician. Newspapers all over the country are recognizing the firmness, the high-mindedness, the rectitude and the efficiency of the New York executive, and speak of him as a man to reckon with in national politics.

Senator Knox's candidacy has been slightly stimulated by the indorsement of the Pennsylvania Republican clubs, and the little booms of Messrs. Cannon, Fairbanks, and others have not been wholly neglected. Roosevelt "third-term" sentiment has not been suppressed, in spite of the President's attitude and his known support of the Taft movement; curiously enough, this sentiment is cropping out even among Southern Democrats, who favor the continuation of the Roosevelt policies while personally friendly to Mr. Bryan as "the logical Democratic candidate."

The Chicago *Tribune*, the New York *Times*, and the Brooklyn *Eagle* have been taking straw ballots or sending out circular letters to ascertain the popularity of the several candidates. The most elaborate was that of the first-named newspaper, and here are the results it produced.

Of the 4,513 answers received from Republican leaders, editors and politicians, over 4,000 expressed approval of the Roosevelt policies, and only 343 expressed disapproval; 3,626 favored a "progressive" candidate, and 614 a conservative one. As to candidates, Taft was the "first choice" of 2,112, Roosevelt of 689, Hughes of 660, and La Follette, Cannon, etc., of smaller numbers. Many more would have voted for Roosevelt, if they had regarded him as a possible candidate. As it is, they declared for Taft as the natural successor of his present chief and best known exponent of the latter's views. But when it comes to "second choice" Hughes received 1,518 votes and Taft 831. It

should be added, however, that Hughes has more conservative support than Taft, chiefly on account of his action in vetoing a 2-cent fare bill for the New York railroads.

In the Democratic camp the situation at this time is even less clear than in the other. A few months ago the drift was unmistakably toward Mr. Bryan. The conservative or safe wing of the party, it was said on all sides, had had its opportunity and had utterly failed. The people were in a "radical mood" and no reactionary or time-serving politician stood the "ghost of a chance." If, then, the progressives were to name the candidate of the Democracy, was not Bryan the man for the hour? But latterly, we are assured, Democrats in the West and South have been turning away from the Nebraska leader and considering other candidates. In the cities of the South this tendency is strongly marked, judging by press opinions and like indications. The country districts are still loyal to Mr. Bryan.

Col. Henry Watterson of Kentucky has suggested Gov. Johnson of Minnesota as the most promising candidate. The East has no prejudice against him, he is strong in the West, he is progressive and able, and he has the prestige of success. He would reunite the Democrats and attract Republican votes, argues Colonel Watterson. But Governor Johnson is in no sense a candidate, though he has not said that he would not accept the nomination. Mr. Bryan is urged and advised to throw his influence and his political capital to Johnson for the sake of party solidarity and the prospects of victory.



Progress and Alarm in China

Strange and disquieting reports have been coming from China of late. Native and competent foreign observers believe that a formidable revolt is certain to break out in the empire. It will not be anti-foreign, but anti-Manchu. Even the court is said to be expecting it, and the aged empress-

dowager is seeking, by reforms, promises and changes in the personnel of the administration, to avert it. Some recent riots and attacks on Manchu officials prematurely disclosed the movement, but it has not been checked, apparently, and the empress has turned her attention to the problem of consolidating the two races and doing away with the centuries-old antagonism between the "invaders" and the natives.

Good authorities believe that such amalgamation is not impossible, but radical measures would be required to bring it about. The Manchu privileges in the army and civil service would have to be abolished; intermarriage of the royal house with Chinese princes, so as to render a Chinese heir to the throne possible, would be indispensable; and all signs of Chinese subordination and inferiority would have to be done away with. The empress is reported to have acquiesced in four measures with this end in view, but none of them is fundamental. They are: The disbanding of the Manchu banner troops, the abolition of their pensions, the prohibition of the Chinese practice of binding the feet of their women, and the adoption of surnames by the Manchus.

Further, though the empress is generally regarded as an arch-reactionary, and was accused of sympathy and secret understanding with the Boxer leaders, she is issuing reform decrees and ordering the removal of ancient abuses. As a rule, nothing comes of these decrees, for the viceroys and the bureaucracy disregard them as "purely Pickwickian;" yet the present decrees seem to mean something, for the empress has been appointing to high office known liberals and progressives. It has again been reported that the imperial counsellors have been ordered to study the Japanese constitution and other parliamentary systems, and to prepare the Chinese for the introduction of representative government.

Whether or not the empress dowager be sincere in her measures, it is believed that her death, which cannot be very distant in the nature of things, in view of her years and physical infirmities, would be followed by an era of great reforms, for the emperor, Kwang Su, was formerly a sup-

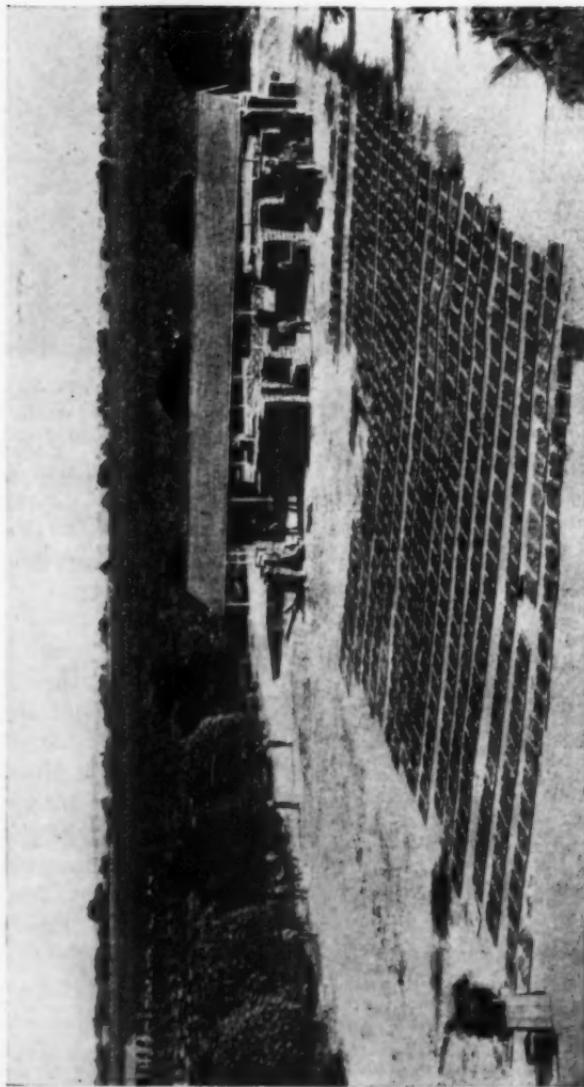


Charles N. Haskell, newly elected Governor of Oklahoma. Arthur T. Hadley, President of Yale University, who has recently gone to Berlin to take the Theodore Roosevelt Professorship of American History and Institutions in the University of Berlin. Edwin G. Cooley, Superintendent of Chicago Schools, newly elected President of the National Educational Association.



FIRST STEPS.

—From the Minneapolis Journal.



A New Mexico Fruit Farm—An Illustration taken from a Railroad Pamphlet.
The American Immigration Problem is in part solved by the railroads, which seek to induce settlers
to buy farmlands in the South and West.

porter of the liberal movement and lost his power because of his "revolutionary" tendencies. Unfortunately the reactionary elements are still strong and aggressive, and the anticipated revolt may be used as an excuse for postponing reform indefinitely. At any rate, all signs point to portentous developments in the immense empire, and even the intervention of foreign powers in the interest of order and commerce is contemplated as a serious possibility.



Improved Prospects in Morocco and Korea

We have spoken in earlier numbers of the dangers to the peace of the world inherent in the troubles in Morocco and in the Korean complications. There has been considerable improvement in both of these quarters. The war-like tribes that threatened Casablanca and necessitated the military campaign of France and Spain in Korea have made peace with the commander of the foreign forces, and the terms they were compelled to accept seem to promise the reestablishment of order. France is greatly relieved at the knowledge that it will not be necessary to make an expedition into the interior and thus take the risk of provoking a fanatical "holy war" of the tribes against the Christian invaders. She is perhaps even more relieved at the disappearance of the possibility of serious friction with Germany over the Moroccan question. The latter power has watched with jealousy and distrust every move of French diplomacy and French arms in the Moorish kingdom, and has insisted on strict conformity to the Algeciras treaty. An extension of the rebellion and war might have made such conformity extremely difficult. As it is, France has gained moral prestige in Morocco by the success of her arms and finds herself under no necessity of occupying territory and unduly interfering with internal affairs.

The country is still disturbed, the Algeciras reforms remain to be carried out, and the sultan's authority is challenged by a "pretender," his own half-brother, who pro-

fesses to be more liberal and more friendly to the Europeans. What the powers will do in the event of civil war over the Moroccan throne is an open question. So far they have refrained from extending any recognition to the pretender, doubting his good faith as well as his strength with the tribes.

In Korea a new treaty has been concluded which converts that kingdom into a dependency of Japan. The real responsibilities of government and administration have been taken over by Japan, and only the empty form of power and "independence" is left to the native court. The native army has been disbanded—not without some resistance and slight disorder—and the people have been "pacified."



Canada and Japanese Immigration

The troubles of the Japanese in San Francisco which produced so much excitement in Japan and even led to aggressive talk of war with the United States have "paled into insignificance" beside the anti-Japanese riots and demonstrations on the part of the women and other citizens of Vancouver. That Japanese laborers should be mobbed and their houses and stores attacked and burned on "British soil" is a very disagreeable fact not only to Japan, the ally of England that has greatly profited morally and materially by the friendship of that great power, but to the government and people of the United Kingdom as well. Severe and lofty were the comments of the English press on the San Francisco-Japanese school incident and certain minor disturbances; it was calmly assumed that nothing of the kind could possibly happen on British territory. Japan naturally made the same assumption. The event has disabused them. The anti-Japanese sentiment throughout British Columbia is as strong as it is in any of our Pacific states, and even in the other Canadian provinces there is a growing movement in favor of Japanese exclusion.

At present Japanese laborers have unrestricted entry

into Canada. The legislature of British Columbia has two or three times passed an act providing that no one shall be admitted into the province who does not speak at least one European language. This would have shut out the Japanese and Chinese and other Asiatics without naming them. But the Dominion and imperial governments have objected to and vetoed such legislation, as it conflicted with the foreign policy and imperial interests of England. Chinese coolies have had to pay a head tax of \$500 in British Columbia, and this has all but stopped their "invasion." The Japanese have of late been arriving at the rate of 400 a month, and the white workmen of British Columbia complain that this influx has depressed wages and made many of them idle and destitute.

The anti-Japanese sentiment is by no means confined to labor. The farmers and merchants appear to share it, disliking the Japanese as neighbors, resenting their ambitious and independent spirit, and regarding them as dishonest, utterly undesirable for citizenship. The capitalists and contractors deny that the labor market is oversupplied or that the wage level has been lowered by the Japs, but they are in a small minority, and impartial correspondents declare that all British Columbia is determined to put an end to Japanese coolie immigration. So liberal-minded a thinker as Goldwin Smith sympathizes with this demand and assures England that Canada at large is also anti-Japanese in this sense. He recently—before the Vancouver riots—wrote as follows:

"A very serious question and one which threatens to involve Canada and the United States in common difficulty—if not danger—is beginning to loom. It is that of the settlement of Chinese and Japanese on the Pacific coast of this continent. Both races are in somewhat different ways unassimilable by us. The gulf which divides them from us, morally, mentally and in the case of the Chinese politically, appears almost impassable; at least to bridge it would be the work of generations. Yet come apparently they will. England has, in fact, bound us to admit the Japanese by her alliance with them, the fruit of a prejudice against Russia and fear of her designs which might almost be

called hallucination. We see in this that the great foreign policy of Great Britain is not always identical with ours. Admitting the Japanese, we could hardly exclude the Chinese, especially if, as seems highly probable, a close relation should be formed between China and Japan. Already they are settling here in considerable numbers, way being made for the introduction of their labor by the strikes. The influx of the Japanese coming here under the shield of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, into the United States can hardly be prevented, and may cause trouble with the American Government. . . . Of 858 Japanese arriving at Victoria, 781 were males and only 77 were females. It is needless to say what moral dangers such a disparity of sexes, which is still greater in the case of the Chinese, involves. Will government ever pay attention to this matter?"

All agree that the problem is "difficult and acute," and that local feeling cannot be lightly disregarded. But will Japan accept a treaty providing for the exclusion of her laborers from Canada and other British colonies—and, of course, from the United States as well? England can hardly ask for such a treaty at this time, while Japan is her ally and friend. But sooner or later the question will have to be met and answered.



The Hindu Immigrant Also in Trouble

The native of British India is a British subject, yet he finds the doors of white men's countries closed against him. Hindu immigration is everywhere deemed a menace and a misfortune. Australia and New Zealand practically exclude it, objecting to Hindu sailors even on mail steamers. South Africa does not want them, and the new Transvaal government has declared them ineligible for citizenship. Natal has many thousands of them under contracts that savor of servitude, and imposes all sorts of restrictions on their movements and their commerce. Canada likewise has no love for them, and even in Jamaica there is a hostile sentiment against them.

These facts should be taken into account in considering the recent outbreaks against Hindu coolies in the State

of Washington and in British Columbia. In the former place some Hindus were mobbed and maltreated by street hoodlums. At Vancouver a ship that had over a hundred Hindus, with some Japanese, on board was prevented from landing her human cargo. The mayor declined to assume responsibility for their safety and to guarantee protection. They had to be taken to Victoria, where they were landed with difficulty in the teeth of demonstrations and demands that they be sent by a special train to Ottawa and "dumped" there on the federal government.

Whether the English government can reconcile Indian with Canadian, South African and Australasian wishes and interests is doubtful. It can hardly permit the self-governing colonies to exclude Hindu laborers, yet free immigration of them is certain to lead to riots and bitter conflicts. The Indian government has a freer hand, however. It has so far discouraged and regulated emigration, and as a result of its measures only about 10,000 coolies leave the country annually never to return. The net emigration has been small for an immense empire of 300,000,000 inhabitants, many of whom are subject to chronic starvation and danger of disease and epidemic. It will have to be kept small. Any noticeable increase in the net emigration would cause widespread alarm and emphatic demands for instant exclusion legislation.



Note and Comment

English ignorance of American affairs has not been confined to the nineteenth century. Even during our colonial days the English newspapers contained fabulous stories concerning American conditions of life, natural scenery, trade and commerce and the like. Benjamin Franklin on a visit to London in 1766 made game of this insular ignorance in a mock serious letter to the daily papers. A quotation from this letter may prove interesting:

"I beg leave to say that all articles of news that seem improbable are not mere inventions. The very tails of the American sheep are so laden with wool, that each has a little car or wagon on four wheels, to support and keep it from trailing on the ground. Would they caulk their ships, would they even litter their horses with wool, if it were not both plenty and cheap? And what signifies

the dearness of labor when an English shilling passes for five-and-twenty? Their engaging three hundred silk throwsters here in one week for New York was treated as a fable, because, forsooth, they have 'no silk there to throw.' Those, who make this objection, perhaps do not know, that, at the same time the agents from the King of Spain were at Quebec to contract for one thousand pieces of cannon to be made for the fortification of Mexico, and at New York engaging the usual supply of woolen floor carpets for their West India homes; other agents from the Emperor of China were at Boston treating about an exchange of raw silk for wool, to be carried in Chinese junks through the Straits of Magellan.

"And yet all this is as certainly true, as the account said to be from Quebec, in all the papers of last week, that the inhabitants of Canada are making preparations for a cod and whale fishery 'this summer in the upper Lakes.' Ignorant people may object, that the upper Lakes are fresh, and that cod and whales are salt water fish: but let them know, sir, that cod, like other fish when attacked by their enemies, fly into any water where they be safest; that whales, when they have a mind to eat cod, pursue them wherever they fly; and that the grand leap of the whale in the chase up the Falls of Niagara is esteemed, by all who have seen it, as one of the finest spectacles in nature."



In the old coaching days, a group of Harvard professors, including Agassiz, Asa Gray and other scientists, started on a trip through the country. President Hill, who rode on the box with the driver, was occasionally importuned by the scientific enthusiasts inside to stop the coach while they strolled forth in search of specimens. Pat, the driver, looked on with sympathetic curiosity. The title "Doctor" seemed to explain the status of the man beside him but he was sadly puzzled by the erratic behavior of the rest of the company. Dr. Hill's explanation "A party of naturalists" seemed to satisfy him. "Indade," he replied, and lapsed into an acquiescent silence. Just then the return coach rounded a turn and its driver seeing Pat's vehicle apparently stranded by the roadside while the occupants wandered about, hailed him, "An' fwhat's them you got?" "Whist," rejoined Pat in a stage whisper, "a party of naturals. It's their keeper who's just after tellin' me."



The following quotation from Galt's life of Benjamin West, the colonial painter, is famous, and so entertaining that it should be true:

"The young artist (West) was sent to school in the neighborhood of his home. During his hours of leisure he was permitted to draw with pen and ink; for it did not occur to any of the family to provide him with better materials. In the course of the summer a party of Indians came to pay their annual visit to Springfield, and being amused with the sketches of birds and flowers which Benjamin showed them, they taught him to prepare the red and yellow colors with which they painted their ornaments. To these his mother added blue, by giving him a piece of indigo, so that he was thus put in possession of the three primary colors. The

fancy is disposed to expatiate on this interesting fact; for the mythologies of antiquity furnish no allegory more beautiful; and a painter who would embody the metaphor of an artist instructed by Nature, could scarcely imagine anything more picturesque than the real incident of the Indians instructing West to prepare the prismatic colors. The Indians also taught him to be an expert archer, and he was sometimes in the practice of shooting birds for models, when he thought that their plumage would look well in a picture.

"His drawings at length attracted the attention of the neighbors; and some of them happening to regret that the artist had no pencils, he inquired what kind of things these were, and they were described to him as small brushes made of camel's hair fastened in a quill. As there were, however, no camels in America, he could not think of any substitute, till he happened to cast his eyes on a black cat, the favorite of his father; when, in the tapering fur of her tail, he discovered the means of supplying what he wanted. He immediately armed himself with his mother's scissors, and laying hold of Grimalkin with all due caution, and a proper attention to her feelings, cut off the fur at the end of her tail, and with this made his first pencil. But the tail only furnished him with one, which did not last long, and he soon stood in need of a further supply. He then had recourse to the animal's back, his depredations upon which were so frequently repeated, that his father observed the altered appearance of his favorite, and lamented it as an effect of disease. The artist, with suitable marks of contrition, informed him of the true cause; and the old gentleman was so much amused with his ingenuity, that if he rebuked him, it was certainly not in anger."



It is said that Stuart's paintings being like a mosaic of tints had great beauty and brilliance but required distance to allow the juxtaposed colors to blend; it annoyed him greatly to see people examine them too closely. To a visitor who scrutinized his painting as if it were a miniature, Stuart exclaimed irritably, "Well, sir, does it smell good?"



Copley's famous painting of a shark attacking the boy Watson whose leg was bitten off by the monster, recalls a story of Watson's later life. On one occasion he was stopping at a hotel and requested a servant to pull off his boot. To the man's astonishment Watson's leg came off with it! When questioned as to how he happened to lose his leg, Watson replied that he would tell if no further questions were asked. The information that it was "bit off" left poor Boots no resource but to scratch his head and remark wistfully, "How I wish I could ask one more."



A Century of Foreign Criticism on The United States--A Study of Progress.*

V. Some Other Peculiarities.

By John Graham Brooks

IF there was an excess of emphasis in the last chapter upon a single alleged characteristic, it is because foreign comment on our boastfulness has itself such emphasis and unanimity. Upon no other one thing is there entire agreement. That we are sordid in our love of money is asserted by a majority of these onlookers, yet some of our ablest censors, as we shall see, now come gallantly to our defense against this charge. That our manners are pretty bad is very commonly said, but this, too, is denied by at least a few first-rate foreign judges. The variations in opinion are found about every peculiarity noted in this chapter. Some will have it that our democracy is full of envy; others, as Professor Münsterberg, deny this. The "American voice" excites almost universal dislike, yet it has here and there a defender. But through the century, so far as I could learn, not a single voice is heard to defend us against the charge that our gift for bragging has no international competitor.

*Mr. Brooks' series will continue throughout the reading year (September-May). The articles which have already appeared are: I. The Problem Opened; II. Concerning our Critics (September). III. Who is the American?; IV. Our Talent for Bragging (October).

Our, frailties, queernesses, peculiarities, distinctions, make a rather portentous showing. To begin in lighter vein and with external characteristics, we can be spotted in any part of the world by the way our elbows rest upon the table. This trait vexed a French *savant* until he discovered our habit of eating corn from the cob. If for some exceptional reason this sign fail we may be known by our manner of eating soup. We are the only people who fill the spoon by first moving it *away from the body*.* This lacks something of the simplicity of the corn-on-the-cob theory. It also, as I have proved by investigation, excites incredulity among many Americans who assert that since they could be trusted with soup, the spoon has been filled by moving it *toward* the body. The amount of gold displayed in the teeth is another safe token. As we have the best "fire brigades" because of the frequency of our fires, so we have the best dentists because our teeth are so bad. A Frenchman hears that girls in the United States are often married with no other dowry than the gold "mined into their teeth." In any European crowd we may be known by our "inability to keep still" or by a "certain facial pallor." As we are studied in our own habitat, there is great "monotony" or "lack of variety" in our lives and ideals; rooted suspicion toward people and things we do not understand; lack of thoroughness in our habits and undertakings; slight capacity for pleasure for its own sake; we are "very silent;" we are the most sensitive of peoples under criticism; we are lawless, especially about everything that touches our business interests; we put up supinely with small injustices against which other nations kick.† Especially the French, endow us with a miraculous instinct for

*One budding naturalist among our visitors is delighted to find in Anthony Trollope an account of the American squash. It was often served to him but he "had no conception of its origin." Now he learns that it is the "pulp of the pumpkin."

†Dr. A. S. Crapsey, for twenty-eight years active as a clergyman in Rochester, N. Y., in speaking of "the hundreds of orders and associations" in that community, says "They are so fundamentally a part of our social life that our civilization would fall to pieces without them."

creating all forms of associational activity. M. de Tocqueville writes:*

"In no country in the world has the principle of association been more successfully used, or applied to a greater multitude of objects, than in America. Besides the permanent associations, which are established by law, under the names of townships, cities, and counties, a vast number of others are formed and maintained by the agency of private individuals."

Chevalier says:

"The Yankee type exhibits little variety; all Yankees seem to be cast in the same mould; it was, therefore, very easy for them to organize a system of liberty for themselves, that is, to construct a frame, within which they should have the necessary freedom of motion."

Then, of his own French people he writes:

"As for us, who resemble each other in nothing, except in differing from everybody else."†

These modern writers, from De Rousier and Professor Vigoroux to the last book of Paul Adam, continue to note this quality. M. Adam is so struck by it that he speaks of it as more peculiarly our distinction than the aggressive individualism which most writers identify with our character and society.

If our political and social pretensions as expressed in our Declaration and patriotic literature are serious, we must be said to exhibit a most unexpected aptitude for snobbery. Both de Tocqueville and Laboulaye find amusement in the desire of Americans to have it known as soon

*"Democracy in America," p. 242.

†Chevalier was a man of the world and a wise one but these quoted words offer so dainty a bit of obtuseness and provincialism that they deserve comment. The Eastern traveler Palgrave, says that practically the whole East in his time honestly thought all Europeans alike. They in the East were, of course, profoundly different one from another, but to the inhabitants of Bagdad or Mosool, there was not the slightest difference between a Frenchman, an Englishman, or a German, nor could they be made to understand the most obvious distinctions. Hamerton says that to the average Frenchman the English are pretty much alike. "Each nation is aware that there is now, and always has been in past times, an infinite variety of character within its own border, but it fails to imagine that a like variety can exist in a foreign country."

as possible that they are probably descended from certain distinguished English families. On this point a great deal of embarrassing evidence is given from the behavior of many Americans in Europe, from the agility with which purchasable titles are clutched at in marriage, and from the amazing extension of societies ready to furnish heraldic blazonry (for a consideration) to all comers.* Harriet Martineau has much to say about snobbishness in the older cities. Boston was even more intolerable to her than it was to H. G. Wells. As she had taken our pretensions to equality seriously, she expresses her first surprise to find that the most interesting people are so sharply separated by social barriers. In Philadelphia she makes inquiries about the cultivated superiorities and is told, "that the mutual ignorance was from fathers of the Arch Street ladies having made their fortunes, while the Chestnut Street ladies owed theirs to their grandfathers. Another, who was amused at a new fashion of curtseying, just introduced, declared it was from the Arch Street ladies rising twice on their toes before curtseying, while the Chestnut Street ladies rose thrice. I was sure of only one thing in the matter; that it was a pity that the parties should lose the pleasure of admiring each other, for no better reasons than these: and none better were apparent."†

Among our "grands traits," De Nevers insists that a supercilious exclusiveness (*l'exclusivisme dédaigneux*) is to be found. He says that between three and four thousand American families, with hungry credulity, have traced their ancestry to those who have occupied thrones somewhere in Europe. It is this writer who attributes to us a unique development of "altruistic vanity" which is "*un produit absolument Americain.*" This amiability is illustrated by the generous and free distribution of titles which en-

*One spectator, scoffing at our pretence of equality, says, "The Americans seem to have no notion that Nature went into the business before the Declaration of Independence."

†"Society in America," Vol. I, p. 173.

courage the "ambitions and the good nature of the community." It was Marryat, I think, who met "in the United States chiefly Colonels and Captains who had never been in any army but owed their dignity to the good will of their neighbors." The rebuke of Mr. Bryce is conveyed with such literary skill that one must italicize a part of it. He speaks of our "enthusiasm for anything that can be called genius with an *overreadiness to discover it.*"

Again, one of our primary passions is "to overdo things." If we take on any new habit, like the tipping of waiters and attendants, we are not content to exercise it with the least restraint. It must be carried into all forms of demoralizing excess. An Englishman is taken to one of the more fashionable New York clubs on several occasions. He says that his American hosts in no instance gave less than a dollar tip* "What," he asks, "can you expect of a system that gives as a tip three times as much as my *fare* from the station to my club in London ever costs me?"

Our "pitiless hospitality" is another phase of this "genius for overdoing." That the Yankees are tuft-hunters can be seen in this inability to let any kind of celebrity alone a *minute*. They will drive him to death if they can get some glory out of it. Frederika Bremer has many complaints of this. She writes: "And that is the way they kill strangers in this country. They have no mercy on the poor lion, who must make a show and whisk his tail about as long as there is any life left in him. One must really be downright obstinate and stern, if one would be at peace here. And I feel as if I should become so. It is said that Spurzheim was regularly killed with kindness by the Bostonians."

*This seemed to me extravagant both as a tip and a story. I have, however, verified it. A gentleman frequently at one of these clubs tells me, "I have several times gone there to dine with two fellows whom no one would call rich. I have repeatedly seen a crisp dollar bill given as a tip. I supposed it was the fare, until I found out that the cabs were paid for at the club."

This "impulse to excess," has many dangerous illustrations. "When the passion has vented itself, interest dies out," as in our "prolific and insane passing of laws." "For every conceivable evil, real or imagined, the Yankee must have a law, but when it is passed, he goes about his business as if nothing more were required." The result being that "nowhere is there such a bewildering mass of unenforced and forgotten laws as in America."

Among civilized folk, we have the least agreeable speaking voice; we have a passion for exaggeration and bigness apart from quality and excellence. This latter shows itself not only externally (as in our advertising and our press methods) but in our tastes and habits of thought.

Perhaps not unconnected with this, is another observation that is often expressed by foreign students about our educational institutions. It is admitted that we have specific schools of the highest rank in administrative efficiency, but that the visiting student is surprised by nothing so much as the larger number that have elaborate up-to-date external equipment and housing with feeble and ineffective teaching. An English educator, after seeing our schools during a five months' trip, says, "There are no better schools in the world than a few I could name, but in many others with imposing and costly plants, the teaching is so poor that your public appears to trust the magnificence of the plant rather than the capacity of the teachers."

To continue our discipline, we have an extraordinary optimism, especially where there seems to be no justification for it; we are also "fatalists," accepting grimly or cheerfully all sorts of defeats when once the issue is decided; we are "the only people to whom hotels and traveling are ends in themselves." This is a part of our surplus (or morbid) energy and love of change, which excites many comments. Our curiosity is very highly developed; we have little "love of locality." We have unusual powers of adaptability to new and sudden emergencies; we are "most intellectually tol-

erant," have "great good nature,"* "unlimited push," "invention," "energy," "versatility," and a widespread "whimsical humor," are of course in the list.

It is very painful to find that other nations do not think us the wittiest folk in the universe, but "a certain generally diffused humor" is readily granted to us. We are known, finally, by one other ugly distinction which gives us easy and sinister precedence among civilized folk of all the world. Side by side with lordly hospitalities for all the embodied enlightenments, we show a mania to foster and support multitudes of impostaers. Mr. Muirhead's words were, "the home of the charlatan and the quack." Why, it is asked, should a people so priding itself on its practical good sense open its arms to every religious and medical charlatan on earth? One visitor tries to make a record of all the obvious quacks in a small city of twenty thousand. Palmists, clairvoyants, fortune-tellers, soothsayers, astrologers, innumerable healers, magicians, exorcists, he finds in such numbers that he is sure "the Americans don't know themselves what a pest of vampires and parasites they harbor." More dangerous than this swarm of necromancers, however, is the patent medicine fiend. Here our passion for humbug is exercised at terrible cost. This investigator gives up his task of counting the quacks, but says he now understands why we are "a headachy and dyspeptic people." "It is a nation of nervously disturbed people." A French engineer, four years in the West, thinks the Americans are not to be feared by competing nations because they will lose their prestige and strength through the quack doctor.

De Nevers, also, connects our ill health with "the colossal use of drugs."

One writer thinks the palmists and sorcerers generally are welcomed and maintained as we welcome vaudeville or any source of fun. We get amusement

*Sir Arthur Helps puts these words into the mouth of his lawyer: "I think you cannot help being struck by their good nature, even when they [the Americans] commence blowing their tiresome national trumpet." Essays on Organization, p. 208.

enough out of them to justify the expense, but are not really fooled by them. The quack doctor and patent medicine man are not thus accounted for. They are like a "permanent devastating plague." "Why should this most beschooled and newspapered nation in the world freely exhaust itself by fostering this army of leeches?" One gives a long list of advertisements of which the following is an illustration,

"Great Clairvoyant! Mme Stuart; THE SEVENTH DAUGHTER OF THE SEVENTH DAUGHTER, has read cards since 11 years of age,—life revealed, past, present, future,—ladies or gents, 50c."

Here is the full and redoubtable catalogue of our peculiarities, both in terms of weakness and of strength, as gathered from this literary annotation on our institutions and behavior. It is a medley of vigors and incompletences, of many offenses and some sturdy excellences.

There are innumerable variations given to these supposed characteristics, but for the most part they analyze into the more general ones here given. Between several of these, as we have seen, any real distinction is difficult to maintain. For example, if there is a "fatalistic" quality in our character, it is not something inherently different and apart from our "indiscriminate optimism," or even from our "general good nature." If we are careless and indifferent about common social wrongs and grievances, this is not distinct from our "tolerance." "Adaptability" is a part of our "love of change." If we have "a passion for bigness," that becomes a general term for other minor shortcomings like our "lack of tact;" our "importunate hospitality" and "lack of restraint." Some of these require no comment, as they are merely human and race frailties, not in the least peculiar to our geography. With only a portion, even of the truthful strictures, can we deal. But first: Toward the main charges, what attitude are we to take? Shall we greedily accept the flattering ascriptions, but bristle with testy denial at the unflattering ones? This would too easily justify our critics. Smugly

to take the praise and show affront at the blame, would prove that one damaging criticism is true: that "the American cannot stand criticism," that "unless you coddle him, he sulks and won't play." One writer in 1840, examining our prisons, says, "I found I could not criticize with the slightest freedom. Unless I had plenty of compliments, I could not even get the information I wanted. If I put it all on with a trowel, I could get any question answered." We shall see later what a mass of evidence there is on this point. The only proof that we have outgrown this childishness must be in our present readiness to face the censure as gaily as the approbation.

Another form of that early oversensitiveness is to boast fussily that we don't in the least *care* what foreigners think of us. This would only add stupidity to childishness.

To be intellectually hospitable to these critics is not in the least to admit their infallibility. Much less does it admit that criticisms once true are still true. Some of them that were meant as a stigma or weakness are virtues in the making. "Yankee curiosity" has received much abuse, but it is one of the most hopeful signs of growing intelligence. Several of our more recent visitors express surprise that this prying curiosity of which they had read or heard so much is nowhere to be found except as an exceptional phenomenon. So, too, with the charge of "suspicion." That we are exceptional in this has probably no shred of truth so far as it is meant to stand for a national characteristic. Foreigners far oftener note an extreme openness and frankness of mind which even become objects of criticism. Suspicion is a product of social or class conditions, or it is the merely human expression of timidities and doubts when inexperienced folk are placed in wholly new and unwonted surroundings. One of the critics explains that he never saw this suspicion in Americans in their own country, but observed it only when he saw them in Europe. Even such a count against us as that we are the "happy hunting-ground of all extant quack-

eries," that we "are the only nation of rank that fosters and protects all forms of charlatanism," raises an issue that is not to be dismissed as if it were a final judgment.

There are specific forms of commercialized humbug that are definitely known to be such by the simplest tests and common experience. Against these no scathing can be too severe. But our critics include in their condemnation far more than these. There is the assumption of some existing religious, educational, scientific, moral or political standard, from which any departure is a depravity. Yet much of the world's new truth is constantly breaking in upon us through those that at the time *are called* cranks and imposters. What would become of religion, science, medicine, politics, art and education, social reforms, if in each, the strictly orthodox contingent were allowed to define and dispose of heresies; if to those various orthodoxes were given sole power to decide the activities and the destinies of those groping and experimenting on life's frontier? There is none to whom the race has more cause for gratitude than the long list of those who were the erratic and ostracized of their day. The accusation against the English, that they suffer still because they cannot bear with eccentricity, is as late as John Stuart Mill. Tolerance has its dangers, but a straightened conventionalism has perils greater still.

Again, a French writer complains that we are cold and unresponsive. That is what the Latin race would ascribe to all northern races. De Amicis knew Holland well, and that is his criticism against the Dutch. That all northern peoples are more indifferent to pleasure for its own sake, is true from the Latin point of view.

Still other of these traits are explained by the character of the period of development. They would be as true of other nations when the corresponding stage was reached. Given our facilities for constant travel and they, too, will be "restless" and "incessantly on the go," and apparently have "slight attachment to the home."

"Lack of thoroughness," in the sense meant, was inevitable and even justifiable in the early decades of the last century, when the criticism was oftenest made. Americans have, says one, "an absurd lack of thoroughness." It will be remembered that words like "absurd" and "ridiculous" are usually applied by us to objects and happenings, the real meaning or explanation of which we do not understand. The "absurdity" is properly in our own lack of comprehension.

For example our "flimsy wooden houses" have excited a great deal of emotional rhetoric. They were almost the first objects noted by Dickens. They seemed "to have no root." They looked as if they "could be taken up piecemeal like a child's toy," and crammed into a little box.* Another says they are "as absurd as they are dangerous and wasteful." A stately English scholar said while lecturing here, "Your wooden houses, I can't understand. Why don't you put up something in stone and brick that will be solid at the end of three hundred years, as we do in England?" An American, to whom the question was put, answered, "It is because we don't want that kind of a house. Changes, improvement, new comforts of all sorts come so fast, that we don't want a house to last too long. This house is what I want, but not what my children will want. Even I want to make some structural change every five years. I can now do it without being ruined, as I could not in one of your three century dwellings." "Bless my heart," replied the Englishman, "I never thought of that. You want houses that will easily take on improvements as they come, and be free to build a new and better one every generation, if you want to." I heard the Englishman say later, as he was commenting on the above conversation, "It is really extraordinary how stupid most of us are in not trying to discover why people do things in different ways, before we set up as judges." This bit of obvious wisdom applies

*"American Notes," Vol. I, p. 23.

quite as well to a good many of the "characteristics" which here occupy us.

There are, however, some of these strictures that are not to be explained away or even to be internationalized. Stretch the margin of exceptions widely as we may, the "American voice" in many parts of the country is so sadly deficient in resonance and pleasing quality that no ardor of patriotism can save our pride about it. That the great mass of us do not set ourselves—like the English, for example—stoutly against recognized evils and nuisances of the commoner sort is incontestable. Herbert Spencer saw in this one of our chief weaknesses. It is again and again asked, why should a people of such undoubted vitality and assertion have this failing. Chevalier says, "They eat what is placed before them, without ever allowing themselves to make any remark about it. They stop at the pleasure of the driver and the captain, without showing the least symptom of impatience; they allow themselves to be overturned and their ribs to be broken by the one, without uttering a complaint or a reproach; the discipline is even more complete than in the camp."

A British critic calls this "the little understood stoicism of the Yankee" in contrast to which, he says that "if an Englishman finds his chop slightly burnt, he barks at everybody in sight."

That Americans in the presence of great and impending evils show extraordinary mettle has often enough been said at home and abroad. Even the English found us sufficiently lively as kickers in 1776 and 1812. The sacrifices for an idea North and South in the Civil War mark the first profound change in tone in foreign criticism. John Bright could say, "A nation that can suffer like that for its principles has answered all critics that are capable of understanding ideals." But these are the great events. It is conceded that these stir us to real unselfishness and intrepidity. The criticism concerns those lesser evils and injustices which continue to afflict most communities, and

which Mr. Lowell thought likely to continue because of "the divine patience of my fellow countrymen." The illustrations of this lethargy are troublesome from their very number.

I choose three very simple instances from New England communities that are often spoken of as exceptional, so far as educational opportunity and general well-being are concerned. In the first one, serious political evils had developed during the last twenty years, largely in connection with carelessly bestowed franchises. From this root came treacherous politics and slovenliness in the care of the city streets and sanitation. After some ten years of this, I heard the following comment from the one citizen who, by common consent, was foremost in public spirit. He said, "No effort than we can make seems really to move the mass of our best citizens at all. Some of them will come to a meeting and talk manfully, but when it comes to giving their time and continuous work, even one evening in the week, they fall down. The college graduates as a class, and men from whom you would expect most, are about as good as so many dead men. They usually say they are too busy, but I find a large part of them using up four or five times as many hours as this public service would require, at golf, at their clubs, or at the card table. Enough men play poker every day from four o'clock to dinner, to set these things right in six months."

The second instance is a much beschooled community in which harassing juvenile misdemeanors, among other things, have long been such a plague as to excite much discussion. The Captain of Police, who had special experience with these offenders, said in my hearing, "You needn't blame the kids, the trouble is in the public, but especially in the educated and well-to-do people. There are just two in this town who have sand enough to take any real trouble after they make complaint. Those two will go to court and see it through, but the rest of the citizens just grumble, but can't be made to do anything about it."

When these facts were brought out at a public meeting in the third town, a sociological professor made the reply, "We thought all the time you were talking about us. Several of our citizens have given up raising fruit and flowers, because there seems to be no way in which stealing and destruction can be prevented. One of my acquaintances cut down his fruit trees, although he never would take the trouble to appear in court against the offender even when the petty thief had been caught. He gave it as a reason that he always imagined a distracted mother would appear and make such a fuss for her boy that he couldn't stand it." This professor enriched the discussion by adding that the reason why our domestic service is so bad is that almost all mistresses are too cowardly to tell the truth. When the servant leaves, and the mistress gives a "recommendation," she tells the most atrocious fibs about the girl's real faults, and then excuses herself on the ground that she "really can't hurt the girl's prospects." This coincides with one of Mrs. Bacon's conclusions about the servant question, that little is to be hoped for "Until women can offer honesty in their written references, and supply full details to written questions they have no right to complain of bad service from bureaus or employes."*

It is of this hesitation to face unpleasant facts rather than to be disagreeable and pugnacious about them, after the genius of our English cousins, that calls out the criticism. James Muirhead says, "Americans invented the slang word 'kicker,' but so far as I could see their vocabulary is here miles ahead of their practice; they dream noble deeds but do not do them; Englishmen 'kick' much better, without having a name for it."† I have never found an American who denied this criticism after he had fairly considered it. One remembers little spurts of protest now and then. Indignant letters are sent to the press to complain of late trains, crowded trollies or soft

**American Magazine*, February, 1907, p. 360.

†"The Land of Contrasts," p. 801.

coal smoke. Yet the difference between our general acquiescence, and the English habit of quick and lusty resistance to minor evils, has no exaggeration in Herbert Spencer's comment. A humorous illustration of the English habit is shown me by Mr. Muirhead in the English "Who's Who" for 1904. Mr. Ashton gives as one of his recreations, writing letters to the press on various subjects; of these over 550 call attention to neglect of graves of noteworthy people.

In one of our smaller cities, the overchoked condition of the street cars called out a protest in the press. The local trolley magnate was incensed by this lack of consideration on the part of the public. He said the company couldn't do any better, adding "*The seats only pay our expenses: the straps give us our dividends.*" As long as we submit to rank affronts of that character, we deserve what we get.

For the degree of truth there is in the criticism, what reasons can be given? Is it a part of our "miscellaneous good nature" or of our "fatalism"? Is it that our "gift of tolerance," which Klein notes, includes things evil as well as good? The extemporized reason is usually that we are "too busy with our own affairs." I have even heard it said that we have too much "humor" to be fussy about ordinary evils. A sociological teacher in one of our colleges states it thus, "The truth is, our individual relation to the whole pest of lesser injustices and evils is so slight and so indirect, that anything an individual can do strikes him as ridiculous. I am asked, for instance, to join the protestants against "city noises." They are an infernal nuisance, but when I think of any conceivable thing I can do to check the nuisance, the incongruity makes me smile." That we do not like to make ourselves conspicuous or disagreeable accounts, I think, for more of this easy acquiescence than surplus of humor.

It is not unlikely that one deeper reason why the English are blunt and abrupt about their rights, is because class

lines are so much more sharply drawn there. Within these limits, one is likely to develop the habit of demanding his dues. He insists upon his prerogatives all the more because they are more narrowly defined. When an English writer* says, "We are not nearly so much afraid of one another in England as you are in the States," he expresses this truth. In a democracy every one at least hopes to get on and up. This ascent depends not upon the favor of a class, but upon the good will of the whole. This social whole has to be conciliated. It must be conciliated in both directions—at the top and at the bottom. To make oneself conspicuous and disagreeable, is to arouse enmities and block one's way.

This is in part what de Tocqueville means in one of his few severities, "I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America." Professor Münsterberg evidently thinks Germany has more "inner freedom," and even adds, "if I consider the outer forms of life, I do not hesitate to maintain that Germany is even in that respect freer than the United States."† An honored citizen of Maine has given it as the worst feature of their constitutional prohibition, that "it paralyzes the intellectual independence of our politicians." He named three men prominent as statesmen. "I know personally that every one of them heartily disbelieves in that liquor legislation, but they will not imperil their careers by saying so in public." That this "saving subserviency" will be found in every nation of the world is, of course, true. That it is more necessarily prevalent in a large and loose democracy is what these criticisms imply.

As other of these imputed characteristics are to have further consideration under topics which they serve to illustrate, the next chapter will be devoted to a peculiarity that is a kind of tap root from which others spring, namely, the extreme sensitiveness of the American people under criticism.

*Jowett; Book VIII., p. 588.

†"American Traits," p. 33.

VI. American Sensitiveness

ONE of our critics reports that he meant to make a third trip to the United States, but that he suffered so much from the perpetual inquiry, "How do you like America?" "How do you like our city or town?" that he concluded to stay at home.

The fame of Frederika Bremer gave her universal welcome among us in the middle of the last century. Her two volumes* are full of appreciation, but she is " vexed to distraction" by insistent personal questioning, of which this is one example:

"At the hotel at Buffalo I was again tormented by some new acquaintance with the old, tiresome questions, 'How do you like America?' 'How do you like the States?' 'Does Buffalo look according to your expectations?' To which latter question I replied that I had not expected anything from Buffalo."†

This plague of questioning assumed many forms and became a sore trial to her. She thought as she went South she might be free from it. But there, too, it haunted her.

"You are asked, for example,

"Will you have butter?"

"Yes, I thank you."

"Will you take fish or meat? chicken or turkey?"

"Chicken, if you please."

"Have you any choice? The breast or a wing?"

"Then comes, 'Will you have pickles?'

"No, I thank you."

"A pause and calm ensues for two minutes. But then somebody to your left discovers that you have no pickles, and pickles come to you from the left. 'May I help you to pickles?'

"No, I thank you?"

"After a few minutes more somebody on the right sees that you have no pickles, and hastens to offer you the bottle. 'Will you not take pickles?'

"You then begin an interesting conversation with your next neighbor; and, just as you are about to ask some question of importance, a person opposite you observes that you are not eating pickles, and the pickle-bottle comes to you across the table."

*"Homes of the New World;" two volumes, Harpers, 1853.

†"Homes of the New World;" Vol. I, p. 596.

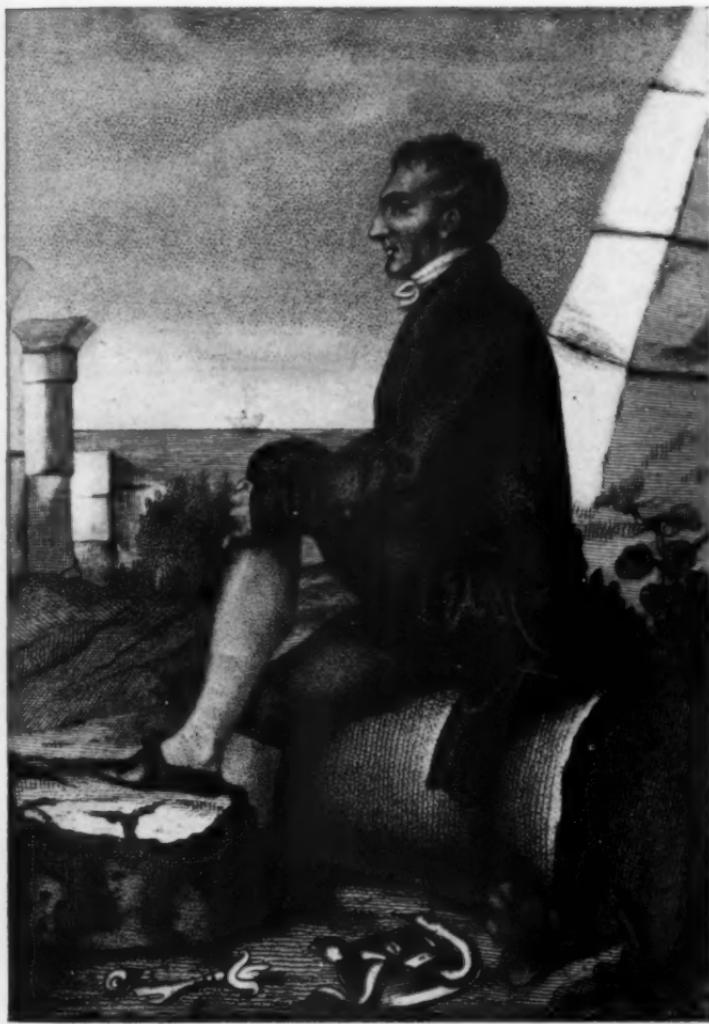
‡"Homes of the New World," Vol. I, p. 334.



Captain Marryat
English Novelist and Critic of American Institutions.



Sir Charles Lyell
English Scientist and Traveler in America.



Volney, French Antiquarian
Author of a Geographical Work upon the United States.



William Makepeace Thackeray
English Novelist, Author of "The Virginians."



Charles Dickens
English Novelist Who Twice Visited the United States.



Prof. John Tyndall
English Physicist and Traveler
in the United States.



Thomas Huxley
English Scientist and Critic of
America.



Richard Cobden
English Statesman and Critic
of America.



Chateaubriand
French Author and Early Vis-
itor to America.

If we are to believe several other visiting celebrities, the question, "How do you like us?" begins before landing, never fails at the dock, and continues until the poor victim is under shelter in his native land. If the traveler has a turn for philosophizing, he is sure to ask why the American has this itching desire to know what every foreigner thinks about his town or country. One maintains that "familiarity with half the world" never elicited this inquiry in any other country. An American who had spent much of his life in Europe told me he never remembered once being asked, "How do you like Italy, or England, or Germany?" Bryce says in his Introduction, "In England one does not inquire from foreigners, nor even from Americans, their views on the English laws and government; nor does the Englishman on the Continent find Frenchmen or Germans or Italians anxious to have his judgment on their politics." B. F. Stevens* thinks that while personally we are "entirely free from self consciousness," our *national* self consciousness is extreme in its development. We are "uneasy unless we know what the observer is thinking." Buckminster notes in 1838† that "the first citizen of Pennsylvania, Nicholas Biddle," in an address delivered at Princeton College, used these words: "When some unhappy traveler ventures to smile at follies which we do not see or dare not acknowledge, instead of disregarding it or being amused by it, we resent it as an indignity to our sovereign perfections." This differs little from Mrs. Trollope.

"If I say to an American that the country he lives in is a fine one, 'Ay,' he replies, 'there is not its equal in the world.' If I applaud the freedom which its inhabitants enjoy, he answers, 'Freedom is a fine thing, but few nations are worthy to enjoy it.' If I remark the purity of morals which distinguishes the United States, 'I can imagine,' he says, 'that a stranger who has witnessed the corruption that prevails in other nations, should be astonished at the difference.' At length, I leave him to the contemplation of himself; but he returns to the charge, and does not desist till he has got me to repeat all I have just been saying. It is impossible

*"Land of the Dollar," p. 315.

†"Travels in America," Vol. II, p. 45.

to conceive a more troublesome or more garrulous patriotism; it wearis even those who are disposed to respect it."*

Alfred Bunn, an English lecturer, writes:†

"Such an unhappily sensitive community surely never existed in the world; and the vengeance with which they visit people for saying they don't admire or like them, would be really terrible if the said people were but as mortally afraid of abuse as they seemed to be. I would not advise either Mrs. Trollope, Basil Hall, or Capt. Hamilton, ever to set their feet upon this ground again, unless they are ambitious of being stoned to death."

M. de Tocqueville says:‡

"Nothing is more embarrassing, in the ordinary intercourse of life, than this irritable patriotism of the Americans. A stranger may be well inclined to praise many of the institutions of their country, but he begs permission to blame some things in it,—a permission which is inexorably refused."

It is a different phase of this same feeling to which Mr. Howells refers when he asks why it is that we Americans insist, when abroad, in being appreciated "in the lump?" Why must the poor alien show a fondness for the whole nation? This is a form of sublimated patriotism which we do not practise at home. We do not ourselves like Americans "in a lump." After our tastes and sympathies, we have affections and likings for individuals. We do not dote on the totals in the census.

A lecturer, recently here from Cambridge, England, said of this characteristic, "We Englishmen don't care a rap whether England is liked or disliked as a nation. We like some human beings here and there. Some Americans quite win our hearts, just as some Englishmen do. But I won't love the whole of America any more than I love the whole pack of my own countrymen." This is clearly what we all act upon in our ordinary relations. In spite of "Triple" or any other alliances, no nation loves another nation, no race loves another race. Can we even say that

*Vol. II, p. 275.

†"Old England and New England," 1853: pp. 190-1.

‡"Democracy in America," p. 311.

the South loves the North, or the North the South? Does the East love the West, or the West the East? Does Chicago love St. Louis, Cleveland grow foolish over Cincinnati? Why, then, should America be so supersensitive on this point? Why should Paul Bourget still have to put it into his French text that we are so "touchy"—au plus haut degré, "touchy"?*

Though the French and Germans note this trait, such natural history of our sensitiveness as can be traced, has far more to do with our Mother Country than with that of any other or all others. In spite of vehement denial, we *cared* about English opinion. The historical relation with England, which covers the origin and close of two wars (1776 and 1812), did not wholly create this touchiness, but it helps much to explain it. It is altogether impossible at this date to reproduce the enduring bitterness toward England which her attitude in these conflicts produced upon the American people. Almost more than the wars themselves, was the prevailing tone of her official dealing with us, as well as the more general criticism seen in the last chapter. De Tocqueville, a quarter of a century after the War of 1812, says that it is incredible to what length this hatred of England went. It is to the popular reading habit that we must first look. Dickens finds every American with his heels in the air and a newspaper in his hands. What sort of message did these readers find reprinted for them from the last batch of English papers? It was oftener than not coarse abuse of this country. Or it was a half insolent ignoring of every national aspiration, and this was more galling still. It is a loyal Englishman who speaks of his own country in these words:†

*"Outre-Mer," Vol. I, p. 68.

†"The Land of Contrasts," p. 801.

"England has her fixed position in the family of nations. We care not therefore what the foreigner thinks or says of us. The English may look or express contempt as he walks their streets. The foreigner cannot exalt or debase the English as a people." These are words of a recent English journalist.

"But it is just his calm, supercilious Philistinism, aggravated no doubt by his many years' experience as a ruler of submissive Orientals, that makes it no less a pleasure than a duty for a free and intelligent republican to resent and defy his criticism."

Until the forties, English opinion had been chiefly formed by books like those of Basil Hall, Hamilton, Dickens, and Mrs. Trollope. Books, still more recklessly hostile, like those of Parkinson and Smyth, were widely read by their countrymen. For years it was honestly believed in this country that vilifiers were hired by the British Ministers to discredit the United States. It was, of course, not true, but that it could have general belief indicates the state of feeling. It was also among our honest beliefs, that many of these critics were here to gather discouraging evidence that might prevent English laborers from coming to this country. This angered a certain class of employers who wanted cheap labor. That it was the adopted English policy to empty her poor-houses, orphan and insane asylums of their inmates and ship them to our shores was also the commonest belief, and a belief that had plenty of apparently good evidence to sustain it. Indignant public meetings were held, with many investigations and lurid reports.

A fair sample of these reports was sent to the General Assembly in Baltimore (1831) by the mayor and city council. The report contained these words: "Of one thousand one hundred and sixty persons admitted to the almshouse in that city in 1831, four hundred and eighty-seven were foreigners; and of this number two hundred and eighty-one had been in the country less than six months prior to their admission, and one hundred and twenty-one less than one week."

To recount these various sources of antipathy, jealousy and misunderstanding explains much of our excessive self consciousness under English criticism. I have heard the story of a sturdy minded farmer on Cape Cod, whose boy brought word from school that an English grammar must be purchased. The old man, who lived through the period of 1812, shouted, "An English grammar! I wouldn't have

the thing in the house. You will buy an American grammar!" January 17, 1808, in a despatch to Canning, the English Minister in this country, mentioned that Congress contained one tailor, one weaver, six or seven tavern-keepers, four notorious swindlers, one butcher, one grazier, one curer of hams and several schoolmasters and Baptist preachers. The tone of this was understood to be one of ill-concealed contempt. We have only to imagine amiabilities like this, copied in half the press of the United States, to understand what lively response would follow.

Into the American press came a steady stream of such quotations from English opinions. They were patronizing, contemptuous or insulting, according to the humor of the writer. For more than a generation this was the food on which the American reader fed; de Tocqueville's word "incredible," as applied to these angers, is none too strong.

It is into this atmosphere that the English critic came. Nor is there much change until the nineteenth century is half spent. It was an atmosphere that heightened every one of our faults. It quite accounts for our early "suspicion." It throws a good deal of light on our bragging habits. The English traveler then seemed to us the embodied denial of every democratic ideal that we cherished. To assert ourselves against this chilling influence was too human to be avoided. In June, 1837, Jared Sparks wrote de Tocqueville that he was " vexed and mortified that an edition of your *Démocratie* has not yet been published in America." Our newspapers had begun to copy extracts from English reviews which naturally emphasized de Tocqueville's more critical remarks. Mild as these were, they were enough to create an instant prejudice against the book in the United States.

That a good deal of this criticism was true, did not sweeten it to the taste. We had boldly and very conspicuously set up imposing ideals of political and social equality. Without the least restraint, we had raised these ideals before the world and made them the object of lofty and con-

tinuous declamation. It was therefore very rasping to have the ideals challenged. A yet sharper sting was in the frequent inquiry, "If you have a land of equality before the law, why do you continue slavery?" To the Northerner this passed endurance, and he usually makes a very poor figure in his attempts to show that slavery doesn't really conflict with these sacred phrases about liberty. One enraged Yankee replies that only a blockhead could see any inconsistency between slavery and liberty and "besides, it's only down South anyhow." An Englishman walking with his American host in New York, in 1825, sees the announcement of a dance on a placard bearing the words, "No colored people admitted." The guest says he remarked innocently, "It's pretty hard to practice equality, isn't it?" Whereupon his entertainer lost temper and said, "The Europeans are so spoiled by funkeyism that they can't understand liberty when they see it."

Our treatment of the Indians also gave rise to many tart passages, as did our rancor and inhumanity against the Catholics which culminated in the burning of the nunnery in Charlestown.

There were indeed at most periods when our visitors were present, some troublesome illustrations that seemed to give the lie to our fine speaking and writing. That Harriet Martineau, for instance, should come into Boston on the very day when Garrison was being dragged through the streets was awkward enough. She had given great attention before her coming to our political history and development. What interested her from the first was the "*Theory and Practice*" in our life and institutions. Here was her first rude shock. In this "land of the free" was liberty of speech so brutally denied? If men were thus assaulted, was there no law? It was an eminent college president who tried to soothe her in her disappointment. He insisted that "it was all right,—*the mob having been entirely composed of gentlemen.*"* Lawyers tell her that

*Autobiography, Vol. II, p. 24.

nothing can be done about it. "Ladies were sure that the gentlemen of Boston would do nothing improper." "Merchants thought the abolitionists were served quite right." "What would become of trade if such agitators were allowed to anger the South?" "Clergymen excuse themselves because the whole subject is so 'low.'" She writes further, "And even Judge Story, when I asked him whether there was not a public prosecutor who might prosecute for the assault on Garrison, if the abolitionists did not, replied that he had given his advice (which had been formally asked) against any notice whatever being taken of the outrage,—the feeling being so strong against the discussion of slavery and the rioters being so respectable in the city."

Here was the rough awakening to this noble woman. As one sees in Mrs. Chapman's Memoirs, Miss Martineau was capable of commanding moral courage.* She had every hospitality that Boston and Cambridge could offer, but she did not flinch from criticizing these open affronts upon liberty, law, and order. That the highest social and educational respectability should lead in these attacks added gall to her pen. Her plain speaking stung Boston to the quick. It at once became the habit to belittle her book and abuse her personally. When Captain Marryat came, he found her referred to as "that deaf old woman with the trumpet." He was assured that "her volumes were full of blunders; that her entertainers really had great fun in telling her big stories which were solemnly written down." One eminent individual brings Miss Martineau's book to Marryat, who says that he was "excessively delighted when he pointed out to me two pages of fallacies, which he had told her with a grave face and which she had duly recorded and printed."†

It was in this spirit that the injured self-love of the community took its revenge. It was very human, but rather petty and ignoble. There are errors in Miss Martineau's book and occasional dogmatism. But at that time not two

*Autobiography, vol. II, p. 30.

†"Diary in America," 1839, p. 9.

books had been written on the United States so full of truth, so enriched by careful observation and stated with more sobriety.*

I enlarge upon this special experience because it faithfully represents that of many other visitors. We had called so much attention to our political and social principles; had so emphasized their superiorities and, at the same time, had taken such mocking liberties with the corresponding ideals among our effete neighbors in Europe, that we laid ourselves bare to every shaft of the enemy. Were we actually realizing these ideals of liberty, justice and equality with a success that justified our tone? Were our manners, morals, and social virtues, as set forth by the "cannon oratory" of July Fourth, or by the politicians asking for votes, quite up to the representations? We had ourselves some searching doubts on this point. No one probably knew better than we that there was a great deal of buncombe in these pretensions. It was this uneasy consciousness of the gap between our proclaimed ideals and our observed social and political practises that created and maintained a great part of our "supersensitiveness" as a people. This condition was also a kind of hot-house in which our spirit of boasting reached its luxuriant growths. Both the sensitiveness and the bragging have diminished, partly at least, because we have been disciplined into a little humility. With many triumphs, have come some sobering defeats. We have learned to look at our whole community life with fewer illusions. The Civil War, with its long aftermath of paralyzing difficulties, was the first awakening. That event, with the unavoidable blundering that followed far into the seventies, taught us the delicate complexity of our political traditions;—taught

*That a college with religious traditions like those of Wellesley should honor itself, as it honors Miss Martineau, by giving her statue so conspicuous a place in that institution, is the happiest sign of enlarging intellectual life. There are those living who remember her well and the obloquy that was heaped upon her. She was an object of "moral vituperation." She was "a coarse infidel" and even a "hardened atheist." She was a "trifler with truth and all sacred things" who "could not even write a single page without several misstatements."

us slowly that conflicting views on the most fundamental issues, could be honestly held and that multitudes would die as bravely as ever men died to maintain those views. From the hard experience of that quarter of a century, both North and South learned immeasurably through the *unlearning* of prejudices. The South had to learn the meaning of nationality. It had to learn all that is meant by a reorganized industrial life with its necessary readjustments to the country as a whole. The North had surely no less to learn and to unlearn. Tardily she came to recognize that the struggle in the Southland was not solely to save slave property. That quite apart from this, there was an idealism which all fair men now honor and history will respect. After the war, the North had to learn within what narrow limits force is a remedy, just as she had to learn that the South must be governed by what is best in the South, and as for all that is implied in the "negro question," the North had to learn its main lesson as a child has to learn its alphabet. The intellectual and moral adjustment to the whole legacy of war problems has steadied and disciplined us as a nation.

Not wholly separated from the teaching of this inheritance is the educational effect upon us of difficulties that seem inherent between the Federal Government and the several States. It is not alone the murdered Italians in New Orleans and the confessed helplessness of the Government to enforce justice or the reverberations from California over the Japanese in public schools; it is a whole nest of practical industrial and social problems that are seen to be grave because of our political structure. Sobering, too, are our immigration and Philippine problems with all that we are coming to associate with those heavy responsibilities.

These collective experiences have done much to show most thoughtful Americans that our deeper problems are not solved solely because of our form of government. Neither universal suffrage nor popular education has worked

half the wonders that were expected of them. Better still, are we learning how futile a thing is the mere legislative act, unless the will of a dedicated citizenship lives in the enactment. In not one of these ideals has the light of our faith gone out, but a certain levity and briskness in our optimism has been subdued. It is no longer a fatality that works independent of our own acts.

We were reproved some years ago by a French guest for lacking "objectivity." In this academic dialect, he wished to inform us that we were sentimental about ourselves; too self-centered and without much capacity to see and criticize ourselves, as other people see us and criticize us. This, too, was doubtless true, but it is surely a little less true in the later years.

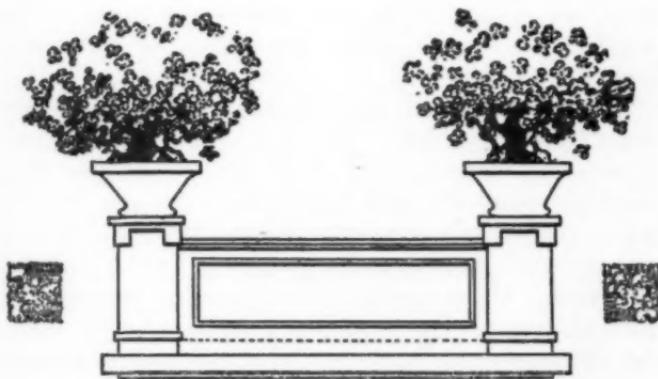
It is not a generation since Matthew Arnold wrote of the "American rhapsody of self praise." In the "elevated," the "beautiful," and the "interesting," he found our civilization in the United States lacking. He thought this lack unavoidable and natural, but saw it as an evil sign that we were, moreover, sensitive and petulant when so obvious a truth about us was set down by the foreigner.

He said if we would only be frank about these shortcomings, and acknowledge that the rule of "the average man is a danger," no fair observer would find fault. "Even if a number of leading lights amongst them said," he continues, "under the circumstances our civilization could not well have been expected to begin differently. What you see are *beginnings*: they are crude, they are too predominantly material, they omit much, leave much to be desired—but they could not have been otherwise. They have been inevitable, and we will rise above them; if the Americans frankly said this, one would not have a word to bring against them."*

The test which this passage submits, we may accept

*"Civilization in the United States," pp. 9, 182.

without the slightest misgiving. The rare distinctions of beauty, elevation, and the "interesting were lacking" in our civilization. They are still unachieved, but many more than "some leading spirits" know this limitation and acknowledge it. The last quarter of a century has produced a literature of self criticism and self accusation that fully meets Arnold's test. Bryce's first visit was a few years after the war. He was here again in 1883. He says that between those dates the oversensitiveness "had sensibly diminished." In 1905 he could say more strongly still that the early bounds to our optimism have become "very different from self-righteousness or vainglory."





The Years of Preliminary Growth*

By Edwina Spencer
Author of "American Sculptors."

WHEN the nineteenth century dawned, our country was no longer the colonial dependency of a European power, but had become an independent nation. We had ceased to regard England as "home;" and the men of the new generation were citizens of the United States, born since that joyful morning when Philadelphia echoed to the watchman's lusty cry, "Past three o'clock and Cornwallis taken!"

Politically, socially, and economically, the half century from 1800 to 1850, with which we are now concerned, was a period of transition. The nation was beginning to "find itself,"—was entering upon a new phase of life, blazing new paths, developing a new order. Inevitably, therefore, art was in transition, too, gradually adapting itself to changed conditions. The struggles, aspirations, and determined efforts of these fifty years, laid the foundation for the splendid achievements of recent times; they were years of growth, which bore a worthy part in the slow flowering of a national art.

In 1800, however, at the opening of the period, the outlook was deeply discouraging. The young Republic had yet to prove the reality of her independence, the stability of her

*Miss Spencer's series will run throughout the reading year (September-May). The articles heretofore printed are: "Foreword," and "Painting in the Colonies" (September); "The Period of the Revolution" (October).

government, and the practicality of her democratic principles. Innumerable problems absorbed her, and she had not attempted to act even as a stepmother to the arts. There was no official assistance, and but slight sympathy from the general public; there were no art schools, clubs, or societies; no galleries, no exhibitions, and no great pictures to study.* Indeed, the small Gallician emigrant who, when questioned the other day by the school authorities, explained, "I haf no fader. I haf no moder. I am born off my grandmother!" was in a less serious plight than were the "infant arts" of America in 1800, which not only lacked fostering care at home, but were soon to lose the encouragement of England with the passing of Copley and West.

Sculpture in any serious sense, had not even been attempted here, though hints of its possible advent had been given by the work of a Philadelphian wood-carver and of a New Jersey woman who modelled in wax; Horatio Greenough and Hiram Powers were not born until 1805. The colonists, however, had appreciated the portrait painter as we do the photographer; and the increasing demand for portraiture, with the lack of competition which resulted from the comparatively small number of limners in the field, had, up to this time, largely offset the deplorable absence of artistic instruction, facilities, and stimulus, in the estimation of our painters, as well as of those who were attracted here from abroad. When West wrote urging him to come to England, Copley replied that his brush was in such demand in Boston as to bring him as large an income as if he "were a Raphael or a Correggio," and that his three hundred guineas a year were equal to nine hundred in London. Yet

*There was a small collection of portraits at Harvard College. In Boston, Pine's Museum and the Columbian Museum had added to their exhibits of wax figures and the like a few fairly good pictures. In Hartford, a retired minister had just opened a "Museum of Curiosities," containing some attempts at painting; and in Philadelphia, through Peale's efforts, the "Columbianum" had held, in 1795, the first public art exhibition in this country (with little success). All these were, of course, only accessible to the public by the payment of an admission fee.

every other condition was unfavorable to artistic progress; art had to struggle valiantly for a part in the national development,—but like “the strong man and the waterfall” it was destined to channel a path for itself.

When the century opened, all the more important painters who linked it with colonial and revolutionary traditions were living. Though on the eve of a decline in popularity, Copley and West were still busy in London. Matthew Pratt, some years older than they, remained in Philadelphia, where C. W. Peale was as active a force as ever in the budding art-life of the city. Trumbull, after years of painting and of diplomatic service abroad, was soon to return to America; while Stuart, the greatest of them all, was still in his prime and destined to maintain his supremacy for another twenty-five years. Meantime, a generation of younger men, born during the Revolution, was coming up,—some were at work here, but more studying in England, the last group of students to have the benefit of West's advice and instruction.

One of these men, whose brief life binds the two centuries together, is the brilliant and pathetic young genius, Edward Greene Malbone (1777-1807). Born at Newport, his boyish dreams were colored by the spell of the quaint town's unforgettable environment, and its artistic memories; the painter-spirit of Smybert, Feke, Stuart, and the others who had wrought there before him seemed to descend upon the lad in a passion for beauty as intense as that of the old Italian masters. Devoting himself to miniature painting, he worked for some time in Boston, and in 1801 made a few months' visit to England. West urged him strongly to stay, but he returned, and spent his last years in Charleston, S. C., where he was greatly beloved. He painted with an untiring eagerness that seemed almost pre-
vision, and before his death at thirty had produced work of such strength and beauty that it has remained unsurpassed for a hundred years.

Malbone's early death (occurring just a hundred years ago last May) was a serious loss to our art. In an age of many miniaturists, his brush achieved an exquisite distinction of its own; he brought to these tiny portraits a breadth of conception, sound technical methods, and power to seize the sitter's individuality rarely found. His personal charm, too, seems to have been as compelling as that of his work. Had his musical and poetic gifts, his radiant delight in beauty, his enthusiasm and his high artistic ideals, been spared throughout this period, they would have been a potent force in the advancement of painting. His masterpiece,* "The Hours," done during the London visit, is most inadequately presented in our reproduction which cannot render the lovely coloring of the original. Among his best works, scattered widely in private hands, the miniature of Rebecca Gratz derives special interest from the fact that the personality of this young Philadelphia girl suggested to Sir Walter Scott his famous "Rebecca the Jewess,"† in *Ivanhoe*. Among the other miniaturists of the period, were Benjamin Trott, Robert Field, Birch, Wood, Tisdale, and some of the second generation of Peales, while many portrait painters made excursions into the field, as Copley, West, Trumbull, and Peale had done, for miniatures had long formed an important branch of portraiture. Though none of their work equaled Malbone's perhaps the best was that of his friend, Charles Fraser, of Charleston, who entered the bar during the year of Malbone's death, and did not feel justified in devoting himself to the art he loved

*It represents the three phases of life—past, present and future,—gliding swiftly by in the guise of "rosy hours." The Past, turning wistfully aside, makes way for the regal Present, over whose shoulder the Future looks with a smile of promise.

†Miss Gratz was the closest friend of Washington Irving's betrothed, and was with her when she died. When Irving visited Scott at Abbotsford, he described the young Jewess's beauty and fine nature, which so kindled Sir Walter's imagination that one of his best loved characters resulted. Miss Gratz never married; she lived to be eighty-eight, and was so active in good works that scarcely a charity in Philadelphia does not owe something to her exertions.

until eleven years later. He painted until his death in 1860, yet throughout the forty years lamented the time he had "sacrificed to the law."

When Malbone died, in 1807, the group of men studying abroad had not begun to return. Stuart was painting in Boston, and Peale in Philadelphia; while some of the young artists were already doing excellent work here,—notably Jarvis in New York and Sully in Philadelphia. These two men, though as opposite in character as the poles, were both born in England, only three years apart, and brought to America when very young. John Wesley Jarvis* was not only one of the best portrait painters of his day, but as conspicuous a figure as Whistler has been in recent times. Eccentric, and more than half poseur, his dress, his wit, his mannerisms, gave rise to innumerable anecdotes; but when the cholera scourged New York, he revealed another side of his character by his fearless response to the physicians' desire for drawings of morbid anatomy, and his conscientious work at the hospitals in the interest of medical science. He spent many winters in the South, where much of his painting remains. A wit and a brilliant story-teller, he was welcomed everywhere, and many of his clever dinner-table improvisations were dramatized for the early American stage.

Thomas Sully, in his work as well as his character, differed widely from Jarvis. A gentle, unassuming, unselfish nature, he nobly fulfilled all the obligations of a long life; and expressed the poetry that was in him through a host of portraits and other canvasses, distinguished for their grace and refinement. That his parents were actors may account for the sympathy with which he portrayed such celebrated members of that profession, as Mrs. Wood,

*Jarvis was a nephew of the great John Wesley, with whom he lived until he was five years old. Being then sent to his father, who was a sailor, the boy grew up unguided; has artistic and social gifts, which won him many friends, were also his undoing, and his misdirected energies, proving his bane, resulted in a life almost of vagabondage.



Rebecca Gratz, by Edward Greene
Malbone



The Boy with the Torn Hat, by Thomas Sully. In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.



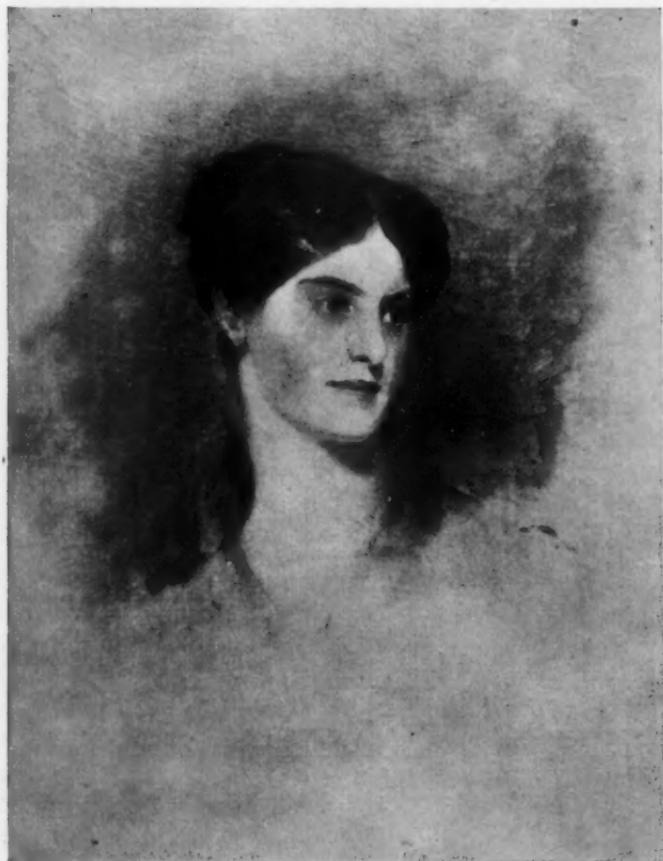
The Hours, by Edward Greene Malbone. In the Providence Atheneum.



Portrait of Macready, by Henry Inman. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Portrait of Mr. John Finley, by Rembrandt Peale. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Frances Anne Kemble, Portrait Painted in 1832 by Thomas Sully.
In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.



A Spanish Girl, by Washington Allston. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Portrait of Washington Allston when Young, Painted by Himself.
In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.



Portrait of John Grimes, by Matthew Jouett. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Niagara Falls, by F. E. Church. In the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



Landscape by John Frederick Kensett. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



On the Hudson, by Thomas Doughty. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Trout Brook in the Catskills, by W. Whittredge. In the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



The Long Story, by William S. Mount. In the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



A Roman Aqueduct, by Thomas Cole. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Thomas Sully, Portrait Painted by Himself. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Cooke, and the Kembles; while his portrait of Queen Victoria, now in the Pennsylvania Academy, is a typical example of his skill in handling a difficult subject. Commissioned by the Saint George's Society of Philadelphia, he painted the young Queen from life, at Buckingham Palace, when he visited London in 1838. For half a century Sully was one of our most important painters, and an honored figure in the City of Brotherly Love.

Born in the same year with Sully (1783), and equally important in his own section of the country, was Matthew Harris Jouett, of Kentucky. Until his death at forty-four, in the height of his power, Jouett was considered the best painter "west of the mountains;" he had many distinguished sitters, and during his short professional life produced more than three hundred portraits. After serving in the War of 1812, he settled in Lexington,—a year or two later spending six months in Boston studying with Stuart, with whom he became an especial favorite. His work is so fine that it is a pity there are not more examples in the public collections, by which it might become better known to his countrymen at large. John Grimes, whose portrait is given here, was a pupil and protégé of Jouett's who painted for a time in Nashville, and died in young manhood.

Early in the century, the men who had been studying and traveling in Europe began to return. In 1809 Rembrandt Peale came from France, and he was followed by Vanderlyn, Trumbull, Morse, and Fulton, the inventors, (whose activity in art antedated their devotion to science), Dunlap, who wrote the annals of the period, and Washington Allston, who, after Stuart's death, was our most famous name both here and abroad.

Rembrandt Peale was one of a large family, to whom their father, C. W. Peale, gave such prophetic names as Angelica Kauffman, Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian, and Raphael! Though the little Peales bore up under this visitation, and strove manfully to live up to all that it implied, Rembrandt was the only one who achieved any artistic note.

He was energetic and versatile, like his father, in whose footsteps he followed, even to his efforts to link his fame with that of Washington. As a boy, he had been permitted to paint the hero from life, and many years afterward made a composite portrait which he believed to combine all the excellences of the elder Peale's and his own.* Congress purchased it in 1832. Not long after his return from abroad, he established in Baltimore a museum and gallery like his father's in Philadelphia; and was active in art until his death in 1860,—having been for many years the only surviving painter who had seen Washington.

The career of John Vanderlyn, a man of infinitely greater talent, is a contrast to Peale's in its story of misfortune and thwarted hopes. Vanderlyn was the first of our artists to go to Paris, instead of London, for his training; the accurate drawing and firm modelling he learned there made him one of the best technicians of his day. Early in his life he painted two markedly fine pictures,—one a strong conception of the Roman general, Marius, sitting dejected among the ruins of Carthage, the other his beautiful "Ariadne" in the Pennsylvania Academy, our earliest successful study of the nude.

The "Marius" when shown at the French Salon of 1808 was chosen by Napoleon to receive the gold medal. Fortune seemed to promise much; but from his return to America in 1815, misfortune dogged the painter. His panorama in New York failed; he was at odds with Trumbull over the pictures for the Capitol; sensitive, proud, perhaps erratic, and a very slow worker, he fell into poverty and then into direst want. Dying at his birthplace, Kingston, N. Y., under most pitiful circumstances, he is buried in Wiltwyck Cemetery. A last blow of fate was the destruc-

*The government bought this portrait as an especially accurate portrayal of the first President,—vouched for by a certificate which Peale induced many people of weight to sign. Though signing it, through a dislike to injure the painter's prospects, members of Washington's family, and a number of his old friends, afterward said that it was not a good likeness, and did not satisfy them as a portrait.

tion by fire of his autobiography, which would have been both his memorial and a valuable record for the student of American art.*

Many of his countrymen to whom S. F. B. Morse's name means the invention of the telegraph do not know that for years he was devoted to art, and throughout his life gave freely of his time, sympathy and means to the furtherance of our struggling art interests. While a student in London, he modelled a statue of the "Dying Hercules" which won a gold medal, but afterward confined himself to painting. Returning to America in 1815, he made many portraits in New England and South Carolina; was the most conspicuous founder of the National Academy, and its first president, (delivering there the first course of lectures on art given in this country), and was an active artist up to 1832, when the problem of telegraphic communication began to absorb him.

Robert Fulton, born a quarter of a century earlier than Morse, painted miniatures in New York as early as 1785; and though he soon after entered upon his long scientific career, he continued to paint in his intervals of leisure. When in Paris he originated the first panorama shown there. He was deeply attached to Benjamin West, and spent thousands of dollars for the artist's paintings and engravings. Our great naturalist, John James Audubon, who had studied in Paris under the famous master, David, devoted his artistic gifts and training to his scientific work, and produced very little aside from his wonderful drawings of birds. His two sons became known as animal painters.

Side by side with these men, grew up a set of younger painters, born about 1800, whose work in history, por-

*Vanderlyn's early opportunities were due to Aaron Burr, who became interested in him through the boy's fine copy of Burr's portrait by Stuart. He took the lad under his care, enabled him to study for nearly a year with Stuart, ordered portraits of himself and the lovely Theodosia, and finally gave him the means for five years of work in Paris. It was a comfort to the grateful painter that when Burr fled in disgrace to France he was able to help him,—indeed Vanderlyn was his sole support during the first year of his fallen fortunes.

traiture and genre is to be considered next month. Among them was Henry Inman, represented here by his portrait of the actor, Macready; and William Sidney Mount, a young artist from Long Island, who began to work in New York about 1829 along a new line, portraying with skill and sympathy, the homely, humorous aspects of everyday American life. In historical painting, also a new field, a conspicuous beginning was made by John Trumbull, who finally settled here in 1816, and became a prominent figure during the next decade, through the large compositions he was commissioned to execute for the Capitol.

But the most notable achievement of this period of beginnings was the sudden development of serious and original work in landscape painting. Most of our painters had tried their hands at landscape for amusement or experiment; it was not unfamiliar, but had never excited special interest except as accessory to some figure composition. Now, however, a man appeared whose transcripts of our own scenery,—views on the Hudson and in the Catskills, brilliant autumnal woods, and great vistas of hill and valley—roused intense interest; Thomas Cole, in a brief twenty years of struggle, labor and devotion, laid the foundation for our present renown in modern landscape. His pupil, F. E. Church, whose "Niagara" has long been famous, and other painters belonging to the movement, such as Durand, Doughty, Kensett, Bierstadt, and their co-workers, as well as the story of Cole's own life and influence, belong to the absorbing topic of our January article, the development of landscape painting in America.

The various forces which during this period helped to form and direct our painting, remain to be discussed next month. Among these, the influence of Gilbert Stuart was especially important, because of the supremacy of his achievement and his generous helpfulness toward the younger men who came to him for advice. Important in a different way was the life and character of Washington Allston, also a dominant personality in our artistic and social life. A

"radiant young genius," born in South Carolina and educated at Newport and Harvard, Allston spent the early years of the century abroad; but from 1818, when he settled near Boston, until his death in 1843, he was a revered and beloved figure here,—a brilliant, ardent, and remarkably fascinating idealist.

Before summing up the growth of these early years, I must pay a too brief tribute to William Dunlap, the artist and author, who has preserved for us the annals of this and the earlier periods of our country's art. Born in 1766, his career, covering the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first of the nineteenth century, brought him in touch with three generations of artists; he was one of the chief founders of the National Academy, and was active in every project for forwarding art, as well as the drama. Five years before his death in 1839,* he published two volumes of precious data regarding our artists, which he had gathered from fast-disappearing sources. Conscientious, upright, a sturdy patriot, and a true artist, Dunlap has rendered us invaluable service by his simple, straightforward record; and has revealed in it the enthusiasm, the force, the tremendous courage in the face of discouragement, and the faith in our ultimate artistic triumph, which characterized those early painters. As one who has gleaned in the same field—now grown so infinitely richer!—it is a joy to voice here my appreciation of his pioneer efforts.

Looking back over the first quarter of the century at the date of Stuart's death in 1828, we find that John Trumbull is the last important painter left of the many Colonial and Revolutionary men at work when the century opened.

*"The Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States," (See September bibliography).

In 1886, a "Dunlap Society" was organized in New York to preserve the meritorious, but well-nigh forgotten, plays of Dunlap and other early American dramatists. His comedy, "The Father," was the second play written by an American author. His "History of the American Theater," (N. Y., 1832; London, 1833), his life of George Frederick Cooke, the actor, (London, 1813) and his life of Charles Brockden Brown, our first novelist, (Phila., 1815), are valuable works of contemporary biography and criticism.

Ralph Earl, Matthew Pratt, Copley, West, C. W. Peale, and Stuart himself, have all passed away,—and with West's going, the hospitable welcome for American students in London has ceased. But meantime, there has been a decided increase of opportunity at home. In New York, the National Academy of Design has been established, with large yearly exhibitions, and a flourishing little school for art students. The Boston Athenæum has opened a room where students may copy a few casts and portraits; the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, (the oldest in America,) has been founded in 1805, and also affords instruction; and Rembrandt Peale's Museum has been opened in Baltimore since about 1813.

To this period belongs not only the impulse which founded our first art schools and galleries, but the beginnings of connoisseurship, the encouragement and appreciation of art by a few wealthy individuals. Men like Luman Reed and others in New York, Mr. Longworth in Cincinnati, Fenimore Cooper, and the rest, played an important part in sustaining the artist's efforts,—a fact indicative of the new era. Painting had become more than the art of portraiture alone, exercised by a host of itinerant limners, and by important men in one or two cities, who had no support or companionship from an organization of fellow painters. The scope of the art had widened, there were larger opportunities, more appreciation, a different intercourse between the artist and his public; to some extent they stood together, and together set about the work of foundation-laying. In the wider outlook and memorable achievements of today, let us not forget the sacrifices, the patience, the steadfastness and the ability, of that faithful yesterday! It has bequeathed us that beauty which comes unannounced, "springing up between the feet of brave and earnest men."

PAINTINGS.

The New York Historical Society is the great treasure-house for this period, containing examples of practically every man of note. Oil portraits, landscapes, historical and allegorical compo-

sitions, miniatures, drawings, and even the cast of a head modelled by Jarvis in his eager study of facial anatomy are here.

Malbone's "The Hours" is in the Athenaeum at Providence, R. I. A fine portrait of himself in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, is one of his few essays in oil, (life size).

The men mentioned are well represented in the Pennsylvania Academy; and, less fully, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Sully's "Lafayette" is in Independence Hall, Philadelphia; his "Thomas Jefferson" at West Point; his own portrait and three others in the Corcoran Gallery.

BIOGRAPHY.

Tuckerman, Lester and Isham already given. *Art in America*, by S. G. W. Benjamin (N. Y., 1880); *Artist Biographies*, by M. F. Sweetser (Boston, 1879); article on John Vanderlyn in Vol III of *Putnam's Magazine*; another, by his friend, Bishop Kip, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1867.

End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading for December.

Urgency of Improved Steerage Conditions

Based on the Personal Experiences of Kellogg Durland

WHEN our Government recognizes that the Americanization of our prospective citizens begins when they embark for our shores, and that the conditions which surround them in the steerage quarters of the mighty ships that bring them over seas produce the first impressions of American standards, steps will be taken to so improve and transform those conditions that the standard of living below-decks will be raised until it is compatible with decency, and American civilization. At the present time the treatment of men, women and children in the steerage of certain ships coming from German, Mediterranean and Adriatic ports is far below this standard. An acquaintance of mine crossed from Germany recently in the steerage of a ship, aboard which was a magnificent race horse, owned by a wealthy American horse fancier. There being no better accommodation provided for this horse a loose box stall was contrived in the steerage quarters, in the same room where

several hundred passengers slept and ate their meals. My own experiences in the steerage of two English ships running between Mediterranean ports and New York clearly revealed how crying are the needs of the steerage. More than one million four hundred thousand immigrants now come to us each year. The greatest majority of these come through the ports of New York and Boston. In round numbers more than 800,000 come in ships whose steerage conditions are unsanitary, unclean, often indecent, and throughout unworthy. The steerage rates are exorbitant, out of all proportion to the first cabin rates in view of the relative conditions and privileges of these respective classes.

When I set out upon my investigation of steerage conditions I recognized the necessity for concealing my identity, so adopting the nondescript name of "Joe Nil," I dressed in clothes that were torn as well as dirty and old, and with a battered soft hat crushed over my face, which was effectually screened by a stubby beard, I boarded a ship in New York bound for Naples. My real interest was in the conditions of the return trip, but I reckoned upon the out trip to familiarize myself with the general ways of the steerage decks, and to adjust myself to my unaccustomed role.

Any doubts I may have had concerning my disguise were speedily dispelled. At the head of the gangway a master-at-arms halted me to inquire if I had about my person what he called a "shot gun," and when I had told him "No," he inquired, in German, if I was an Italian. A moment later an Italian asked me if I was German. The third class steward told me to join a Slovak group, and when I protested that I was English he changed me to the miscellaneous table where I sat down between a blackeyed Egyptian returning to his home in Alexandria and a portly Greek. While we were waiting for our first meal the company round the bare tables began to look each other over by way of prefacing acquaintance. A young Italian opposite me looked over and asked abruptly:

"Where you come from?"

"I'm English," I replied.

"You lie!" he answered briskly.

"Then what do you think I am?"

"Dunno. Europe somewhere. Maybe you Swiss."

After luncheon I rescued a small Italian girl from a perilous perch over an open hatch. Far from appreciating the kindness she hotly resented my interference and as she scampered off into the motley steerage crowd she kept calling "Sheeny!" "Sheeny!"

These incidents help to explain how it came about on the return trip that the Ellis Island authorities detained me for two days until the Board of Special Inquiry finally decided to deport me "as an undesirable alien." They indicated that there was nothing about my appearance in any way unusual to the rank and file of my fellow passengers of the third class. Confidences were, therefore, quickly exchanged, and I think I was able to get pretty close to the steerage point of view.

We were not yet out of Sandy Hook lightship when Dominick, a fine looking Italian whose bunk was next to mine, came and flung himself down on the same pile of wet hawsers where I was sprawling.

"Say," he began, "what's your name?"

"Joe," I replied.

"Dominick my name."

Then there was a pause for a moment. Suddenly Dominick looked up at me:

"Joe, I go home to my country to get married."

"That's fine, Dominick," I returned. "How long have you been in America?"

"Three years."

"And has the girl been waiting for you all this time?"

Dominick looked puzzled and I repeated my question.

"She no wait. She don't know."

This time I was puzzled. Dominick thereupon explained that this was the dull season in the Brooklyn spoon factory where he worked and he had been granted two

months off to visit the old country. In those two months he hoped to visit his old father and mother, to find a likely helpmeet for life, to woo, to win and to marry her! During the three years he had worked in America he had saved several hundred dollars (saved out of his \$11.00 a week). As he was now twenty-nine years old he thought it about time to marry and establish a home.

"By an' by be old," he said. "No wanna work. Can't work. If we have children—they work, me no have to work."

"Why not marry an American girl?" I ventured.

A look of disdain came over his face.

"'Merican girl no good. Too much spenda de money. Too much Coney Island. Too much dance hall. Italia woman different. Italia woman work and sava de money. Puta de money in de bank. Me no want 'Merican girl for wife."

Dominick was typical of a class, I might almost call him a typical Italian. Italian immigrants, more than any others, preserve their roots in their native land. They hoard their money to send or carry back, they return then for their wives, and more than other people they go back for the last years of their lives.

The ship we were on carried a large steerage, for mid-winter, and most of the passengers were Italians returning for a visit or to marry. The other nationalities altogether—the Austrians, the Hungarians, the Bohemians, the Croatians, the Dalmatians, the Greeks and all the others, did not number as many as the Italians.

The vessel was of the Cunard Line, which in some respects is better than the German or Italian lines. We had tables to sit down to, for example, and we did not have to wash our own dishes as is usual on most other lines. There were, however, some outrageous impositions. In our common dining room where more than 500 steerage passengers ate there were sixty occupied berths. When the ship is crowded this number is often increased to more than 200. But take sixty. From New York to Naples is a trip of thir-

teen to fourteen days. On this particular trip storms raged for six days and nights. Many of the occupants of the sixty berths in the dining room were horribly seasick. I myself sat at a middle table in such close proximity to one tier of bunks that I had only to extend my arm to reach them. We of the steerage were not being deadheaded to Europe. I had paid \$30.00 for my ticket, and consequently I felt entitled to reasonably decent treatment. The grand people in the first cabin had paid only \$90.00 and sometimes first class passage can be bought for \$75.00, yet the comforts and luxuries of the saloon are infinite compared to the steerage. Steerage conditions must be crude, of course, and plain. But to stall a horse in a dining room, and keep it there for nearly a fortnight, and to lodge several score of seasick passengers in the dining room where *all* of the steerage is forced to eat is unnecessary and wrong.

My care, however, was not so much for the conditions on the out trip as on the return. Here, I found the conditions so much worse than anything I found going out, that I am inclined to pass lightly over these impositions for the present. They are bad, they should be attended to and corrected, but other matters are more urgent.

In the first place, the ships coming from Europe are more crowded. The passengers are for the most part densely ignorant of all ways of the world. Thousands upon thousands of them have never been away from their own farms and villages before, and they submit to the treatment of cattle with the docility of ignorance. They don't like it, but they don't know any better. And here lies the whole trouble with the steerage question. The steerage people submit to anything—because they don't know what to do about it. The ships plying between Great Britain and America have provided decent steerage accommodations, staterooms for four and six, a dining room that serves no other purpose, a recreation room, clean sanitary conditions and proper food. All this should be provided on all vessels bringing aliens to our country. The steamship companies, however, cannot be unduly credited with these im-

proved conditions on the vessels carrying English speaking passengers. They are the result of constant and continued grumbling on the part of the passengers of past years, and of long agitation. No one champions the Italians, the Slavs and all the peoples of Eastern and Central Europe, and as they cannot express their dissatisfaction in any tongue understood by English-speaking officers they are forced to accept all manner of impositions. This is the reason why I suggest that some enterprising woman's club, or other organization, take up this matter. The steamship companies would yield to pressure. They would cease to take unscrupulous advantage of people who cannot protest for themselves. And I know of no greater service that could be done America in connection with our vast so-called immigration problem. Hundreds of immigrants accept steamship impositions meekly enough, every single month, but they remember later, how they suffered. Thus, the spirit of getting the better of someone, the spirit of graft, is their first impression of America.

The ship I sailed back from Naples on was a White Star steamer. I paid \$36.00 for my ticket. There was no dining room at all provided, and we had to wash our own dishes—which were of tin—and absolutely no other provision was made for this than a barrel of cold sea water! Sometimes I tried to scrape the greasy macaroni off my plate with my finger nails. Several times I was lucky enough to pick up a bit of newspaper somewhere for a dish cloth.

When we boarded the ship we found our "gear" (as our dishes were called) reposing in our bunks. Each passenger's "gear" consisted of one tin saucepan, one tin dipper, a tin spoon and a tin fork. Nothing else. Not even a knife. Each passenger is supposed to retain his "gear" throughout the trip, and to take entire charge of it himself.

The entire steerage was divided into groups of four, six and eight each. Each of these groups appointed a captain to go to the galley at each meal to receive the dole of food for the entire group. These groups make themselves as comfortable as they can—anywhere. Sometimes on a

hatch, sometimes on deck, sometimes in their bunks. The steerage is not provided with means for sitting down so usually the meals are eaten on the floor. After the food of each group has been apportioned every man shifts for himself—or goes without if he can't stand the filth and the smells and the discomforts.

I shall never forget the first meal I received on this boat. We had left Naples late in the afternoon. The rent in the side of Vesuvius was already beginning to glow blood red. About dusk we were called to the galley. I had not joined any definite group at that time so taking my gear in my hands I lined up with the long row of captains down the galley passageway. The food was being dispensed from the galley by two Italian stewards. When my turn came to receive the dole I had to brace myself considerably. The first steward was a dirty, middle-aged Italian in a filthy shirt. A hand soiled with all kinds of dirt—ship dirt, kitchen dirt and human dirt—pulled a great "cob" or biscuit out of a burlap sack and shoved it towards me. Then he snatched up a tin dipper and filled it with coarse red wine. As he handed this to me he sneezed—into the hand from which I had just taken my biscuit. That sneeze came nearer to being my undoing than six days of storm on the out trip. I passed quickly to the next man who slopped a dipper of macaroni soup into my saucepan. This was the complete meal, and every bit as good as the best meal I had on the whole trip. There is no complaint about the quantity of the food, but the quality, and the way that it was served was not fit for human beings. I am not in the least hypercritical here. I can, and did, more than once, eat my plate of macaroni after I had picked out the worms, the water bugs, and on one occasion a hairpin. But why should these things ever be found in the food served to passengers who are paying \$36.00 for their passage? Such gross carelessness is indulged in only because the White Star Steamship Company knows that the steerage people are not in a position to lodge any material complaint or to make any serious objection.

Another matter of importance is in regard to the sanitary arrangements. These were entirely inadequate to the number of passengers. Even the washing facilities were hopelessly few. Often I would wait half an hour for a basin, and sometimes, when the ship was rolling and the atmosphere of the washroom became so close and fetid that I could not hold out against it I omitted my morning ablutions entirely. I did this less frequently than scores of my fellow passengers, however, for I found that on the whole I was better able to stand steerage hardships than many men, and much better than the women, who have never been to sea before and are painfully ill the whole way across.

I shall not go into detail in regard to the lax methods of some companies in regard to keeping the sexes distinct. I have heard many an outrageous story, however, of peasant girls being maltreated in the steerage of vessels bringing them to this country.

It is impossible within the compass of one short article to go into the details of the voyage, or to dwell at any length upon the various evils of steerage conditions. What I hope I have been successful in doing here, however, is to indicate that reform is necessary, and in pointing out some of the specific delinquencies of the steamship companies showing that these reforms are of a very practical character.

During the year which ended in June, 1907, more than 1,400,000 immigrants came into the United States. Our own immigration authorities are handling this enormous multitude with rare skill. The Ellis Island Station, under the supervision of Commissioner Robert Watchorn has attained a splendid standard of efficiency. Each year now the immigration "problem" with us is more and more becoming a question of distribution. The question cannot be left to the comparatively small force of the Department of Immigration, though. It is a national question in every sense. And it begins not merely at our portals, but across the water, at the point where the immigrants board the ships to come to us. It has been shown that steerage con-

ditions are improved when the pressure of public opinion is brought to bear upon the steamship companies. Inasmuch as this is such a vital matter with us—this focusing of right American influences upon our would-be citizens at the earliest possible moment—the value of any work that will stimulate or accomplish this is obviously inestimable.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson as an Author and Reformer

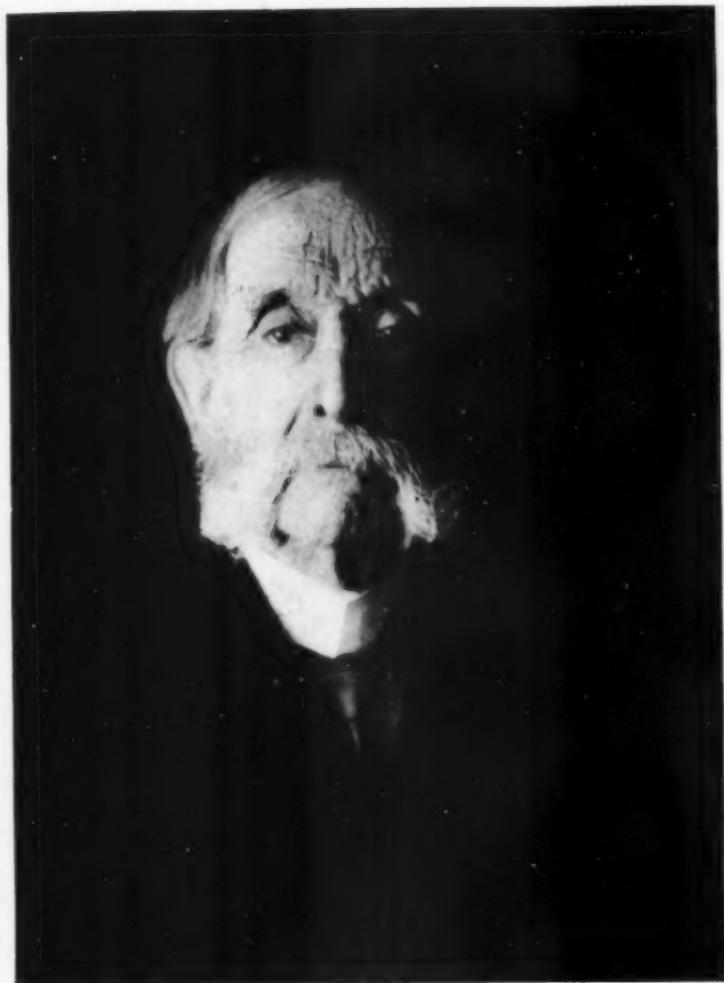
That there are no ideals that cannot be realized, is virtually the religion of Thomas Wentworth Higginson. A Confederate bullet checked a career of great activity only to give to the world a trenchant writer, speaker, and advocate of equality, justice, and freedom, irrespective of race, code, or creed. Thomas Paine said, "Where liberty is not, there is my country." Thomas W. Higginson might have said, "Where liberty is not, there is my heart and soul and pen." Higginson is the incarnation of the spirit of America: freedom, in thought, in opportunity, in religion, in political affiliation.

It was a sermon passionately condemning slavery that lost to Mr. Higginson his pulpit at Newburyport, Mass., in 1850. He scorned the dogma of sect and took charge of a Free Church in Worcester and ran for Congress as a Free-Soil candidate. Defeat in this ambition drove him to a wider field of activity and he took up the pen and mounted the platform in behalf of the slaves of the South. Higginson's restless activities led him to take a personal part in an attempt to rescue a fugitive slave and he got into the toils of the law for his pains. He next turned his attention to the cause of Free Soil and helped to organize emigrant parties bound for Kansas in 1856. John Brown was his friend and Mr. Higginson served as brigadier-general on James H. Lane's staff in the free-state forces. When the

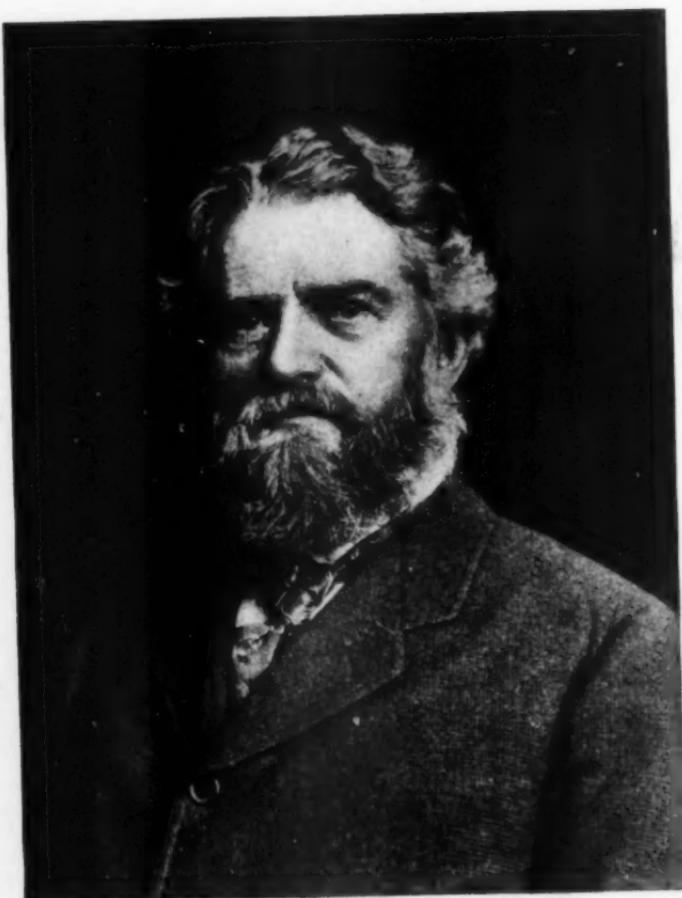
war broke out he led the first regiment of negroes against the South and many other regiments afterwards until wounded at Wiltown Bluffs, Fla., and was forced by disability to return home in October, 1864. But his activities were transferred to literature and the platform, and there was no cause wherein the eternal justices figured in which he did not make himself a champion. Chivalrously, but with force and logic, Higginson espoused the cause of woman suffrage and her emancipation from legal and industrial limitations. Ever the champion of freedom his pen and voice struck forcibly for Filipino independence. He decried an American colonial policy, pointing out the beneficence of a course that was pursued by our statesmen toward Mexico and Japan when those two since powerful nations lay within our grasp.

Mr. Higginson's literary activities have been conspicuous. His histories of the United States long stood first in the schools of the country, and his fiction, poetry, and reminiscences have taken a high place.

Mr. Higginson was a member of the Massachusetts legislature in 1880 and 1881, serving also on the staff of the governor. For some years he was a member of the State Board of Education of his native state, and his alma mater, Harvard, has repeatedly honored him, ultimately bestowing upon him its highest degree. He lives in quiet retirement at Cambridge, Mass.



Thomas Wentworth Higginson



Simon Newcomb

Some Great American Scientists*

III. Simon Newcomb

By Malcomb McNeill

Professor of Physics in Lake Forest University.

AMONG the American men of science who by their attainments have won a world-wide reputation, few take a more honored place than Professor Simon Newcomb. His work has not been of the spectacular order, and is hardly of the type fitted to make a good "story" for a Sunday supplement; but it has been recognized as of first rate importance by men of science throughout the civilized world. Briefly stated it has been in large measure a study of the law of gravitation in its action on the various members of the solar system. This is not at present the popular side of astronomy and attracts fewer devotees than the newer lines of research. The invention of the spectroscope which enables us to study the chemical constitution and physical condition of the heavenly bodies, and the recent developments of photography which show us things far beyond the reach of direct vision even with the most powerful telescope have called the attention of many astronomers away from the older gravitational astronomy and its problems, although these last are by no means all conquered and will give work for many generations to come.

This study of the physical constitution and development of the heavenly bodies under the influence of heat and other natural forces in addition to gravitation is intensely interesting. Many noble discoveries have been made and many more will doubtless soon be brought out, and men who are making them are worthy of the highest praise, but it is well that one article in this series should tell of

*The first article of this issue, "Asa Gray," by Prof. Charles Reid Barnes, appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September; the second, "John James Audubon," by Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, in October.

a man who has for the most part kept to the older lines of work and in so doing has advanced the cause of learning and worthily upheld the name of American men of science among the nations of the world.

The career of Professor Newcomb has not been a notably eventful one. It merely adds another name to the long list of those who have achieved their life purpose unaided by family influence, money, educational opportunities, or powerful friendships. He was born in 1835 in Nova Scotia, although most of his ancestors for a number of generations were New Englanders. They were for the most part plain people of no great wealth or position. His father was a country school teacher living the more or less nomadic life common to teachers of that time and region, and the son picked up the ordinary common school education in a desultory fashion. He showed an early bias for mathematics and natural science, and with a most scanty equipment of books and no formal instruction by masters he won his way while still under age to a knowledge and comprehension of these subjects possessed by few men at the time of their graduation from college.

He came to the United States in 1853 after a very unsatisfactory two years' apprenticeship to a country doctor, half ignoramus, half quack, and shortly after began to teach in Maryland. While here he began to have better opportunities to pursue his chosen work, and made the acquaintance of Professor Joseph Henry and other men of science in Washington, who were able to furnish him some little guidance in his work. In 1857 he secured a position as computer of the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac at the munificent salary of thirty dollars a month. The headquarters of this government publication were then at Cambridge, Mass., and while here he worked in the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, receiving in 1858 the degree of Bachelor of Science. Since then many universities of this country and Europe have done honor to themselves in the bestowal of degrees upon him.

The bare enumeration would cover a page of this magazine.

Since this first employment as computer, Professor Newcomb's entire life up to the time of his retirement has been spent in government service. He was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the United States Navy in 1861 and was assigned to duty at the Naval Observatory in Washington. His work at the Observatory was continued until 1877 when he became head of the Nautical Almanac office and continued in that position until his retirement in 1897. In 1894 he was made professor of mathematics and astronomy in Johns Hopkins University. While in government service he made numerous journeys to observe various astronomical phenomena, beginning with a trip to the Hudson's Bay region to observe the solar eclipse of 1860, then to Des Moines, Iowa, to observe the eclipse of 1869; in the following year to Spain for a similar purpose, and in 1882 to the Cape of Good Hope for the Transit of Venus of that year. Since his retirement he has been by no means idle and any reader of the current scientific periodicals will meet with frequent references to the astronomical work which still occupies his attention.

Now as to his scientific achievements. His strongest bent after he began to be conscious of his mental power was along the line of celestial mechanics; he has continued in this line throughout his life and in it has accomplished what he and the scientific world at large consider his best work, although perhaps some other pieces of work have attracted greater public attention.

His first work which brought him into notice outside our own country, done while he was computer on the Nautical Almanac at Cambridge, was an investigation in regard to the ring of small planets between Mars and Jupiter, whether they were not fragments of an earlier and larger planet which had in some way been broken up. The problem was decidedly complicated, although perhaps not so much so then as now, as the bodies then known were very few in number compared with the six hundred and

more which now form a very troublesome family to care for. Each one of these little bodies changes more or less the motion of all the rest and the larger planets outside and inside their orbits also in greater degree do the same thing; and this process has been going on for ages. The question to be solved was this: Was there ever a time when all these bodies were together? Newcomb's conclusion that evidence of such conjunction was lacking has since become the prevailing opinion, and it is now generally believed that these bodies were originally formed as separate members of the solar system.

Up to the time when Professor Newcomb took up his work at the Washington observatory he had had little or no experience in making observations with astronomical instruments. His first work was with the transit, then with the mural circle. When the new Pistor and Martin's transit circle was installed in 1865 he was placed in charge, and while he remained at the observatory his principal observational work was done with this instrument. He did very little work with the 26-inch telescope, for many years the greatest in the world, although he had an important part in the procuring and designing of this great instrument. His work in taking astronomical observations was mainly confined to the decade of 1860-1870, for although his connection with the observatory was not severed until 1877 his work during the later years was on the computational and theoretical side rather than on the observational. The somewhat popular conception of an astronomer as being principally occupied in "gazing through a telescope at the orbs revolving in space" was not fulfilled in Professor Newcomb's work. Only a small fraction of his life was spent in observational work and that was done with instruments of which a telescope forms only a part, a necessary one, it is true, for refinement in observation, but still an adjunct rather than an essential. The telescope serves the same purpose on a transit circle as a sight on a gun. Through its aid the instrument can be more accurately pointed. Pro-

fessor Newcomb's great purpose was to fix as accurately as possible the position and motion of the various bodies of the solar system and especially the moon. Incidentally there was a large amount of observation of the stars.

The datum given by an observation of a planet with the transit circle is merely the direction of the body at the time of the observation. Kepler had shown that the planets move in ellipses and from the planetary motions Newton had proved the law of gravitation. Gauss had shown how from the directions at three different times the elliptical path of a planet might be computed; but all of this was on the supposition that the sun and one planet were the only bodies concerned. This was of course from the outset known to be only approximately true. Each body in the system influences and is itself influenced by every other body and the simple elliptic orbits are subject to continual slight changes due to the interaction of the various planets on each other. The complete solution of this problem of the future motion of the various members of the solar system from a knowledge of present and past conditions is beyond the reach of our present knowledge, but close approximations can be made, and a great part of Professor Newcomb's work during his later years at the observatory and throughout his superintendency of the Nautical Almanac has been the preparation of formulae and tables by which the positions of the principal planets and of the moon may be predicted for future use. The final work on the moon is not yet produced, but the planetary tables are in use the world over, even more in other countries than in this.

The motion of the moon forms the most complicated problem in celestial mechanics. Its deviations from the normal elliptic orbit are larger and more numerous than those of any other member of the solar system. Almost all of the older national observatories were established for the study of the moon's motion as by its position navigators were enabled to determine their longitude. In these days of quick voyages and accurate chronometers the moon is

not of such great service to mariners, but when for any reason the chronometer becomes uncertain the moon must still be used. The study of the motion of our satellite has therefore been a most important one from the practical as well as the theoretical side. The study of the motion of the moon attracted the attention of Professor Newcomb early in his career and he has kept up the work throughout his whole life. Even now the completed results are not yet published although it is hoped that they will be before long.

In 1857, just about the time when Newcomb was beginning his work, the Danish astronomer, Hansen, published with the aid of the British government tables of the motion of the moon. They were based on observations made at Greenwich since the establishment of the observatory in the seventeenth century, but the era of observations exact enough for comparison with present day measurements was for most of the work supposed to begin with the time when Bradley took charge of the observatory, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Hansen accordingly did not attempt to use observations earlier than 1750 and was able to use only a small portion of those accumulated since that time, as his work was done with only scanty assistance, and reduction of lunar observations is one of the most laborious tasks in astronomy.

The question as to whether Hansen's tables were accurate enough to predict the moon's place was a very interesting one, and it was soon found that although fairly satisfactory for a time, the moon soon developed a tendency to get farther and farther away from its predicted place. Various theories to account for the discrepancy were offered, uncertain distances, masses, etc., of the bodies concerned, insufficiently close approximation in formulae used, were certain series used, "convergent," etc. All of these things had more or less weight, but astronomers were at a loss to know how to verify their theories by actual comparison with observation. Hansen had apparently used practically all of the exact material available and there was little

suspicion of numerical inaccuracy in his work. They did not like to wait for the accumulated observations of another century.

One of Professor Newcomb's chief services to lunar science has been this: He has unearthed and made available a series of observations, taken mainly at the Paris observatory, extending back to 1675, with a few of less accuracy some years earlier. These Paris observations are in many ways as useful as the later ones at Greenwich, and therefore Professor Newcomb has nearly doubled the time through which exact observations of the moon are available.

These observations which he found are "occultations" of stars by the moon. The moon not infrequently in its progress along its orbit passes between us and a star. The suddenness with which a star disappears or reappears is startling, and the phenomenon is most interesting. At the time the star disappears or reappears we know that the distance of the moon's center from the star is equal to the moon's radius and as the position of the star is known that of the moon can be easily deduced. Fortunately the French astronomers recorded the times of the occultations observed, or at least left records from which the times could be computed. Professor Newcomb unearthed most of these records from the old note books in the Paris observatory during the time of the Commune just after the Franco-Prussian war while the city was besieged by the national troops. His account of conditions and events at that time is very interesting.

Notwithstanding all the labors of Newcomb and his predecessors the moon still refuses to exactly follow the path marked out for her by theory, although each new effort brings the theory a little closer to the fact. Newcomb's work marked a good step in advance, but there is an abundance of room for more work and our country is not lacking in men who are engaged on the task.

Professor Newcomb was at the head of the American commission on the Transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882, and

was in the observing party in 1882, whose station was at the Cape of Good Hope. When the next transits occur, about a century hence, their interest for astronomers will not be the same as it has been. They have hitherto been observed because theoretically they furnish one of the best means of getting the sun's distance, but certain practical difficulties beyond cure by our best instruments make the observations uncertain. Even before the last transit, many astronomers, Newcomb among them, regarded any large expenditure of time or money as unwise, in view of many other methods of getting the sun's distance involving much smaller expenditure of time and labor.

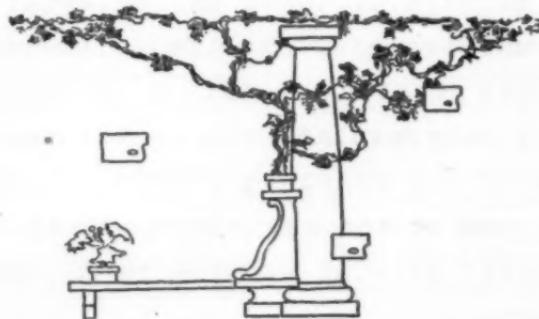
Space fails for the enumeration of all the lines of Professor Newcomb's activity. He played an important part in the preliminaries attendant on the foundation of the Lick Observatory, and in fact has acted as general adviser and counsellor in almost every great astronomical enterprise for nearly half a century, has been presiding officer of most of the great scientific societies of this country and is an honorary member of most of the noted ones of the old world. In addition to his publications devoted to his own original investigations he has been a popularizer of astronomy in the best sense. His "Popular Astronomy" was for many years the standard work along that line in English and his "Reminiscences of an Astronomer," published in 1903, is one of the most instructive and interesting books of that type which have appeared in recent years. He is author of a series of text books on mathematics which have not had the popularity they deserved. They showed what many text books do not show, that the author understood the proper proportion of the various topics, and that he knew where to lay the emphasis so as to make easier the student's farther work in regions more advanced.

He has also strayed somewhat from his chosen field of mathematics and astronomy and has written on political economy and finance. His work with the Society for Psychial Research has made for sanity and sober judgment-and

many a fraud has been detected and suppressed.

As stated before he has been made honorary member of many of the European scientific societies. He has been a correspondent of the French Academy since 1874, and in 1893 was made a foreign associate, the first American to be so honored since Franklin. He has received medals from the Royal Society, the Royal Astronomical, the Huyghens medal from Holland, the Schubert prize from Russia, etc., etc. His collection of medals and decorations would make envious the most successful mug hunting track athlete or golf maniac.

May he be spared for many more years of active work. His career has brought honor to himself and to the nation. He has deserved well of the republic.



Greeting to C. L. S. C. Readers from David Starr
Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Jr.
University.

Prof. George E. Vincent,

Dear Sir:

I have been very much interested in the development of the Chautauqua idea ever since its inception. No one can estimate the amount of uplift which has been given to the people of the United States by the opportunities granted to busy people to know what is going on in the world of thought and action outside the affairs of their daily lives. The universities have felt the value of this great co-operating influence, and I congratulate you on the success of the Chautauqua work in the past and on the certainty of its steadily growing importance in the future.

Very truly yours,

David Starr Jordan

President.

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent.

THE individual life following a true program helps to bring about redemption for the race. He who follows it represents Christ, helps his neighbor, blesses society, overcomes selfishness, builds up the family and brings a gospel to humanity. This is the program of life, of a spiritual life, a growing life, a life of true social service, a life of world-wide influence, an anointed life, the tongue speaking good tidings, as the feet carry one to the cottage of the poor and sorrowful, or to homes of unsatisfying wealth, giving vision, freedom, comfort, and the consolations of grace to those who are most in need.

Dear members of the Class of 1907: Let us seek the ideal character that never allows the refinements of life to blunt one's moral convictions; that never sneers at "old notions" and religious rigidities; that does not substitute ritualistic conformities or evangelistic fervors for a piety, steady, intelligent, heroic and consistent.

Let us not be deceived. One may "feel good" and even experience a sort of rapture under the spell of architectural and ritualistic influences or have spasms of emotional excitement, "being happy," "enjoying himself," as he calls it, and have a sense of "safety" as he thinks of the final judgment, the blessedness of heaven and the reunion with departed friends, and yet he may be as barren of everything essential to a genuine, practical spiritual life as are the pigeons that rest their weary wings among the shadowy eaves of the church itself. One may rapturously dream of heaven and of its reunions, and not have one spark of true faith in his soul. One may have a faith of intellectual assent and have no throb of genuine desire or action of will in the choice of righteousness. One may be religious for

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year. The article here printed was part of an address delivered last summer to the Class of 1907.

The Vesper Hour

the sake of safety and know nothing about salvation or the spirit of service. One may live for eternity and not live for today. One may have a religion of the Sabbath and the sanctuary and lack utterly a religion for shop, kitchen, field or parlor. We need a religion for all days, sabbath days, holy days, holidays, and working days.

Don't misunderstand me: There is a religious life, intelligent, scriptural, rational, a life of inward peace and divine witness, the whole personality being possessed by it, the life bearing fruit and the consciousness of divine leading giving assurance and courage. The true soul's aim may be religious even when its thoughts are occupied in business, art, literature or recreation. But it does not neglect daily spiritual exercises, reading, reflection and communion with God.

There is another class of people needing greatly a religious program of life: those who have little faith and a weight of doubt; who are not sure of anything; whose questionings bring no satisfactory reply, partly because they are not earnest enough to be solicitous. They do not care. They do not know. They do not really regret that they do not know. They are content to be indifferent. Such souls need an awakening to the fact that "life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal." They need to read and read, to hear, to question, to give time to thinking over the problems of life, and to place themselves within call from the realm eternal, turning every day with listening ear towards the heavens. It is deplorable to be ignorant of and at the same time indifferent to the deepest verities of the soul.

Let me guard you in one direction: To think of eternity one does not need to look forward. He looks inward and upward and remembers that he is in eternity now! He now "practises the presence of God." Such practise fosters faith, fixes habit and makes history. When later on in his life a day black with cloud drops down upon him, he remembers that blessed yesterday or that day before yes-

terday when the sun shone out of a blue sky or filled his life with light and peace. Dark days will come. This life means struggle, discouragement, at times crucifixion, but after these, power.

God deals with units. His providence looks after the individual. He gives liberty. Then he tests us to see whether we are ready for liberty. He sometimes permits agony where liberty has been abused or when he purposes some special gift of grace. It is a sore thing to endure sometimes when God lets us have our own way. We kindle false fires, forbidden fires and God permits us for a time to warm ourselves by them and then be scorched, or in their ashes to be smothered. He urges us to walk in his way. We persist in having our way. He at first says "No." We persist. And then he says "Go" and we wander in darkness and folly and foulness to learn by the bitterness how foolish it is to choose any way other than God's way. And the wonder of it all is his infinite patience with us, his forbearance, his grace. And we now know the meaning of the story of the Prodigal Son. It was poetry once. It is reality, the reality of infinite grace now! It is after such sore experience in sin that we really find out what sin means and what God's grace means. And we learn the fact of divine providence in every life. "Not a sparrow falleth without your father." The unit is never lost in the universal. The scientist of widest range never forgets the atom.

The telescope has not destroyed human interest in the microscope. Live after a personal program of life, "casting all your care on God for he careth for you!" Never dishonor Him by doubting for one moment the value of the soul—your value in His sight.

The man who most needs the religious program of life is the doubter, the skeptic. A part of his program is to ask questions and go in search of truth through books, conversation, church teaching. To be an honest religious skeptic is to be a student of religion, to think, to read, to hear, to experiment. Don't let a man talk about being honest

or an honest doubter who does not as a skeptic attend church, converse with intelligent Christians, or read with care the vigorous books ready for him, books on the history and mission and defenses of the Christian faith.

Thus a daily religious program of life keeps the soul awake, develops power of will, encourages one to examine the ruling factors in his personality; establishing a habit in religious life promotes self knowledge, encourages one to seek helpful religious environment, to increase his interest in the serious side of life, and thus make God's presence and providence more real.

This personal program of life is likely to extend from the individual to his spheres of largest influence—the family, the business circle, the neighborhood. His children and guests and servants and business partners all gain from his gain in this broader view of life and its human and divine, its present and its future relations.

Members of the Class of 1907, members of our circle that girdles the globe, men and women of all spheres and of all faiths and of no faith, I plead with you this bright August day by the lake side, under these cloudless skies, resolve to follow the great Master of Souls, to make his custom your custom, his ideal your ideal, his throbbing heart your resting place, his eternal fellowship and treasure your inheritance.



English Writers on America.*

By Washington Irving.

IT is with feelings of deep regret that I observe the literary animosity daily growing up between England and America. Great curiosity has been awakened of late with respect to the United States, and the London press has teemed with volumes of travels through the Republic; but they seem intended to diffuse error rather than knowledge; and so successful have they been, that, notwithstanding the constant intercourse between the nations, there is no people concerning whom the great mass of the British public have less pure information, or entertain more numerous prejudices.

English travelers are the best and the worst in the world. Where no motives of pride or interest intervene, none can equal them for profound and philosophical views of society, or faithful and graphical descriptions of external objects; but when either the interest or reputation of their own country comes in collision with that of another, they go to the opposite extreme, and forget their usual probity and candor, in the indulgence of splenetic remark, and an illiberal spirit of ridicule.

Hence, their travels are more honest and accurate, the more remote the country described. I would place implicit confidence in the Englishman's descriptions of the regions beyond the cataracts of the Nile; of unknown islands in

*Washington Irving's essay, "English Writers on America," admirably supplements Mr. John Graham Brooks' series "As Others See Us," written as it was by an author, free from national prejudices and intimately acquainted alike with the England and America of his day.

the Yellow Sea; of the interior of India; or of any other tract which other travelers might be apt to picture out with the illusions of their fancies; but I would cautiously receive his account of his immediate neighbors, and of those nations with which he is in habits of most frequent intercourse. However I might be disposed to trust his probity, I dare not trust his prejudices.

It has also been the peculiar lot of our country to be visited by the worst kind of English travelers. While men of philosophical spirit and cultivated minds have been sent from England to ransack the poles, to penetrate the deserts, and to study the manners and customs of barbarous nations, with which she can have no permanent intercourse of profit or pleasure; it has been left to the broken-down tradesman, the scheming adventurer, the wandering mechanic, the Manchester and Birmingham agent, to be her oracle respecting America. From such sources she is content to receive her information respecting a country in a singular state of moral and physical development; a country in which one of the greatest political experiments in the history of the world is now performing; and which presents the most profound and momentous studies to the statesman and the philosopher.

That such men should give prejudicial accounts of America is not a matter of surprise. The themes it offers for contemplation are too vast and elevated for their capacities. The national character is yet in a state of fermentation; it may have its frothiness and sediment, but the ingredients are sound and wholesome; it has already given proofs of powerful and generous qualities; and the whole promises to settle down into something substantially excellent. But the causes which are operating to strengthen and ennoble it, and its daily indications of admirable properties, are all lost upon these purblind observers; who are only affected by the little asperities incident to its present situation. They are capable of judging only of the surface of things; of those matters which come in contact with their private interests and personal gratifications. They miss

some of the snug conveniences and petty comforts which belong to an old, highly-finished, and over-populous state of society; where the ranks of useful labor are crowded and many earn a painful and servile subsistence by studying the very caprices of appetite and self-indulgence. These minor comforts, however, are all-important in the estimation of narrow-minded; which either do not perceive, or will not acknowledge, that they are more than counter-balanced among us by great and generally diffused blessings.

One would suppose, however, that information coming from such sources, on a subject where the truth is so desirable, would be received with caution by the censors of the press; that the motives of these men, their veracity, their opportunities of inquiry and observation, and their capacities for judging correctly, would be rigorously scrutinized before their evidence was admitted, in such sweeping extent, against a kindred nation. The very reverse, however, is the case, and it furnishes a striking instance of human inconsistency. Nothing can surpass the vigilance with which English critics will examine the credibility of the traveler who publishes an account of some distant, and comparatively unimportant country. How warily will they compare the measurements of a pyramid, or the descriptions of a ruin; and how sternly will they censure any inaccuracy in these contributions of merely curious knowledge: while they will receive, with eagerness and unhesitating faith, the gross misrepresentations of coarse and obscure writers, concerning a country with which their own is placed in the most important and delicate relations.

For ourselves, it is comparatively of but little importance whether England does us justice or not; it is perhaps, of far more importance to herself. She is instilling anger and resentment into the bosom of a youthful nation, to grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. If in America, as some of her neighbors are labor-

ing to convince us, she is hereafter to find an invidious rival, and a gigantic foe, she may thank those very writers for having provoked rivalry and irritated hostility. Every one knows the all-pervading influence of literature at the present day, and how much the opinions and passions of mankind are under its control. The mere contests of the sword are temporary; their wounds are but in the flesh, and it is the pride of the generous to forgive and forget them; but the slanders of the pen pierce to the heart; they rankle longest in the noblest spirits; they dwell ever present in the mind, and render it morbidly sensitive to the most trifling collision. It is but seldom that any one overt act produces hostilities between the two nations; there exists, most commonly, a previous jealousy and ill-will; a predisposition to take offense. Trace these to their cause, and how often will they be found to originate in the mischievous effusions of mercenary writers; who, secure in their closets, and for ignominious bread, concoct and circulate the venom that is to inflame the generous and the brave.

I am not laying too much stress upon this point; for it applies most emphatically to our particular case. Over no nation does the press hold a more absolute control than over the people of America; for the universal education of the poorest classes makes every individual a reader. There is nothing established in England on the subject of our country that does not circulate through every part of it. There is not a calumny dropped from English pen, nor an unworthy sarcasm uttered by an English statesman, that does not go to blight good-will, and add to the mass of latent resentment. Possessing, then, as England does, the fountain-head whence the literature of the language flows, how completely is it in her power, and how truly is it her duty, to make it the medium of amiable and magnanimous feeling—a stream where the two nations might meet together, and drink in peace and kindness. Should she, however, persist in turning it to waters of bitterness, the time may come when she may repent her folly. The present friendship of America

may be of little moment to her; but the future destinies of that country do not admit of a doubt; over those of England there lower some shadows of uncertainty. Should, then, a day of gloom arrive; should these reverses overtake her, from which the proudest empires have not been exempt; she may look back with regret at her infatuation, in repulsing from her side a nation she might have grappled to her bosom, and thus destroying her only chance for real friendship beyond the boundaries of her own dominions.

There is a general impression in England, that the people of the United States are inimical to the parent country. It is one of the errors which have been diligently propagated by designing writers. There is, doubtless, considerable political hostility, and a general soreness at the illiberality of the English press; but, generally speaking, the prepossessions of the people are strongly in favor of England. Indeed, at one time, they amounted, in many parts of the Union to an absurd degree of bigotry. The bare name of Englishman was a passport to the confidence and hospitality of every family, and too ungrateful. Throughout the country there was something of enthusiasm connected with the idea of England. We looked to it with a hallowed feeling of tenderness and veneration, as the land of our forefathers—the august repository of the monuments and antiquities of our race—the birthplace and mausoleum of the sages and heroes of our paternal history. After our own country, there was none in whose glory we more delighted—none whose good opinion we were more anxious to possess—none toward which our hearts yearned with such throbings of warm consanguinity. Even during the late war, whenever there was the least opportunity for kind feelings to spring forth, it was the delight of the generous spirits of our country to show that, in the midst of hostilities, they still kept alive the sparks of future friendship.

Is all this to be at an end? Is this golden band of kindred sympathies, so rare between nations, to be broken forever? Perhaps it is for the best—it may dispel an illusion

which might have kept us in mental vassalage; which might have interfered occasionally with our true interests, and prevented the growth of proper national pride. But it is too hard to give up the kindred tie! and there are feelings dearer than interest—closer to the heart than pride—that will make us cast back a look of regret, as we wander farther and farther from the parental roof, and lament the waywardness of the parent that would repel the affections of the child.

Short-sighted and injudicious, however, as the conduct of England may be in this system of aspersion, recrimination on our part would be equally ill-judged. I speak not of a prompt and spirited vindication of our country, nor the keenest castigation of her slanderers—but I allude to a disposition to retaliate in kind; to retort sarcasm, and inspire prejudice; which seems to be spreading widely among our writers. Let us guard particularly against such a temper, for it would double the evil instead of redressing the wrong. Nothing is so easy and inviting as the retort of abuse and sarcasm; but it is a paltry and an unprofitable contest. It is the alternative of a morbid mind, fretted into petulance, rather than warmed into indignation. If England is willing to permit the mean jealousies of trade, or the rancorous animosities of politics, to deprave the integrity of her press, and poison the fountain of public opinion let us beware of her example. She may deem it to her interest to diffuse error, and engender antipathy, for the purpose of checking emigration; we have no purpose of the kind to serve. Neither have we any spirit of national jealousy to gratify, for as yet, in all our rivalships with England, we are the rising and the gaining party. There can be no end to answer, therefore, but the gratification of resentment—a mere spirit of retaliation. . . .

The members of a republic, above all other men, should be candid and dispassionate. They are, individually, portions of the sovereign mind and sovereign will, and should be enabled to come to all questions of national concern with calm and unbiased judgments. From the peculiar nature

of our relations with England, we must have more frequent questions of a difficult and delicate character with her than with any other nation; questions that affect the most acute and excitable feelings; and as, in the adjusting of these, our national measures must ultimately be determined by popular sentiment, we cannot be too anxiously attentive to purify it from all latent passion or possession. . . .

What have we to do with national prejudices? They are the inveterate diseases of old countries, contracted in rude and ignorant ages, when nations knew but little of each other, and looked beyond their own boundaries with distrust and hostility. We, on the contrary, have sprung into national existence in an enlightened and philosophic age, when the different parts of the habitable world and the various branches of the human family, have been indefatigably studied and made known to each other; and we forego the advantages of our birth, if we do not shake off the national prejudice, as we would the local superstitions of the old world.

But above all let us not be influenced by any angry feelings, so far as to shut our eyes to the perception of what is really excellent and amiable in the English character. We are a young people, necessarily an imitative one, and must take our examples and models, in a great degree, from the existing nations of Europe. There is no country more worthy of our study than England. The spirit of her constitution is most analogous to ours. The manners of her people—their intellectual activity—their freedom of opinion—their habits of thinking on those subjects which concern the dearest interests and most sacred charities of private life, are all congenial to the American character; and, in fact, are all intrinsically excellent; for it is in the moral feeling of the people that the deep foundations of British prosperity are laid; and however the superstructure may be time-worn, or over-run by abuses, there must be something solid in the basis, admirable in the materials, and stable in the structure of an edifice, that so long has towered unshaken amidst the tempests of the world. . . .

A Song of the Tower of Babel*

A Silhouette of Life

By William Hard

WHERE are all the Irishmen?" I said to Father Stephen, and pointed toward the great mills which lie on the north bank of the Calumet River in South Chicago.

"Oh," said Father Stephen, "they have gone up. They are foremen and policemen and undertakers and they work in the stores."

"Where are the Americans?"

"I don't know," said Father Stephen. Father Stephen knows so much that he does not mind confessing when he does not know. He is in charge of St. John's parish. He is a baron. He calls himself a priest but he is a baron. South of the Calumet River he is the equivalent of three charity societies and sixty policemen.

"My people do the work now," said Father Stephen. "It is the Slovenians that they hire for laborers now. Slovenians. Nothing but Slovenians coming in. All from Austria and down in the way of Turkey. You can see them when they come in here, with the little caps on their heads and the long knives in their belts. But they do not use the knives if you treat them right."

We passed a man on the street. He was clearly a laborer, returning from the steel-works with his dinner-pail in his hand. Father Stephen waved his finger at the man. The man stopped.

"Belong to the Pope?" said Father Stephen.

The man shook his head.

"Holy Orthodox Church?" said Father Stephen.

The man nodded.

"Go along," said Father Stephen, "You don't belong to me."

The man raised his hand to his forehead and passed by.

*Reprinted from the July issue of *The World Today* through the courtesy of the editor.

"Servian," said Father Stephen. "Belongs to the Holy Orthodox Church. You know the church they have in Russia? Just like that. It is not the right religion but it is a good one. I would not bother him."

"Is he a Slovenian?" I said.

"Sure," said Father Stephen. "He is Slovenian. But he is also Servian. The Servians, they do not recognize the Pope. The other Slovenians, they belong to the Pope. Most of them. The ones from Carniola and Styria and Carinthia and Dalmatia and Istria and Montenegro, and from all those provinces down in the way of Turkey as you go from Vienna to the south and to the east when you are traveling through the peninsula of the Balkans on the way to —"

Here Father Stephen interrupted himself. He had caught sight of another man on the street, another laborer.

"You belong to the Pope?" said Father Stephen.

The man stopped and nodded. He seemed to be slightly embarrassed.

"Yes?" said Father Stephen.

The man nodded again.

Father Stephen turned toward the steeple of St. John's.

"Tomorrow morning," he said, "you go there. Your church. Eight o'clock."

He said this in some Slovenian dialect (which is pronounced as if it were spelled Slovania) and told me about it afterward.

"He belongs to the Pope," said Father Stephen. "He is Roman Catholic. He will be at my church tomorrow morning. But there are some fellows around here that are bad. They do not belong to the Pope and they do not belong to the Holy Orthodox Church of the Russians. They are not Christians at all."

Father Stephen looked at me with the expression of a man who has a deep secret in his mind.

"Every now in the while," said Father Stephen, "I find

a fellow on the street. I say to him: 'Belong to the Pope?' He say, 'No.' I say to him: 'Holy Orthodox Church?' He say, 'No.' I say to him: 'What are you?' He say, 'Musliman.' What you think of that?"

"That's right," I said. I've found them around here. Real Mohammedans. Right here in South Chicago. From Bosnia and Turkey. Right here in the United States. Pray on a carpet looking toward Mecca or Medina. I've seen them. You're right."

Father Stephen came close to me and laid his finger on my sleeve.

"They are the last," he said. "We have had English, and Irish, and Germans, and Norwegians, and Swedes, and Italians, and Poles, and Slovenians, but these Mohammedans, these Turks here in South Chicago, what will you do with them?"

"Oh, they will forget it," I said. "I have seen them around here. You can't tell them from anybody else unless you ask them. They will learn English."

"Ah!" said Father Stephen. "You are like all Americans. You do not care who comes here. You think you can take them all. But I tell you these fellows are not Christians. They are Mohammedans, Mussulmans. Three or four hundred of them in South Chicago. What will you do with them? They do not believe on Christ."

Father Stephen looked at me with his whole soul in his eyes.

"Well," I said, "perhaps you're right. You'd better convert them."

"I will," said Father Stephen. "I will." He had the fire of the missionary in his eyes now, the fire that sent Saint Boniface into the forests of eastern Europe twelve hundred years ago. It was a strange thing to see in South Chicago.

"I will," said Father Stephen. "When I see a man that belongs to the Holy Orthodox Church, I say, 'All

right.' But when I see a Mussulman from Bosnia or from Turkey I try to convert him. Is that all right?"

Before I could reply we had arrived in front of a fruit store kept by G. Sanopoulos.

"He is a Greek, the man in that place," said Father Stephen.

We went in.

"Try a lemonade," I said.

G. Sanopoulos brought our lemonades and set them down on a table just in front of a piano that he kept for the pleasure of his customers.

As we began to drink there came in a clean-built, clean-dressed young man with a smooth-shaven jaw. He sat down at the piano. The room was filled with Croatians, Servians, Montenegrians, Dalmatians, Styrians and all other sects and species of Slovenians.

"Play something," I said to the young man at the piano.

He smiled accommodatingly and ran his fingers over the keys with the touch of one who was accustomed to the task. Two or three times he cleared his throat. And then he began to sing. It was an echo of Ireland sounding over the mountains of Slovenia on Ninety-seventh street.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days;
 So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
 Now feel that pulse no more!

I rose from my seat and walked over to the young Irishman who had exorcised the soul of Ireland from the Greek piano in the Slovenian section of the Tower of Bable. I gave him my name and requested a similar confidence in return, pointing to Father Stephen as my letter of introduction.

"My name is Bragomovitch," said the young man.

I took hold of the piano.

"What did you say?" I said.

"My name is Bragomovitch," said the young man.

"What are you?" I said.

"American," said he.

"So am I," I said. "What was your father?"

"Croatian."

"Glad to meet you," I said.

"My old foreman taught me that song," said the young man. "It's a fine song. I teach it to my boy. These fellows around here, just come over from Austria, they don't know nothing about it. But my old foreman, Pat Rohan, he taught it to me. Lots of the fellows on my street, they sing it now."

"Thank you," I said. "We're much obliged to you for your song. Won't you come and have a lemonade with us?"

Bragomovitch sipped his lemonade and talked.

"Those old songs," he said "take you back to the old country. Pat Rohan told me all about that song about the harp of Tara's halls. It was written in the old country a long time ago."

"There you are," said Father Stephen. "It's the language. I will give you the idea for what you will write. If when they had the Tower of Babel—you know the Tower of Babel? In the Bible?—if when they had the Tower of Babel, they also had songs and poetry and books, then would the Lord—would he have been able to scatter them all over by giving them all the different languages? Of course the Lord, he can do anything."

Father Stephen's face wore a resigned expression.

"But would He have been able to that?" he said.

"It would have been more difficult," I said judicially.

"Yes," said Father Stephen. "In twenty years this fellow's children, the children of this fellow here at the piano, they will think they used to own that harp on the walls of that town called Toro."

"Tara," I said reverently.

"It makes no difference," said Father Stephen. "In twenty years all these fellows will be what the papers call Americanized. They will all be Irish. They will be what their foremen are now."

"Who will take their places?" I said.

"I don't know," said Father Stephen. "Perhaps these Mussulmans. There is nobody else farther down in the Balkan Mountains on the way south in Slovenia. I will convert them and Bragomovitch will teach them about Tora's harp."

Father Stephen smiled happily and benignly.

"It's lucky," I said, "that the Irish learned to talk the English language before they came over here."

"Yes," said Father Stephen, "if the Irish talked a language of their own it would take two or three hundred years longer to make America."

Bragomovitch left the table and went over to the piano. He was inspired by our appreciation.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

Bragomovitch's indignant heart seemed breaking as he sang.



OFFICERS OF CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE
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A LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF 1908.

The Class of 1908 was deprived of the presence of its president at Chautauqua last summer, his engagements taking him to some of the Western Assemblies, but his interest in the affairs of 1908 is no less active and in accordance with the wish of the class he and Mrs. Schmucker have agreed to serve on the banner committee and see that an appropriate standard is ready for next summer. Members of the Class at Chautauqua agreed that some special poem of Tennyson's should be designated as the class poem and in accordance with Dr. Schmucker's suggestion, the matter will be referred to competent judges, and announcement made through the Round Table. The following letter was written by Dr. Schmucker during the summer from the Lithia Springs Chautauqua to the secretary of the Class at Chautauqua:

"My Dear Miss Ford:

Your letter of August 5, 1907, with its enclosure, after going first to my home and then to the University of Chicago is with me here. This is a beautiful rift in the prairie in Southern Illinois where a stream has gouged out a valley just big enough to shelter a pleasant Chautauqua. It is one of the Chautauquas in which Recognition Day is the climax of the session, and this is Recognition Day. As for a poem from Tennyson as a part of our

Recognition services, it seems eminently fitting. I am away in the woods and from memory would not like to suggest a selection. Can you not have an expert suggest the most fitting poem, before

the class adjourns for the year? Then let it sometime be printed in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Perhaps many of us would take pride in knowing it heartily so that we could repeat it without the copy—when the rest read it from the Recognition leaflet. So it may become a truly ennobling factor in our lives—and this is the great beauty of Chautauqua.

I trust you can read this. I am propped up against a stump with my knees braced against a tree. The locusts are singing all about. Near by, a squirrel is scurrying up and down the trunks. A pair of wood pewees are calling to each other and their conversation is constantly interrupted by a very impudent and high strung wren. Black-eyed Susan peeps at me from behind a fallen tree while out through an opening in the trees I see the boundless prairie—"and every common bush afire with God."

Very truly yours,
S. C. SCHMUCKER.

A CALIFORNIA CIRCLE'S RECOGNITION DAY.

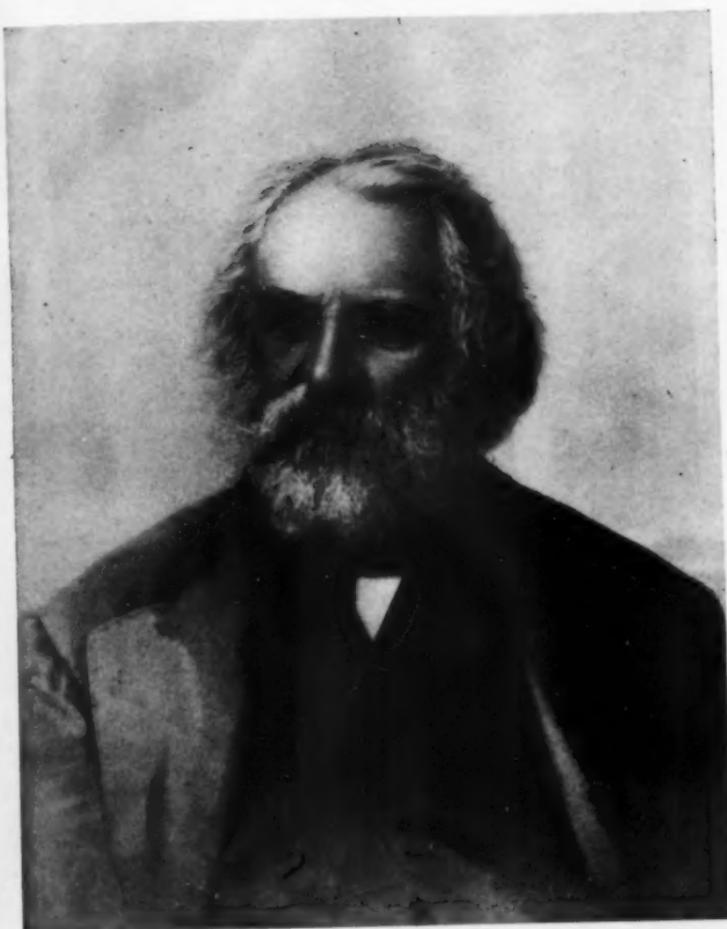
Among the graduates of 1907 who were unable to come to Chautauqua for Recognition Day, were the members of the Columbia Circle of Santa Clara, California. Thereupon they decided to celebrate their graduation at home as seemed most fitting. They were the fortunate possessors



Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker,
President of the Class of 1908.



Graduating Class of '07, Columbia Circle, Santa Clara, California



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



Home of Missionary at Efulen, West Coast of Africa.

of a class banner, an artistic standard of white satin, made for them by a member of 1908, a fact which gave it a certain added charm. On the banner were embroidered the class name, motto and year, the sprays of salvia supplying a touch of patriotic color, the emblem of the "Washington" class. Secure in this evidence of class loyalty, these Chautauquans could proceed quite freely to graduating bouquets and even sheepskin diplomas of their own creation! The celebration, as may be imagined, was a great success. It was held in June at the home of Mrs. Morse, "Palmhurst," where red gladiolias, salvia, and geraniums made the parlors quite radiant with the class color. The literary program took the form of a travel club, essays reviewing the four years' course being interspersed with musical selections, German, English, and Italian. The class history by Mrs. Eva Birge, and the circle prophecy by Mrs. Lucy Higgins, were full of clever allusions and upon the

readers of essays bouquets were bestowed in the conventional graduation fashion. The president, Mrs. Herrington, presented the diplomas. They were of sheepskin, eight by ten inches, the presence of the wool on one side being incontestable evidence of their genuineness. In the absence of flower girls, each graduate received a small splint basket containing flowers cut from vegetables which seemed to suggest that beauty and utility may be closely related and hence culture and character! Then the graduates were photographed for themselves and for the Round Table and made merry with their friends during the social hour which followed.



THE C. L. S. C. ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

If one could "line up" in a row the various types of habitat in which the C. L. S. C. has flourished, what a surprising collection they would make. Beautiful homes in city and country, plain little dwellings in isolated communities, the tent of the soldier, the cabin on the man of war, the prairie schooner all would have their place. The latest in this notable collection is a missionary's house at Efulen on the West Coast of Africa shown in our illustration. Here for four years past, a member of the C. L. S. C. Class of 1907, Mrs. A. G. Adams, has freshened her mind and spirit by keeping in touch with the Chautauqua brotherhood across the sea. This summer, Mrs. Adams and her husband came to Chautauqua, she to graduate with her class and he to pass through the Golden Gate for he was enrolled quite in his boyhood in the class of 1887. He writes of his Chautauqua experience:

"Never during the twenty-four years since that time have I lost interest in the course. Successively a school boy, a college undergraduate, a teacher, an editor and during the past five years a missionary on the West Coast of Africa I have continued a loyal Chautauquan. Year by year the regular course has never failed to prove so inviting that I have continued the readings without a break. Though the ground has been gone over again and again there have always been some new methods of treatment, some special features of special interest for the graduates. The specialized

courses and suggestions for outside reading afford a wide range for more and more thorough study of the ground gone over. The visit to Chautauqua this summer and the passing through the Golden Gate postponed for twenty years will furnish memories that will never be forgotten and inspiration for more and better work during the years to come."

THE LONGFELLOW CLASS.

The patron saint of the Class of 1911 is the poet Longfellow. So many possibilities for a motto and an emblem associated with the poet suggested themselves to the Class this summer that, as noted in the last Round Table, the members decided to work out a plan during the year, so that all members everywhere might make suggestions. Diligent researches in Longfellow lore will now be the portion of every member of 1911. New circles composed entirely of members of this class might assign one or more poems to each member at each meeting to read at home and report upon at the next meeting. Such reports could take the form of a brief statement of the nature of the poem and what, if any, suggestions it seemed to offer for a motto or emblem. In this way quite an extended survey of the poet's work would be made, and each member would find pleasure in personal acquaintance with many of the poems. To one member the privilege of reading Longfellow's life might be assigned. The standard biography is of course that written by the poet's brother, Samuel Longfellow. The Longfellow centenary a year ago brought out many interesting facts relating to him.



Individual readers will often find it an advantage to read over the suggestive programs for local circles, as references are given to books or magazine articles which are particularly timely in connection with the month's reading.

The Class of '83 are making plans for a reunion next year to celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary. All members are invited to send their present addresses to the Class Secretary, Miss Ann C. Hitchcock, Burton, Ohio; also to notify her of the whereabouts of other members, who may not have been to Chautauqua recently and so kept in touch with the Class.

POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

Fortunate are the young people of today who have opened to them through numerous delightful collections of poetry the splendid world of romance and adventure, of gentle humor, of fairy song, of fancy, and of nature's mysteries as they have been interpreted for hundreds of years by countless poets.

A book of rare charm which ought to be in every home where there are children and youth is "Golden Numbers" (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$2.00 net) edited by those lovers of literature, Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. This alluring volume draws upon the resources of more than one hundred and fifty of the English speaking poets. The introduction "On the Reading of Poetry" is in itself most suggestive to children as well as to their elders who also are more than likely to be led captive by this collection. The method of grouping the poems is an indication of the riches thus included. Some of these group titles are: "A Chanted Calendar," "The World Beautiful," "Green Things Growing," "On the Wing," "Fairy Songs and Songs of Fancy," "A Garden of Girls," "For Home and Country," "In Merry Mood," "Story Poems, Romance and Reality," "Life Lessons," etc.

In the same series (McClure's Library of Children's Classics) is a volume for younger children entitled "The Posy Ring" (\$1.25 net). It contains many of the old nursery favorites and a goodly number from the later poets. The child trained on "The Posy Ring" will come quite naturally to "Golden Numbers."

A quaint little volume is Samuel Eliot's "Poetry for Children" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 80 cents net). The collection was made more than twenty years ago, but the selections were classics and the book contains in small compass poems suited to children of all ages under twelve. Many a child will find the old fashioned illustrations no small part of the charm of this collection which has been a favorite in countless households for a quarter of a century.

The "Heart of Oak Books" edited by Charles Eliot Norton (Heath & Co., seven volumes 25 to 60 cents) are a most important contribution to the resources of parents and teachers who are guiding the reading of children. These seven volumes were prepared as readers for school children, designed not merely to teach them to read, but to cultivate their taste as well. Famous stories, narratives, and poems have been gathered together in this series, edited and illustrated so that in successive volumes appear the best of the Mother Goose classics, famous nursery stories, fairy tales, narratives and poems. The illustrations are particularly fine, many of them being reproductions of historic paintings or of the work of eminent illustrators.

C. L. S. C. Round Table

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.	ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	
ADDISON DAY—May 1.	



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR DECEMBER.

FIRST WEEK—NOVEMBER 26—DECEMBER 3.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us." Chapter V. Some Other Peculiarities.
 In Required Book: "Races and Immigrants in America." Chapter VIII. Politics.

SECOND WEEK—DECEMBER 3—DECEMBER 10.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us." Chapter VI. American Sensitiveness.
 In Required Book: "Races and Immigrants in America." Chapter IX. Amalgamation and Assimilation.

THIRD WEEK—DECEMBER 10-17.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "American Painting," Article III. Years of Preliminary Growth.
 In Required Book: American Literature, Chapter I. The Early Colonial Period

FOURTH WEEK—DECEMBER 17-24.

- In Required Book: American Literature, Chapter II. The Revolutionary Period.

FIFTH WEEK—DECEMBER 24-31, VACATION.



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

In the study of American Literature readers are reminded of the excellent suggestions by Miss Bates in the Appendix to our required book, where she gives a large number of sources from which selections may be made. In a community without extensive library facilities much may be done if the program committee can look over the available material and plan their programs accordingly. (See further suggestions in the Round Table.)

Discussion of Chapter V. in "As Others See Us," taking up the qualities ascribed to us and determining (1) whether they are peculiar to Americans; (2) whether if objectionable they are the weak side of strong qualities and therefore worthy of some tolerance; (3) If objectionable what can be done to make ourselves more prepossessing; (4) If the qualities are good ones, in what respects they may become sources of danger?

Book Review: "The Land of Contrasts," Muirhead, or "American Traits" by Professor Hugo Münsterberg.

Roll Call: Answered by stating what seems to each member the most important question discussed in the Chapter on "Politics" and why.

Paper: The Initiative and Referendum (See encyclopedia).

Oral Reports: Belgium System of Representation—See *Review of Reviews*, May, 1900; Points brought out by President Eliot in his article on "City Government by Fewer Men" in *World's Work* for October, 1907; Similar report on article in the *Century Magazine* for October, 1907, on "The Des Moines Plan."

Reading: Urgency of Improved Steerage Conditions. (See article by Kellogg Durland in this magazine).

SECOND WEEK.

Roll Call: Paragraphs in "Highways and Byways."

Discussion of Chapter VI. in "As Others See Us."

Oral Report: "A School for Training in Welfare Work." (See circulars of the New York School of Philanthropy with announcements of their courses, study classes, etc. These can be secured from the Office of the School, Fourth Avenue and 22d street, New York City).

Review of Article on "Causes of Race Superiority" by Edward A. Ross, in Annals of the American Academy, Vol. 18, July, '01. (This publication may not be accessible to many circles, but those who have college or other libraries will find it interesting to have some one sum up the points made by Professor Ross.)

Reading: Selection from "Charities," May 5, 1904, on "Agricultural Possibilities of Italian Immigration;" May 4, 1907, on "America Raising Europe's Standard of Living;" Feb. 16, 1907, page 890, several short articles on the education of the adult immigrant.

Oral Report: How the railroads encourage distribution of population. (See "The Arkansas Homestead" published by the "Iron Mountain" Road, St. Louis, Mo.; "The Southern Field," published by the Southern Railway, Atlanta, Ga., or Washington, D. C.; "The Western Trail," Rock Island Railway, St. Louis, Mo.—sample copies of these publications can be secured.)

Paper: Educational and religious opportunities for the foreigner in the Circle's own community.

Debate: Resolved that the educational test should not be applied to immigrants.

THIRD WEEK.

Reading: Selections from available books on Old New England Customs.

Recitations: "On Lending a Punch Bowl," "Song for Centennial Celebration of Harvard." O. W. Holmes.

Readings from Puritan Poetry: "The Day of Doom," Wigglesworth, or from the writings of Anne Bradstreet, and from Samuel Sewall's Diary. (See Library Shelf in December, 1907, CHAUTAUQUAN.)

Paper: Jonathan Edwards.

Reading: Selections from his works. (See Library Shelf in December, 1907, CHAUTAUQUAN.)

Roll Call: Quotations from hymns in modern use which express the spirit of the old New England Theology.

Recitation from Whittier's Colonial Ballads: The Garrison of Cape Ann; the Swan Song of Parson Avery. The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall; The Witch of Wenham.

Brief Report: The character of religious thinking in England, France and Germany in the times of Mather and Edwards. See works on English and French history and literature relating to this period.

Book Review: Agnes Surriage, by Edwin Lasseter Bynner.

Discussion of Article and Pictures on American Paintings.

FOURTH WEEK.

For this program reviewing the Revolutionary period, the Circle might divide itself into groups,—the first group arranging a program covering the three great personalities of Franklin, Jefferson and Hamilton. A second group could select such poetry as seemed available or desirable to present at the meeting, as best expressing the Revolutionary period avoiding, except by allusion, the well known works and trying to bring out others less familiar but equally typical. A third group should look up the beginnings of the novel in New England. To one member of the Circle might be delegated a map review showing the influence of geographic conditions at this time. The appendix to Miss Bates' book gives so many definite references that these will not be repeated here as each Circle will have to work according to the resources at its command.

Papers: Franklin as an Inventor and Practical Man; His Political Career; Franklin as a Writer and the Founder of a Library; His Personal Character.

Debate: Resolved that the influence of Hamilton was more important in the development of the country than that of Jefferson.

Readings: Recitations and brief papers by the "Poetry Group."

Map Review of Geographic conditions at the time of the Revolution. (See Chapter I.-V. of Miss Semple's American History and its Geographic Conditions, also Geographic Influences in American History, Brigham.)

Readings: Brief papers by the "Novelist Group."

Roll Call: Quotations by members appropriate to the groups which they represent.



ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON NOVEMBER READINGS.

1. In 1842 and in 1867-8. 2. 1852-3 and 1854-5 "The Virginians;" "Mr. Thackeray in the United States" in his "Miscellaneous Sketches." 3. He spoke feelingly of the cordial reception accorded him on his second visit despite the earlier criticism of "Martin Chuzzlewit." He also commented upon the great improvement

in American conditions during the quarter century which had elapsed since his first visit. 4. As a battle not comparable. Important as the first decisive blow in the Spanish war which ultimately gave the United States the control of the Philippines. 5. General Grant said that the Mexican War was "one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation."

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

CHAPTER V.—SOME OTHER PECULIARITIES.

1. What are some of the "frailties" which our French critics have detected in us? 2. What tendencies to snobbery do we manifest? 3. What impulses to excess do we show? 4. What faith in quackery do we exhibit? 5. Show how some of these criticisms are merely human and race frailties. 6. What are the better aspects of our "curiosity" and our attitude toward "cranks?" 7. What fundamental truth was touched upon by the Englishman who criticized our wooden houses? 8. Illustrate Lowell's remark "the divine patience of my fellow countrymen." 9. What reasons may be given for our indifference to public evils? 10. How may our very democracy tend to check free discussion?

CHAPTER VI.—AMERICAN SENSITIVENESS.

1. What famous visitors felt the effects of our "self-consciousness" in the last century? 2. Why did Paul Bourget call us "touchy?" 3. Describe the attitude of America toward England up to the forties. 4. What differences between profession and practise were noted by our critics at this time? 5. What were the characteristics of Miss Martineau's volume? 6. By what means since that time have we been "steadied and disciplined as a nation?" 7. What changes did Mr. Bryce note in his successive visits?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Who is Professor Münsterberg and what has he written?
2. For what purpose did de Tocqueville visit America? 3. What is the character of the writings of DeAmicis? 4. Upon what varied subjects did Frederika Bremer write? 5. What connection had Captain Marryat with Napoleon? 6. What positions of influence did Jared Sparks hold? 7. Who is Paul Bourget?

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

As Pendragon called the delegates to order he scrutinized with much interest a heterogeneous collection of drawings which was scattered over the Round Table. "We've been following your suggestion," explained a delegate, "and making charts of our towns showing the location and extent of the foreign populations. Most of the charts are not finished yet, but we wanted to improve this opportunity to get points from each other." "We are certainly indebted to these enterprising delegates," said Pendragon, "and at the close of the Round Table, if the owners of the charts will linger a moment, others who have not yet followed up this idea may be glad to consult them. Trying experiments is the best possible way of stimulating our originality and lifting us out of the commonplace." "I should judge," laughed a delegate from Massachusetts, "that as Americans, we would better make the most of what seems to be our national virtue of experimentation for according to Mr. Brooks' article this month, we need a good many such virtues to offset the qualities which seem to get on the nerves of our foreign visitors!" "Which reminds me," remarked Pendragon, "that some of you may like to run over an article in the October *Atlantic* by Mr. Muirhead on 'Some Recent Books on the United States.'" "You remember," he continued, "that at our Library Round Table in September we spoke of the efforts of a country store keeper in New York State to encourage the reading habit in that community. You'll be glad to know that I've had letters from Vermont and Ohio asking for the address of this reader, with the assurance that some useful and interesting books will soon be sent to her."

"I suppose it's quite proper," said the delegate from Chautauqua, New York, "that I should report first today as you will all want to be assured that the Bryant Bell was rung and the C. L. S. C. reading year duly inaugurated on October 1. We really had a famous celebration and feel much indebted to the committee who made all the arrangements so effectively. Beside the members of the 'A. M. Martin' and 'S. H. G.' organizations at Chautauqua, delegates came to us from the 'Plus Ultra' and 'Stoddard' Circles of Jamestown and the 'Pioneer' Circle of Westfield. At precisely 12 o'clock, we all laid hold of the long bell rope and the Bryant Bell responded with the alacrity and vim of a veteran who has rung in the C. L. S. C. year since 1878. A brief responsive service, the recitation of the C. L. S. C. mottoes and the singing of two familiar Chautauqua hymns followed the ringing of the bell, and I assure you that the winds rustling the leaves and the waves

lapping on the beach formed an accompaniment that was quite adequate to the occasion.

"The banquet which followed was held in the upper room of the Colonnade. Miss Hazen, one of our local artists, had loaned a charming collection of paintings for the decoration of the Hall, and these, with masses of brilliant flowers, napkins in autumn-leaf designs and other little touches, gave the place a holiday air. Chautauqua, as perhaps you know, is in the grape country, and some of the delegates brought with them quantities of grapes and other fruit, which added greatly to the artistic effect. Mr. F. C. Bray, editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, was toast master and supplied those happy little comments which make such an occasion go off well. Mr. A. E. Bestor, Assistant General Director of Chautauqua, spoke on 'Why an American Year.' I can't take time here to give you even a synopsis of the addresses, but you will fill in the gaps for yourselves. Miss Josephine Moses of Jamestown, who was asked to speak on 'Races and Immigrants in Jamestown,' showed what a chance the Jamestown Chautauquans have to study the Albanian race without going to Greece. Dr. S. Hamilton Day, the newly appointed pastor at Chautauqua, gave his experience of the C. L. S. C. in church life. Mrs. Grace Livingston Lutz read a charming original poem. Mrs. A. H. Hatch, representing the 'Plus Ultra' Circle of Jamestown, responded to the toast 'Education Ends Only with Life.' Mrs. J. L. White of the Pioneer Circle of Westfield told of past work and 'present expectations,' and Dr. W. H. Hickman, President of the Chautauqua Board of Trustees, reminded those present of the significance of the center of the C. L. S. C.—the Hall of Philosophy. Mr. E. H. Blichfeldt, representing the Extension work of the Institution, alluded to the advantage which the home office gains through friendly coöperation and practical suggestions from Circles. The roll of the C. L. S. C. classes was called, showing that most of the undergraduate and all of the graduate classes except '88 and '97 were represented. It really was a great occasion and we hope another year to extend its influence even more widely."



"Now that we are well started on the new year," said Pendragon, "we can afford to be somewhat reminiscent for there are some good things left over from last year which we really cannot dispense with. You will recall the suggestion in the May Round Table that the play of 'Cranford' might be given as a closing program for the year. The Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, Chautauquans planned to give the play for the benefit of their local library, but

the intensely hot weather led them to defer it until autumn, so we shall hope later to hear of their achievements. Meanwhile we are fortunate in having with us a delegate from the circle at Humboldt, Iowa, which gave the play with the happiest results."

"We are still talking about the event," responded the delegate, Mrs. White. "So if I become too enthusiastic and keep on indefinitely, I shall depend upon you to call me to order. We saw the suggestion in one of *THE CHAUTAUQUANS*, sent for the play and found that there were just enough ladies in our Circle to take the parts. The gentlemen acted as critics, and helped in a great many practical ways. We did not consider the play pretentious enough to be given in the town opera house, so built out the pulpit of one of the churches for a stage. We sent invitations to all who we thought would be interested and charged twenty-five cents for tickets. The performance was given early in June. Our ministerial member made a very neat little curtain talk introducing the play and summarizing the English year of work we had just completed. Everything went smoothly with the exception of one very unfortunate occurrence. The 'Hon Mrs. Jamieson' fell just outside of the church before the performance, breaking her hip. That nearly put an end to 'Cranford' for us all, but it did seem as if we had worked too hard to abandon it, so the 'troupe' braced up, 'Martha' was hurriedly coached, and took Mrs. Jamieson's part very nicely. We had worked out the settings and costumes with the feminine love for detail and rather flattered ourselves that the sight of our costumes alone was worth the admission fee:—big poke bonnets, hoop skirts, old, old shawls and mantillas, ancient gowns of every description—we scorned anything younger than twenty years. The stage looked very cozy and home-like. 'Miss Matty' served real tea in real old fashioned cups and at 'Miss Betty's' party we ate truly oysters with truly antique ivory-handled forks, and had veritable old-time decanters for the make-believe cherry brandy.

"The 'Hon Mrs. Jamieson's' 'Carlo' was as well-behaved as ever a Cranford dog could be, and ate his dish of real cream with the proper unction. We had ransacked the town for old time chairs, tables, pictures, hair-cloth sofa, etc., with shining success. The gem of the collection was a little old melodeon, the operation of which quite convulsed the audience, as the player must needs fairly dance upon the pedals, and those keys which did not stick nearly drowned the melody with their rattling.

"I must not tire you or I would tell you how 'Miss Matty' weighed her tea with steel-yards, and tied it up with brown paper

and cotton thread, how the 'troupe' wore out her 'paper path' rehearsing on it, how the children who patronized her store devoured all the rock candy and gum drops at dress rehearsal; or how quaint and fetching these same children were in their mamma's and grandma's baby dresses.

"But to conclude, it really was a success, and oh such lots of fun! Our receipts were \$52 and with the proceeds we voted to purchase a bronze bust of Shakespeare for our new Carnegie library, and also the Chautauqua books we had just studied. As the library is as yet a hole in the ground, the bust has not been presented! This season we plan to give another play, one that will be appropriate for the American Year. Our circle is small but enthusiastic, and we enjoy the work immensely."

The Round Table was so electrified by Mrs. White's racy account of the Humboldt 'dramatics' that stage whispers could be heard on every side asking for suitable American plays. "We will publish a list of these in an early number of the Round Table," said Pendragon, "so that you can consider the possibilities in ample time. 'Cranford' is really a work of genius and having set our standard very high we shall need to keep it up. Now you must have a word from the Crystal Circle of Vacaville, California. The San Jose circle has already shown what Californians can do in celebrating the close of the four years. These Vacaville Chautauquans are just a year old."



The delegate reported an enthusiastic membership of thirty: "Whether our name may be considered indicative of the brilliance of our members or not," she said, "all of the assigned subjects were pretty thoroughly discussed and enjoyed. Shakespeare was resurrected and submitted to keen criticism mostly kindly but occasionally severe. English Government was well thrashed out and in an animated debate the House of Lords was abolished by an overwhelming majority! The beauty of thought and exquisite diction of the various poets and also those of the author of Literary Leaders called forth many expressions of delight and eulogy, while 'Rational Living' evoked much lively and helpful discussion. During the course we were favored with a visit from Professor Joy who gave us an afternoon talk on 'Painters and Painting,' and a lecture the same evening on 'The Poetry of Art,' both of which were much enjoyed. So anxious were the members to make a good beginning next year that officers were elected at our last meeting for the coming season. It has also been arranged to give a Lyceum

C. L. S. C. Round Table

course of lectures and music through the winter months so Chautauqua will mean something to the townsfolk generally."

"This is pleasant indication of public spirit," commented Pendragon. "Dr. Hale long ago pointed out to the Lend-a-Hand clubs that the best life of a club came from doing something for some one else. Culture and Service seem to link themselves together very naturally. And now before we close our session, I must introduce another of our year old members, Mr. Hans Sabo of Kirkebo, Norway." The Round Table gave the Chautauqua salute to their foreign delegate, who apologized for his hesitating manner. "It is yet very difficult to me," he said, "to use the English language."

"Two years ago I closed at the lower grammar school at the age of sixteen; but just as I was about to go to the higher grammar school my father, who was a teacher, got ill, and it must be given up. So I for two years, 1905-6, taught in my father's school and besides read the books of the higher grammar school. By the end of 1905 I, from Mr. Olav Madshus, heard of the C. L. S. C. and in September, 1906, I began the readings of the English year. Six hours of the day I taught in the school and in the evening I did my readings. But as I had read 'What is Shakespeare' and 'The English Government' I got ill and from new year, 1907, till June I could hardly read a letter. Now I have closed the readings of this year, and I am very glad to have done so. I will never regret it. The books and magazine articles were very interesting, especially of the books, 'Rational Living' and the 'Literary Leaders' and of the articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, 'Imperial England' and 'Men of Fame.' As I this winter have nothing special to do I, beside the reading of the course 1907-8, will repeat some of the books 1906-7."



"As this is a retrospective program," said Pendragon, "we will let the Des Moines Chautauquans close the Round Table." The president of the S. H. G., Mrs. Field, then reported on the work of their Alumni organization. "We have some seventy members," she said, "and have had most delightful meetings. In April we had an address on Oxford by Miss Perkins who had been a student in the summer school of that University, and other programs upon the English Reading Journey have been quite a revelation to us of the charms of English life and associations. The Des Moines Chautauqua Union is another large body of Chautauquans with an attendance of over sixty members. This is an attempt to bring the various Circles together once a month for lectures or other exercises tending to create added interest in Chautauqua

work. You will see from the following program what the topics were last year.

October 26th—Home of Mrs. F. L. Kern.

Reception to all Chautauquans and friends.

Hostesses—Officers of the Union.

November 23rd, 2:30 p. m.—Home of Mrs. W. H. Jackson.

Music.

Lecture on Dickens—Mrs. A. B. Shipley.

Social Hour.

December 15th, 7:30 p. m.—Home of Mrs. Lydia Frank.

Shakespearean Program.

Dramatic and Musical in charge of Mrs. Frank.

January 25th, 2:30 p. m.—Home of Mrs. A. B. Stockdale.

Music.

Talk on English Art—John Shipley of the University of Chicago.

Social Hour.

February 15th, 2:30 p. m.—Home of Mrs. Dr. S. S. Still.

The Theater in Shakespeare's Time—Field Circle.

The Greek Drama and Shakespeare compared—Mrs. J. E. Spalding.

Shakespeare as a moral Teacher—Mrs. C. E. Brown.

The Supernatural in Shakespeare—Mrs. C. E. Tullis.

Shakespeare's Fools—Miss Estelle Penn.

Shakespeare's Heroines—Mrs. Haupt.

Shakespeare's Heroes—Mrs. Heath.

Living Pictures.

March 22nd, 2:30 p. m.—Home of Mrs. A. E. Shipley.

English Tea—Talk by Mrs. Macomber on Life in England.

April 26th, 8:00 p. m.—K. P. Hall.

Tennyson's Princess to be played by the Chautauquans, in charge of Mrs. B. E. Oberman.

May 24th, 7:00 p. m.—Savoy Hotel.

Banquet for all Chautauquans and their friends. Toasts.

May 29th, 2:30 p. m.—Y. W. C. A. Rooms.

Report of Officers.

Election of Officers.

"I may add," said Pendragon, "that 'clipping' reports of the Eaton Circle of Des Moines showed that they were doing serious work, the Victoria Circle very active, and the members of the Vincent who studied Shakespeare all the year made the departure of one of their members for California an occasion for developing a very unique program. The guests were entertained by Miss Genevieve Otis, who utilized California products in the decorations of the table—shells from the Pacific, etc., and arranged a literary program in which the works of noted Californians were brought out."

Reports From Other Assemblies.

PACIFIC GROVE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, PACIFIC GROVE, CAL.

Sixteen C. L. S. C. members graduated on Recognition Day at the Pacific Grove Assembly. The address was given by the Rev. W. C. Evans, president of the Assembly. Round Tables were conducted by Prof. Keep, Rev. W. C. Evans, Mrs. Dawson. Many literary lectures, a strong program, and work in various educational departments helped to emphasize the cultural activities of the Assembly.

PIASA CHAUTAUQUA, ILLINOIS.

The 24th annual program of the Piasa Chautauqua Assembly was held for six weeks this year—an extension of two weeks over previous years. The program was the best ever put on but on account of poor transportation conditions and very bad weather the attendance of day visitors was not up to the usual number. The season ticket sales were larger than before. H. L. Herbert spoke on Recognition Day. The best drawing days were those when the speakers were W. J. Bryan, Senator W. E. Mason, Senator R. L. Taylor and Senator R. M. LaFollette.

ILLINOIS STATE EPWORTH LEAGUE CHAUTAUQUA, HAVANA, ILLINOIS.

The first session of this Chautauqua was highly successful. Recognition Day was August 7, the speaker, Governor Charles S. Deneen. There were twelve graduates. Mrs. C. M. Morrell conducted the C. L. S. C. Round Tables.

LINCOLN CHAUTAUQUA, LINCOLN, ILLINOIS.

The Lincoln Chautauqua had a successful season financially in spite of unfavorable weather, which greatly reduced the number of campers and dampened their enthusiasm during the first part of the session. Conditions improved toward the last however, and the assembly closed very satisfactorily. The advance sale of season tickets for 1908 was almost 2,400, thus insuring financial success next year. Dr. D. W. Howell of Hartford, Conn., was present for a week and conducted Round Tables, also delivering his lecture, "A Lad o' Parts." Some ten readers have been enrolled for the coming year.

LITHIA SPRINGS CHAUTAUQUA, SHELBY COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

The Recognition Day address at Lithia Springs Chautauqua was given by the Rev. D. W. Howell, D. D. Diplomas were granted to eight persons and the usual C. L. S. C. graduation program was followed. The services of the day were concluded by a banquet given by the C. L. S. C. Alumni at which about seventy-five persons were present. Miss Hopkins, president of the Alumni Association, presided. A large number of C. L. S. C. students of the class of 1911 were enrolled at this Chautauqua. The educational features were emphasized and a number of excellent instructors had charge of the various departments. On the two closing days of the Assembly a congress of religions was held, at which the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago presided.

ROCK RIVER ASSEMBLY, DIXON, ILLINOIS.

The C. L. S. C. Round Tables were conducted by Mrs. Charles E. Risser of Des Moines, Iowa. Her subjects were: "The Growth and Development of Chautauqua Work," "Some American Traits," "The Immigration Question," "The Making of an Ideal," "Father

Marquette," "The Value of Good Literature." The Recognition Day address on August 9 was delivered by Prof. V. G. A. Tressler, D. D.

FOUNTAIN PARK CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, REMINGTON, INDIANA.

The C. L. S. C. Round Tables at the Fountain Park Assembly conducted by Mrs. Charles E. Risser of Des Moines, attracted large and interested audiences. The subjects discussed were: "What the English Year Has Done for Me," "Lessons from Our English Poets," "The New South," "Races and Immigrants," "Longfellow," "Hoosier Schoolmaster," and "Protection of Children." This year for the first time a Recognition Day was observed, six graduates passing through the Golden Gate. The procession was a feature of the summer's program. Prof. Follansbee delivered the address. It is the intention of the management to emphasize more and more the C. L. S. C. reading course, a feature of the summer's work, and make the Fountain Park Chautauqua Assembly a headquarters for graduation.

THE CLARINDA CHAUTAUQUA, CLARINDA, IOWA.

The 1907 Assembly of the Clarinda Chautauqua was the most successful of any yet held. The attendance was greater than ever before and the Chautauqua spirit better. Eight Round Tables were held in the C. L. S. C. department, one devoted entirely to the benefits of the reading course, one to next year, and the others to educational themes. Miss Clara B. Willis had charge of the C. L. S. C. work and Mrs. Powers was the Recognition Day speaker. A considerable number of readers were enrolled for the reading course and the educational departments of literature, bible, music, and physical culture were more popular than ever before.

CRESTON, IOWA.

There were three C. L. S. C. graduates at Creston, Iowa. They were Mrs. Ira C. Burkheimer, Mrs. John McGrath, Mrs. H. D. Royce. The graduating program was exceptionally fine. At the conclusion of the program, the Chautauqua society gave a banquet in the big tent to the graduates. Forty ladies were present.

SHENANDOAH CHAUTAUQUA, IOWA.

At the first session of the Shenandoah Assembly Mrs. Charles E. Risser of Des Moines conducted Round Tables upon the following subjects: "What the Reading Course Stands For: Its Advantages," "Why we Should Study the Poets," "The New South," "The Immigrants," "The Writers of the Middle West," "Synopsis of Course." It is the intention of the management to emphasize the C. L. S. C. reading course.

COFFEYVILLE CHAUTAUQUA, KANSAS.

Meddie Ovington Hamilton of Kansas City, superintendent of the C. L. S. C. and literature departments devoted her attention to the study of American and English literature. One hundred and two C. L. S. C. members were enrolled. The Recognition Day address was given by Bishop Vincent to a class of five graduates. Successful work was conducted in various educational

Reports From Other Assemblies

departments. The officers for the coming year are: President, Mr. S. L. Frayners; Secretary, Prof. R. Y. Kennedy; Manager and Superintendent, Rev. C. S. Nusbaum.

LINCOLN PARK ASSEMBLY, CAWKER CITY, KANSAS.

The Lincoln Park Assembly held its most successful season in five years, drawing a large attendance of cultured people. Successful educational work was conducted in a number of departments. Meddie Ovington Hamilton of Kansas City, the superintendent of the C. L. S. C. conducted the departments of literature and C. L. S. C. The enrollment was 140. Bishop Vincent of Chautauqua Institution, New York, gave the Recognition Day address to the eight graduates and was later the guest of honor at the C. L. S. C. banquet. Mr. H. H. Welty of Downs, was elected president, Rev. E. L. Huckell of Cawker City, secretary.

ARKANSAS VALLEY CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, STERLING, KANSAS.

The Arkansas Valley Chautauqua held its first session in July. The enthusiasm shown marks the establishment of a permanent assembly. Successful work was carried on in several educational departments. Meddie Ovington Hamilton, of Kansas City, had charge of the literature and C. L. S. C. departments, devoting her attention to the study of American and English literary masterpieces. The C. L. S. C. enrollment for the year was sixty-nine.

THE OTTAWA CHAUTAUQUA, KANSAS.

President George E. Vincent of Chautauqua Institution, New York, gave the Recognition Day address at the Ottawa Chautauqua. He was later the guest of honor and chief speaker at the C. L. S. C. banquet. Eight readers were graduated. The enrollment for the coming year consists of seventy-two members. Round Tables were addressed by Judge C. A. Smart upon "Some Phases of English Government"; Dr. Lowell M. McAfee, on "Christian Education"; Prof. Arvin S. Olin, "Educational Ideals"; Dr. G. D. Porter, "Browning"; Prof. Murray G. Hill, "Shakespeare and the Conscience"; Miss Florence L. Snow in original verse; Mrs. C. N. Walker, "Memories of Stratford-on-'Avon"; Mrs. May Belleville Brown, "Rudyard Kipling"; Miss Margaret L. Bruner, song program, "Literature in Song"; Meddie Ovington Hamilton, superintendent of the C. L. S. C.; Judge C. A. Smart, president; Mr. Henry Durst, secretary. Successful work was conducted in various departments.

WATHENA-ST. JOSEPH CHAUTAUQUA, WATHENA, KANSAS.

The ninth annual assembly of the Wathena Chautauqua was very successful. It is estimated that more than 30,000 persons passed through the gates during the nine days' session. The success of the Chautauqua is due to the fact that the management ran a true Chautauqua and engaged the best of talent.

The C. L. S. C. work was cared for by Mrs. Limerick, Winfield, Kansas, and Round Tables were held in the new C. L. S. C.

hall at 4 o'clock each afternoon. Besides the leader the following spoke at the Round Tables, W. J. Bryan, on the "Orient," Spillman Riggs on "Reading," and Dr. Bushnell on "The First Five Books of a Library." Impressive Recognition Day exercises were held. Dr. Troxell, President of Midland College, Atchison, Ks., delivered the Class address, after which the five graduates received their diplomas. The effect was to increase the interest in the C. L. S. C. and seventeen have already enrolled in the class of 1911. An Alumni Association consisting of eight members has been organized with the following officers: President, Mrs. Carter, Wathena, Ks.; Vice-president, Mrs. Lou Browne, St. Joseph, Mo.; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Fanny Zimmerman, Moray, Kansas.

WATHENA CHAUTAUQUA, KANSAS.

The Wathena Chautauqua held a very successful Assembly. On Recognition Day six graduates passed through the Golden Gate. A large Alumni body was organized. A. W. Themanson, is secretary; Mrs. Alice Limerick of Winfield, Kansas, secretary of the C. L. S. C. department.

WINFIELD CHAUTAUQUA, WINFIELD, KANSAS.

The work of the C. L. S. C. at the Winfield Chautauqua was, as usual, in every way satisfactory. The Chautauqua extended over ten working days, and every day at four o'clock the regular session of the Round Table was held. There was no other meeting held at the park at this hour so that the C. L. S. C. has undisputed sway, and all the energies of the management and the C. L. S. C. people were given to making it successful.

The work this season was in charge of Miss Eleanore Hayes of Winfield. Among the persons who attended the Round Table were Dr. Conway of Omaha, Dr. Leon H. Vincent of Boston, Dr. George E. Vincent of Chautauqua, and Dr. Forbush of Detroit, besides many of the local managers of the C. L. S. C. work.

Recognition Day at Winfield is always the climax of the session. The address this year was given by Dr. George E. Vincent of Chautauqua, and a class of eight graduated. The graduating exercises were followed by the annual banquet at which three hundred Chautauquans participated. This is made one of the most enjoyable features of the session. The enrollment reached about fifty. It is hoped to have eighty readers in Winfield this season.

The department work of the Assembly this season was probably up to the standard of any session yet held. The Winfield management has come to think that a real Chautauqua means a group of summer schools with study hours, class work, and real educational development rather than a series of platform entertainments.

Plans are being made for the further development of departments for next season with the erection of an additional building, and general broadening of the plans of the association.

WYANDOT CHAUTAUQUA ASSOCIATION, FAIRMOUNT PARK, KANSAS CITY,
KANSAS.

A special C. L. S. C. Day was conducted by the Wyandot Chautauqua and daily Round Tables were conducted by Miss Alma Webster. The Vesper Services of Chautauqua Institution were followed with interest and the Recognition Day literature aroused considerable attention. Recognition Day itself had to be omitted because of very unfavorable weather conditions. The Round Tables were devoted to a survey of the four years C. L. S. C. course of reading and a strong general program admirably supplemented these discussions.

CLYFFESIDE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, ASHLAND, KY.

Daily C. L. S. C. Round Table sessions were conducted by the C. L. S. C. representative. The plan was followed of enlisting the various literary organizations of the surrounding territory to support the Round Table by securing from their members papers and discussions on topics relating to the C. L. S. C. course of reading. On Recognition Day, July 2, a large number of classes were represented in the procession. The address was delivered by Dr. Ora Samuel Gray of Amherst, Mass.

GROVE CHAUTAUQUA, WASHINGTON GROVE, MD.

During the sixth Chautauqua season of the Grove Chautauqua, six weekly Chautauqua Round Tables were held, all of which were well attended. The general theme for each meeting was the immigrant question, which was discussed under various important aspects. The leaders were W. H. H. Smith, Mrs. D. E. Wiler, and Assistant Commissioner-General of Immigration T. V. Powderly. The Recognition Day exercises of August 16 were successful despite the rain. There were five graduates: W. H. H. Smith, Alfred Wood, Mrs. Almeria S. Williamson, Mrs. Annie E. Bovee, Miss Emily C. Van Vleck. The address was made by Rev. George Bailey, Ph. D., his subject being "The Stewardship of Intellectual Stimulus." The usual graduation program was carefully followed.

LAUREL PARK ASSEMBLY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Unusual interest in the educational features of the work characterized last summer's session of the Laurel Park Assembly. Seven Round Tables were held under the direction of Professor A. H. Evans, who has had charge of this work for several seasons. In his lectures Professor Evans touched upon the history of the past and upon future readings of the course as well as upon civic conditions, thus making his work directly useful to C. L. S. C. readers. Recognition Day was one of the most successful ever held at this Assembly, the procession containing more Chautauquans than upon any previous occasion. Five graduates and two others passed the Golden Gate. The Recognition Day address was given by Rev. Charles D. Melden, Ph. D., principal of Wilbraham Academy. A number of readers were enrolled for the C. L. S. C. course. The educational influence of the Assembly has grown markedly during the last few years.

CARTHAGE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, CARTHAGE, MISSOURI.

The C. L. S. C. work at the Carthage Chautauqua was conducted by members of the local club. Mr. Leon H. Vincent delivered a series of lectures upon literary subjects in place of the usual Round Tables and also gave the Recognition Day address. The Recognition Day services were conducted more impressively than ever before. There were seven graduates. A new class of over thirty members was organized.

NORTH DAKOTA CHAUTAUQUA, DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.

The Chautauqua idea was more thoroughly set forth at this Assembly than ever before in its history. There were daily meetings of the Round Table which were largely attended. Those in charge of the Round Tables were: Rev. Eben E. Saunders, and Miss Nellie S. Johnson. At these meetings discussions were held upon "Esperanto," "The Japanese Immigration Problem," "The Parent Chautauqua," "The Voice of the Poets," etc. Reviews of the American Year books were also a popular feature. The new Hall of Philosophy was sufficiently far advanced to be used as a place of meeting. On Recognition Day the full C. L. S. C. services were followed, the address being delivered by Rev. E. P. Robertson. Several certificates were granted. Several new members have been enrolled for the Class of 1911 and a considerable number are continuing the reading for the Classes of 1908 and 1910.

EPWORTH PARK ASSEMBLY, BETHESDA, OHIO.

The seventeenth annual session of Epworth Park Assembly, Bethesda, Ohio, was held July 31 to August 14. The program was good throughout. The work of the C. L. S. C. was in charge of P. U. Hawkins, Barnesville, O. Mr. Frank Chapin Bray, Editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, was the orator on Recognition Day, delivering an address on "Ready Made Thinking." His visit to the Assembly was greatly appreciated.

There were nine graduates this year, who passed through the "Gate" and the "Arches." The regular Recognition Day program was used, and was highly appreciated by the large audience. About twenty new members have been enrolled for the coming year. There is a deeper interest in C. L. S. C. work than in former years. The graduates have recently organized, and are planning for the future. Mrs. Anna Albert, Bethesda, Ohio, was elected president, and Miss Adda Knight, Sardis, Ohio was elected secretary and treasurer.

OREGON CITY, OREGON.

The fourteenth session of the Willamette Valley Chautauqua Assembly which meets annually at Gladstone Park near Portland was a success both financially and educationally. There were ten round table sessions, from eleven to twelve, in the morning in charge of Mrs. Eva Emery Dye. The topics discussed were matters of general pressing interest in Oregon at the present time. One entire session was given to the interest of C. L. S. C. Recog-

nition Day was observed though not with an elaborate program. There was one graduate this year. There will be quite a large enrollment for the Class of 1911. The management desire to extend the interests of the C. L. S. C. movement throughout its section of the country and hope soon to employ a Secretary at an annual salary who will give much time to the organization of reading circles in the Willamette Valley and at nearby points.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CHAUTAUQUA, MOUNT GRETNNA, PA.

Beginning with July 6 daily Round Table sessions of the C. L. S. C. were held until Recognition Day, July 25. Many interesting talks were given followed by informal discussions. The subjects of most of the speakers related to the American Year of the C. L. S. C. work, those attracting the most attention being suggested by the books, "Races and Immigrants in America" and "Newer Ideals of Peace." The speakers were: Mr. Edward P. Elliott, Dr. William Spurgeon of London, Dr. Shimmell, Dr. Steel, Rev. S. Edwin Rupp, Dr. Henry R. Rose. A C. L. S. C. Rally was also held at which informal talks were given by Alumni and undergraduates. Vesper Services were held on Sunday. The Recognition Day was the most successful in the history of this Chautauqua. The speaker was Prof. L. E. McGinness A. M., his subject being, "Man, A Reading Animal." The graduating class numbered thirteen. The usual C. L. S. C. procession and exercises were carefully followed out. In the evening thirty alumni held a banquet. The registration of old and new members was larger than for some years and great interest in the C. L. S. C. work was aroused. As a result a number of new readers were enrolled and several new circles will be organized. W. J. Zuck of Annville, Pa., is superintendent of the C. L. S. C. department.

SIMPSON PARK CHAUTAUQUA, SOUTH DAKOTA.

The work at the Simpson Park Assembly was conducted by Mrs. E. E. Martin with a fair attendance and increasing interest in the work throughout the season. There were ten Round Tables, each led by prominent speakers, upon such topics as "The Chautauqua Idea" and "Our Attitude toward the Immigrant Problem." Recognition Day was observed with Professor Gault of South Dakota University as the speaker of the day. There were three graduates. The services of the day were impressive. Plans are being made to enroll a large class for 1911.

DISTRICT CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, MOUNDSVILLE CAMP GROUNDS,
WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.

A good program of lectures, entertainments, and departmental work made this Assembly of distinct educational value. Considerable interest was aroused in the C. L. S. C., and many persons went away with the intention of establishing reading circles.

